THE TRAIL TO THE HEARTS OF MEN

ABE CORY

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PAUL DECIDED TO TAKE A TRIP TO HANKOW AND BACK, WITH HIS OLD FRIEND, THE CAPTAIN

(See page 114)

THE TRAIL TO THE HEARTS OF MEN

A STORY OF EAST AND WEST

BY

ABE CORY

ILLUSTRATED

"Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The second ever following thee."

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DEDICATED

To the Comrades of the Trail Far and Near

CONTENTS

I.	A Far Land	11
II.	Dreams of Days Agone	23
III.	The Accident of Acquaintance	31
IV.	Fate's Hand	38
V.	The Test	45
VI.	The Decree of False Ideals	49
VII.	Old Friends in New Lands	54
VIII.	Ties That Are Strange	58
IX.	Man's Foes	66
X.	"The Powers That Be"	72
XI.	A Nation's Curse	77
XII.	Explanations	85
XIII.	The Vengeance of Hate	92
XIV.	Religions Ancient	98
XV.	Real Investments	103
XVI.	Love's Yearning	109
XVII.	Confidences	114
XVIII.	Two Views of Life	123
XIX.	Seeking the Eternal	129
XX.	Changing the Old	137
XXI.	The Sound of Many Waters	141
XXII.	The Service of Salvation	151

XXIII.	Passion of Revenge	159
XXIV.	Gratitude's Expression	166
XXV.	A Friend in Need	176
XXVI.	Victory of Example	182
XXVII.	The Journey's Triumphant Close	187
XXVIII.	Pointing New Trails	191
XXIX.	Money's Real Return	196
XXX.	Conquering the Dragon	200
XXXI.	"Greater Love Hath No Man"	210
XXXII.	Strange Meetings	219
XXXIII.	The New in Action	230
XXXIV.	A New Nation's Need	236
XXXV.	The Fruitage of Former Work	240
XXXVI.	The Foreloper's Opportunity	248
XXXVII.	The Last Voyage	253
XXXVIII.	Decisions Reconsidered	259
XXXIX.	Facing the End	267
XL.	Wealth's Temptation	275
XLI.	Companionships Renewed	283
XLII.	Many Trails	292
XLIII.	"Not Yours, But You"	301
XLIV.	The Power of Accomplishment	308
XLV.	The Enemies' Revenge	316
XLVI.	Temptations of Loneliness	319
XLVII.	The Call of a Friend Eternal	324
XLVIII.	To the Trail's End	329

I

A FAR LAND

OVER China hung the heat and stench of early summer. Mist and sweat were rising from fields, ponds and canals. Three horsemen followed a narrow road through rich rice fields and fields of poppies blazing in the sunshine. They rode abreast when the way permitted, but more often they were compelled to follow each other in single file. They passed low-lying hills covered with the numberless graves of China. Now and again the road ran close to a narrow canal, and the travelers passed rafts made of bamboo poles, little ferry boats and a large house boat laden with grain.

Stretching far into the distance a flotilla of yellow-ribbed sails, large and small, of hundreds of boats scurried before a fair wind. The distant boats themselves were hidden by dikes, and only the sails could be seen. On the foredeck of one of the boats, which were only four or five feet in width and about a dozen feet in length, was a young boy, half clad, stretched out at full length, ready to drop the sail at a sudden change of the wind, while in the stern sat a silent figure whose duty it was to care for the rudder, and as the wind dropped there could be heard from the boat his call, half halloo and half cry, to the God of the Wind.

As the travellers swung back from the canal they passed ponds covered with green slime, and before them in the distance rose the walls, pagodas and towers of the ancient city of Fou Cheo.

The three travelers were of as many different types. One, from a casual glance, appeared to be about sixty years old. His face was wrinkled and seared with the scars of time, and his blue eyes looked straight ahead, missing nothing in their range of vision. His steady hand betokened a composure which comes after battles fought and won. He sat his horse like an aristocrat, yet his manner proclaimed the democrat. When he spoke his voice rasped a little, but his laugh always attracted those who heard it. For a moment it seemed to come straight between his stubby teeth, then become obstructed and finally bubble forth in a last explosion. While he seemed thoroughly familiar with the country through which they traveled, his voice and manner suggested to the close observer that he had also known the fields and hills of Canada.

At his side, in eager conversation, rode a young man evidently city bred; his appearance marked him as clean-minded, clean-limbed and clean-hearted, a thoroughbred. He was the type of man who commanded attention wherever he went, to whom children nodded gaily as they passed along, and into whose eyes women who never glanced at other men looked frankly, finding greater belief in the world because he went by, and at whose coming men filled with a thousand cares straightened unconsciously with new courage.

The third man rode his horse less easily. To the son of the West, the manner in which the son of the East sits his horse seems crude and grotesque. He sat hunched up in evident discomfort. He seemed to be a man of culture, and in whose veins flowed centuries of China's life.

As the men neared the city they passed bamboo and wood yards outside the city wall. Now they entered the narrow streets and picked their way over the slippery stones. On either side were small shacks of bamboo matting where the rice merchant plied his trade, and the maker of bread cakes could be seen frying his bread on the little earthen stoves that were placed in view of all. Everywhere were the stands of venders of sliced watermelons, pumpkins, and all sorts of edibles, which, as they lay out uncovered in the summer heat, were food for flies and gnats. Here the native bread and candies were also offered for sale. Through this narrow street passed every phase of Chinese life; the farmer carrying his burden of straw reeds for fuel swung out on the ends of a pole, the coolie with his basket of oil or of rice, the wheelbarrow man pushing his human cargo, and the slow moving figure of the teacher swinging his arms and with difficulty maintaining his dignity over the slippery stones and through the jostling crowds. Often the flow of traffic was interrupted by the shrill cry of an old woman who had been cheated in a bargain and stood blocking the way, while she reviled the vender and his ancestors for many generations. The bearers of sedan chairs stopped frequently to toss a few cash

to the vendors of watermelons and candies, and after brushing off the flies and other vermin from their purchase, munched it in evident enjoyment as they went on their way.

As the travelers rode on, the older man turned to the younger. "This is a fine mess," he said. "Look at that stuff those people are eating, will you? It means death. Fifty miles from here there is cholera, and as sure as fate this swarm of vermin will bring to this city the scourge of that terrible disease."

"But, Dr. Means, how are you going to stop it?" was the query.

"I don't know," was the reply in hopeless tones. "I have tried for a quarter of a century to warn the people in towns like this, but they won't listen. They say their ancestors have eaten food touched by flies and vermin all these centuries and lived, and why should they be frightened. I dare say before another week we will have a fine fight on our hands, and what can we do in those temporary and limited quarters of yours, I'd like to know?"

Then he seemed to throw off the burden of it for a moment.

"Redmond," he said, "I guess we shall have to do what we have always done, wait and fight it when it comes, and if I know the signs it will come and at no distant date."

He turned to the tall Chinese who had alighted from his horse and was leading it through the streets.

"Mr. Chu," he asked, "isn't there some way to stop this business and clean up these streets? Look

at those children there eating the candy from which they have just shaken the flies."

"Honored sir," Chu laughed, "you and your honorable land understand, but how little do we of this poor land know of all these things."

Thus talking the three men continued their way to the little, temporary quarters where Paul Redmond, Chu, his teacher, and a native Chinese doctor had established a station where they hoped to help the people of the city. The older man was a veteran worker. For a quarter of a century his hospital had been known at Nanking and through the central part of China, and he was now in Fou Cheo to spend some time with Redmond, to look over his work, and to consult him about larger plans. From what he had seen that day he knew that the visit which he had expected would last only a day or two would extend into weeks.

As they walked through the narrow streets, they saw a group of priests, sounding gongs and chanting before the door of one of the houses. Some of them wore the long, gaudy, red robe of the Taoist priests, with hair dressed high on their heads, while the close shaven heads of the others, indicated that they were Buddhist priests.

Pushing their way through this group and past the large burning candles beside the door, they found the people inside crying for help. On a cot lay a boy tossing and muttering, and one look at him sufficed the doctor. There were great red spots on the boy's body, where he had been burned by hot irons, and native doctors were trying to feed him crushed beetles and

powdered snake-skins. They were calling out to the spirits of the great heroes of Chinese medicine, Tung Fung and Tsu Tau, and imploring them to come as they had in days of yore, and ward off the evil disease. Dr. Means reviled them for their ignorance and under the storm of his indignation the beating of the gongs ceased, and they came to him and asked him what to do. In a few well-directed words he ordered a Chinese doctor who had been trained in a foreign hospital to administer certain remedies, and then left the house.

The old doctor shook his head.

"I fear it is too late," he said gravely, as they passed into the deepening twilight.

The people were leaving their almost windowless homes in search of a cool place to sleep. Out of the mud and hollow brick houses one story high that lined the long narrow streets there poured a stream of half-clad men and women. Hundreds of men, wearing only light calico trousers, were stretched out on the narrow stones along the sides of the street, where, in spite of the mosquitoes and vermin, they were able to find some rest.

"It has come," said the doctor. "Four or five times in this quarter of a century I have seen the cholera come and go, and how little we have done after all! You know the magistrate of this town"—turning to Paul—"let us go to him and see if he can't do something."

When they reached the courtyard of the magistrate's yamen large red cards were presented to the doorman, and when it was known that Dr. Means and Paul

Redmond were there, they were quickly admitted. The magistrate, who had donned his proper robes, came to them, and clasping his hands which protruded from his long silken sleeves, bowed ceremoniously before the old doctor whose fame had gone everywhere. The doctor told him that cholera had been discovered in the city, that the little hospital would be unable to fight the scourge alone, and that they wanted his help.

The magistrate was very polite.

"But what can we do?" he said. "I have been an official for nearly thirty years. Over and over again I have seen cholera come and there seems to be no way to prevent it. But if you can banish it tonight, I will make you a god."

The doctor smiled.

"Not in one night," he said. "It means a fight of months and of years, but we can fight it."

The magistrate shook his head. "I am afraid you are over sanguine, sir," he replied. "I do not see how anything can be done to save us from this scourge."

They went from him to face nights and days that were to remain forever in their memories. When called in the early stages of the disease they were able to help, but they heard everywhere the beating of gongs and saw the countless processions of mourners clad in white and sack cloth. On the hills were human bundles wrapped in matting, the bodies of beggars and the poor outcasts. Over the graves of the rich, paper houses and food were burned and every equipment placed there by their friends for their long journey.

Means, Redmond, Chu, and the Chinese doctor went everywhere, exhorting the tradesmen to cover their food, to clean up the open sewers, and to make the city more habitable. They asked the magistrate for money to aid them in the fight. He gave them five hundred Mexican dollars. But it was afterwards learned that he also gave five thousand dollars for an idol procession, in which long lines of people marched through the city bearing a long cloth image of a dragon and banners proclaiming the relief that would come to them if they worshiped this dragon. Down through the streets, outside of the city walls, and over the hills to the edge of the waters of the canal went the procession, burning incense and tapers costing thousands of dollars. The four men stood watching. Most of the priests looked straight ahead, but some of those carrying banners jeered at the onlookers.

"Ah, we know what will save us," they cried.

As the little group walked back to the mission house that night, the doctor turned to Redmond.

"Paul," he said, "you've made a good beginning here, but the years you have spent have only given you a start. You can now see something of the struggle before you, for centuries of hatred and superstition are wrapped up in what you have to combat. Cholera is not the only thing; that comes only now and then, but your work and mine will not be completed until this and a thousand other diseases and scourges are driven from this land."

The next morning the doctor rode away across the plains and hills back to Nanking. A day or two later

Redmond stood alone in the center of one of those houses which the forelopers of the world have changed and altered to meet their needs. In its general form the room was Chinese. The tiles of the roof which ran sloping up from the sides to the center, could be seen overhead, and no attempt had been made to cover them. The great posts which supported the roof stood out in the walls and in the center of the room. The rough walls had been covered with paper and a partition of bamboo matting ran through the room, but the paper could not hide the crude construction. While the room was of native birth its dress was foreign, and everything about it, from the pictures to the furniture, suggested America. This room had been Redmond's home for years.

He looked about the room and a merry laugh broke from his lips. He stood before the picture of a beautiful woman, whose features were both delicate and refined. The picture was of a woman who had apparently never known the hardships of life.

"When I return, she will be with me," he said aloud. "But how different."

For a moment the glad look left his eyes.

"How different all this is from that to which she has been accustomed! My only hope is that it will appeal to the heroic in her, and that she will overlook everything in the happiness of our being together once more."

He stood with parted lips before the picture for a moment, and then began to talk to it.

"Little girl, the years have been long, haven't they?

Too long. Back yonder in the college days we dreamed that we would follow some far trail, but when I decided to come to this strange land to follow one that you knew not of, you couldn't see it, could you? And then when the pater threw me over, when the storm of his wrath flashed out against me and I came away disinherited of love and money, you thought I was crazy. Now, after all these years, you are coming. You say that you are not coming to stay, but to win me back. Ah, little lady, you can't win me back. I am here to stay, and once you see this life—once you know it—you will come to feel about it as I do."

In the midst of Redmond's reverie, Chu pushed open the door. The smile he had been directing to the picture he now transferred to the tall young Chinese who stood before him. How different these two sons of the East and the West! Each represented the highest type of his civilization; one Occidental, the other Oriental, one Christian, the other Confucian.

The young Chinese smiled in return.

"We must go," he said. "The people are ready to say good-by."

Paul stood silent before his friend for a moment, and then threw his arm around him.

"Well, Chu," he said, "I have dreamed a good many years about this hour, and I have despaired of its coming, but it is here."

"Yes, my friend, and I rejoice with you," returned the Chinese, who had been both friend and teacher during the long years of his service in that land.

"But to the son of the East," this friend went on,

"there is one thing lacking—the approval of your father. It would be impossible for a Chinese to go to his wedding knowing that his father disapproved."

"Oh, he doesn't disapprove of the girl, he disapproves of me," replied Paul. "That's his difficulty. But why discuss that again? It will ever be so, Chu, that two kinds of sons are disinherited; the wastrel, who lives a riotous life and brings shame upon his father's name, and the one who dares to follow his conscience and goes into unknown fields for the service of Christ."

Silence lay between them; that silence in which the deepest thoughts of friendship are interchanged, a language surer than speech.

They went from the room through a quiet court that lay before the gate which opened into the street. Here had gathered his friends and a few curious onlookers, to bid farewell to this young foreigner who had lived so many years in their midst, and was now going to Japan to be married. Smiling and bowing, they parted before him, and men carrying long bamboo poles, around which strings of firecrackers had been wrapped and which had been lighted upon his appearance, walked before him. Everywhere people bowed to him, and reached out to pat him on the back. Down through the narrow street they went, over whose slippery and uncertain stones he had once toiled and stumbled, whose doors, from which kind faces now smiled, had then seemed forever closed to him. They turned into a wider cross street, and proceeded in the direction of the canal. Here and there

a merchant sent out his servant with a pole of firecrackers to join the party, and amid the noise and the smiles, he, the only son of the Occident in this city of fifty thousand people, was escorted to the little Chinese houseboat on which he was to sail for a day or two to the great river where he would take the boat which would bear him to Shanghai.

Partings were over. The ribbed sail of the Chinese boat had been flung to the wind. The old boatman seated in the stern, was handling the long arm of the rudder, and the journey had begun. Paul Redmond threw himself on the deck to dream of the years of misunderstanding, the final capitulation, and of happiness which had come to him at last, but to dream, as many do, dreams that were untrue.

II

DREAMS OF DAYS AGONE

TOWARD evening the house boat swung to the bank, where it anchored in the midst of a little clump of willows, and three or four of the inhabitants of the boat came out to the front deck and squatted around a large pail of steamed rice. Paul joined the boat crew in their evening meal, which they ate with chopsticks from a bowl of pork and greens. Children from a farm house near by, attracted by the figure of a foreigner, stood motionless watching this man who spoke a strange language and came from a far land. When the supper was over the old boatman lifted his face to the wind for a moment.

"They wished us a fair wind home," he said, "and the wind is fair,—let us go."

The blunt prow of the boat swung away from the bank into the narrow canal, and the journey was resumed. Paul threw himself down on the deck, impressed with the unbroken silence which hung over all. The Chinese on the boat were silent, too, and not a sound could be heard other than the murmur of the water as it rushed under the prow of the boat now proceeding rapidly under full sail. In the east the evening star blazed out in the sky, and in the west, golden orange tints foretold a bright tomorrow. When the shades of night rested over the land, hiding

the banks in deep shadow, Paul Redmond turned his face to the star in the east, and thought of the home from which he had been absent so many years. It did not seem strange to him that he should be traveling in this far country. He was the scion of a long line of ancestors, who had been trail-fighters and trail-makers. They had cleared paths where none had been before, for his grandfather had been one of those who followed the trail of gold, and struck it rich. The wandering of his race had seemed to have been brought to an end; the extensive had become intensive and his father developed and increased his inheritance. The West was forsaken, and he brought his son back to the home of his forebears. Paul's education had included all the opportunities that wealth could command. He had traveled much. His father thought the son would follow in his footsteps, but he made the mistake that countless others have made, for every impulse of blood and heart called Paul to the untried. He wanted the joy of finding that of which men knew little or nothing and proclaiming it to the world. He had thought of going out for land and possessions, but wealth was already his. He believed that the foot of man had penetrated nearly every spot of the earth, until one day the last trail, which lies across the world, was pointed out to him. This trail was different from the one of which he had dreamed. Its goal was the winning of men from sin to better living in the name of Christ. When it was first presented to him he had laughed at the thought of becoming a missionary to China; but somehow it had gripped his imagination

and his heart, and for many weeks he fought a battle which resulted in a decision to go out to China as a missionary.

As he thought of this tonight under the quiet of the Oriental sky and the gathering darkness, his face saddened, for he remembered his father. He thought of him tenderly. His mother had died when he was but a lad of ten, and his father had not married again. He had been as affectionate and tender as a woman in his relation to those he loved, but few knew of this side of his nature, for he was ruthless in the street, and his will worked unbridled in the business world.

When Paul had decided to go out as a missionary to China he had thought much of his mother, for her memory was one of the most precious in his life. She had taught him the fundamentals of religion, and he remembered that her prayer had always been that he might serve in the world. When he went to Robert Redmond and told him he had decided upon this course, the cordiality of the father disappeared and the spirit of the man of the street returned. Paul remembered his father had told him that it was sheer madness for a Redmond to think of following a fanatical religious career and he must give up all thought of it. He remembered, too, the tenderness that crept into the old man's face when he told him how, during the years of Paul's youth, he had dreamed of the days when they would be associated in business. But he had stood firm, and reminded his father that he had also exhorted him to be faithful to the church, at which his father had laughed scornfully.

"Every business man should have a church relationship," he said, "but I had no thought of your undertaking a service of this sort."

Then he remembered when his father had ceased to talk to him as a father and had given him his unyielding answer.

"My decision is final," he had thundered, "if you go, you go, not as my son, but as a stranger."

As Paul thought of this interview he raised himself from the deck and turned his face to the cool wind. He had been calm. "I have no desire to plead for myself," he had replied, "but at this moment I am no less a Redmond than you are. I feel that I am true, not only to the history of our race but to the traditions of our family. You have given yourself in a great measure to material things, and it is necessary that some generation of every family should devote itself to the material, but the qualities that make it possible for a man to succeed in that way are in a measure the same qualities that some one of those who come after him must return to the spiritual or the race will be destroyed. Disinherit me if you will, but your attributes will live on and manifest themselves to the world."

His father had listened silently, then turned away, and had never spoken or written to him again. Yet Paul had written every week, but no word had come from his father during many silent years.

Then his mind ran on to events which followed quickly upon his disinheritance. He went at once to the girl to whom he had been betrothed. Madeline

Leonard was a girl in whom ancestry, environment and training had wrought much, and to these things had been added the test of sorrow, without which a woman is incomplete. She was a thorough American girl, beautiful, and of charming personality. Her ancestry, unlike that of Paul's, had always lived beside the trail, and sought the gentler walks of life. When he reached his final decision and the wrath of his father had hurled him from his own, he had dreaded to go to this beautiful girl. He knew that she was religious, but he also knew that the new and untried held unspeakable terrors for her. So he went to her tenderly, expecting to win her to this new trail which had crossed his vision and his heart.

His face flushed as he stood looking up at the stars thinking of that night when he told Madeline Leonard that he was going to be a missionary. How she had laughed and how she had ridiculed him and the missionaries she had known! When she realized that he was in earnest and determined to go she had tried with all the art of a woman to win him back, but he had remained true to his vision. He tried to remember that her training had prepared her only for local and limited service. The surroundings which had made her the dainty and delicate soul which he loved, had also instilled a great fear for a land so strange and distant as China. But when it came to the final test her will had been as strong as his own, for she felt that she was called upon to save him from himself, and though she did not want him to seek wealth, she said, and wanted him to be useful, yet she considered

the idea of his going to China as a species of insanity. She had hoped against hope that his love for her would change his decision and that he would yield, but she had dreaded the effect upon him if he did. He had not realized the tragedy of the hours which preceded his coming, for as he remembered Madeline's face there was no trace of sorrow upon it. The heart of love can never know what sorrow it causes when it calls upon a woman to decide a great question.

When Paul looked into her face he saw a determination such as he had never seen there before. To-night, as he lay on the deck of the little boat, he remembered the feeling that had come over him when he knew that her decision had been reached and the last words that he had said that night were not spoken under the stress of tears, but in the calmness of a great love.

They had stood facing each other where the trail divides. In the heart of one was a great conviction that was driving him against his love,—against the will of his family—but which the whispering blood of his ancestors told him was right. He was going out as a pioneer. He had studied carefully the trails that cross the world—the trails of gold, fame, pleasure and passion. But the one which he alone could travel, now that he had seen it as it lay clear and distinct across a nation's life—held him. He prayed that the vision might never have come to him, but when a vision is once given to a strong man there is no taking it away. In the heart of the other was a sincere feeling that she was not fitted for the task which her lover

asked her to share. Time and again he had almost convinced her that she ought to follow him, but old conceptions and ideals ruled. There were no angry words spoken between them; both were smiling, but with the smile which betokens the greatest sorrow. They had separated, she saying to him: "When this fancy shall have passed, you will find me waiting."

"I shall travel my trail alone," he had answered, "hoping and praying that some day in this struggle for a real empire, in this work of real reclamation, in this only real trail that lies across the world, you may come with me and be my comrade."

Then he remembered the lonely years. He recalled the long correspondence, the story she had told him of another man who had sought to woo her, the question that she had finally asked as to whether she should wait or not and then her decision to come with the frank avowal that she was going to win him back. At first his father had opposed her coming, but finally withheld his opposition on the ground that she might win him back to America and to him. Paul had tried to make it plain to her that he never would return to America, but tonight her question returned again and again.

"Ought I to marry her when she believes that she will win me back?" he asked himself.

He knew that a voice, such as had come to knights of old who rode out for kings, was calling to him—the voice that had ordered world conquest was commanding him.

"Your forebears have gone out to battle," the voice

urged. "They have sought gold, and have broken the forest for land and for home. Can anything turn you back from the breaking of a path that has been blocked by superstition, pride and ignorance, so that it will be possible for the best and highest to enter the hearts of men instead of greed and selfishness?"

He knew that nothing would ever turn him from this path, but would he be able to win to this field the beautiful girl toward whom the winds were carrying him?

He was startled from his reverie by the clatter of the bamboo ribs of the sail which had been loosened. The boat turned into the bank for the night, and with a cheery call that he would meet the boatman on the morrow he threw his roll of bedding on the little cabin floor and threw himself down to sleep.

III

THE ACCIDENT OF ACQUAINTANCE

PAUL REDMOND'S journey to the Yangtse River was over, and the little house boat had fought its way against the swift flowing current of the earth-laden river, up the four miles between its mouth and the hulks which lay off of Wuhu. Everything about the steamer suggested the antiquity of China. Although some of the lines had put on new boats, the one on which Paul was about to sail had carried the cargo of that great river for many years. He smiled as he looked toward the bridge and recognized Captain Jenkins, with whom he had once traveled.

The old man was calling out to the coolies in English, but using a vocabulary of his own. While bordering on profanity it was so picturesque that those who were usually shocked by such language laughed instead. He came down the deck clad in white, his face sunburned and wrinkled. By his sharp features and high nasal voice one knew instantly that he was a Yankee and came but from one place on earth—the State of Maine.

Paul saw little of the captain that day, though he heard him giving orders when the ship started. He found himself interested in his fellow passengers, for as on all steamers in the East, the passenger list was

made up of travelers from nearly every land. The only other American whom Paul noticed was a tall young woman whose face, in spite of a saddened expression, was one of the most beautiful he had ever seen. She remained apart, and he wondered who she was. He tried to rest and decided to retire early. As the ship glided down the yellow, muddy waters of the great Yangtse he fell asleep. In the early hours of the morning he was awakened by a great commotion. Whistles were blowing an alarm, bells were sounding, and he heard the cry of voices, both European and Chinese. Some expressed consternation and fear, others commanded. He dressed hurriedly and rushed to the deck to find it swarming with men and women, mostly Chinese, who were crying out in utter fear. From a passing officer he heard the word " fire " and in the early light of the morning he saw that they were not far from the shore, which seemed to stretch out as a marsh into the mist and dawning light. He went quickly to his cabin, and, gathering together a few things that were valuable to him, returned to the deck. Smoke was rising from various parts of the ship, and he saw that the Chinese and foreign officers were working together in their attempts to quench the fire, which was steadily gaining, the cargo of native oils feeding the flames. The captain on the bridge was controlling every move. He seemed calm amid the turmoil, and each command he gave helped to direct and clear the situation. A few boats and rafts on the steamer were quickly launched, but the Chinese rushed to them and rapidly filled them, and they were pushed

off into the swift currents and eddies of the river and carried far below. Junks appeared from the mist and took on board some of the passengers, for it was evident that the ship would soon be destroyed and carried to the bottom.

Paul remembered the young woman whom he had noticed the first day, and after searching for her, found her standing in one of the darkest parts of the ship. There were traces of fear in her face, though the general expression was that of resignation and even contentment.

"You must go at once," he said.

She turned upon him as if resenting the intrusion.

"I have chosen to stay," she replied. "Why are you here? You are not one of the ship's officers. They think I have gone."

The only light that came to them was from the unsteady glow of the burning vessel.

"I thought that you were insane," he said quietly, "but now I see that you have chosen to die, and that is something no one has a right to choose. I command you to live while there is still a chance."

A smile played over the woman's face for a brief moment.

"Command? Ah, that is the way of men. They always command, but sometimes women choose," she sneered.

Paul saw that a junk was about to be pushed off, so unexpectedly and without giving her the least warning, he grasped her by the hands and took her to the edge of the boat where an officer stood, and together

they lowered her into the junk, which pushed off into the mist.

The officer turned to him. "Don't you want to go ashore?" he asked.

Paul answered that he preferred to stay until the officers should leave the ship. The other looked into his eyes and said, "That's the spirit! I don't think we'll need you, but we may."

A last boat had been left for the officers, but a number of Chinese firemen took possession of it, and the word to leave the ship was given. Throwing aside shoes and garments the captain and officers prepared to swim ashore. When the captain saw that one passenger was still aboard, he swore violently and demanded why Paul had not gone with others in the boat. He replied again that he had preferred to wait for he was a good swimmer and had no fear.

"You may have been able to swim some of those ponds of yours back in the East, but your brain is wave-scum if you think you know this river. It pulls and pounds you as does no water on earth."

They went over the side of the burning boat just before it turned and sank into the flood-waters of the Yangtse. Redmond was swimming below the captain, who had gone into the river above him. As the boat sank the débris fell about him and he saw that the captain had been struck by some of the falling timbers, and the body, turning over and over in the current, floated towards him. Steadying himself he grasped the captain and called to one of the officers who had drifted towards him, but could not make him-

self heard. Holding on to the unconscious man he fought such a battle as he had never before waged in sea, lake or river. The current tore, beat and pounded both him and his charge. Slowly, however, he made his way to the shore, and, at last, staggering and faint, was able to pull the captain through the reeds and mud to a place on the land. The passengers were swarming up and down the shore and he was surrounded by the Chinese. At last one of the English officers came to him as he worked over the unconscious form. Slowly the captain regained consciousness, and, looking about him, asked what had happened.

"Jenkins," the officer explained, "if this young man whom you cursed had not waited you would have gone to your last anchorage."

The old man staggered to his feet and reached out his hand to Redmond.

"You had a codfish's brain not to have gone," he said gruffly, "but, by gad, I am grateful that you stayed."

As he reached out his hand Paul realized that he was shaking that of a man who had seen life under two civilizations. The old man looked into his face.

"Young man, what might be your business?"

"I am a missionary," was the simple answer.

The captain looked at him in wonder and there was a queer expression on his face.

"Well, in the name of a dead whale's blubber, you don't say so."

Paul saw very little of the captain that day, though

he helped to carry out his orders in caring for the passengers and worked as one of the ship's officers. A down-river steamer took them on board and they proceeded to Shanghai.

Several times that day he saw the girl whom he had rescued. She had looked disdainfully upon him at first, but every time he came in touch with her he made some pleasant remark. He had learned from the captain that she was an outcast from the world's society, and this, he supposed, was the explanation of her desire to end her life, and it had made him only more eager to help her.

The boat had left the Yangste and had swung into the Wu Sung River when she came hesitatingly to him.

"I could not have you go without speaking to you," she said.

"I am very glad to talk to you and to be of any service if I may," he returned.

"My name is Catherine Williams. You must know that, of course, I want to thank you for saving my life. I suppose you have heard who I am, so you will know it was not my life you saved, for that is ruined."

For a moment her frank statement left him speechless.

"Life is the greatest thing on earth," he finally said, "no matter what our past has been. Do you see that light in the east? It tells of the future of today and tomorrow, not of yesterday."

Thoughtfully she turned to him.

"Yes, that is true for men, but for a woman with

a yesterday there is no tomorrow. I am not going to tell you of my past more than to say that the scar is all that is left. The action of yesterday will not be carried into today or tomorrow."

"Then why do you despair?"

"I know what a man such as you cannot know. I know that I have gone so far that all relationships are severed and I can never return. For a man there are other paths, for a woman there are none. I have been fighting for months to cut the cords that have bound me to the old life. I believe I have succeeded, but who knows when the tentacles shall reach out and pull me back. No one can help me; please don't try."

"I will not try if you ask me not to, but I want you to know that if you go on the fault will be yours. Let me say that I hope our paths may cross again, for I am in this land to be a friend to those who need friends. If in the coming days I can be your friend I shall be honored by the fact that you believe in me enough to call upon me."

She smiled her thanks and quickly left him.

In the years that followed he wondered if he would have promised friendship to this waif of the world if he had realized what it was to cost him.

IV

FATE'S HAND

A DAY or two later Paul took the little launch that ran between the bund at Shanghai and the great steamers that wait at the mouth of the river for the passengers they bring. The long days of his journey were filled with dreams and he was not interested in his fellow passengers, for he wanted to be left alone. As the ship turned its prow to the sea for the long journey eastward, Paul stood looking back at the receding shores thinking of the years he had spent there. He felt a touch on his arm and was amazed when he turned and looked into the face of Catherine Williams, the girl whom he had rescued on the river steamer. Again this bit of driftwood of the world was crossing his course.

"I hope you won't mind my speaking to you," she said.

"Of course I do not mind," he answered. "I have been wondering how you have been this last day or two, and I have been hoping that some time I might in some way change that hopeless philosophy which you uttered the other day."

He had not realized how beautiful she was, but now as she lifted her face to his he saw a strangely appealing beauty, one on which sorrow and sin had left their marks. It was not a face that revealed spiritual

motives, but rather one that suggested strength and courage.

"Yes, I have drifted and fought. I wrote you a letter yesterday which I have not yet mailed, for I wanted you to understand that I have given up the old life. You know that I wanted to die the other day. Well, before I'll go back to the old life again the waters out there shall cover me. But if I live you can believe that no matter what you hear of me I am at least worthy of your friendship as far as today and tomorrow are concerned. But we must not talk longer," she said, and a cloud came over her face. "I told you the other day that I did not know when the tentacles of the past would reach out and try to pull me back. There is a man on this ship with an awful companion of his who has followed me half around the world. I am afraid that if he saw me talking to you"—she hesitated for a moment and then shrugged her shoulders after the manner of the East—"well, it would not be safe for either of us."

Paul was glad to have this added word with her, glad that she had taken a stand for the highest and best. He was happy in the thought that he had been instrumental in holding her back from death.

That night, as he was walking down the deck, he heard angry tones of men's voices. He was passing on when he heard another voice that held him, for it was that of Catherine Williams. He remembered the promise he had made to her that if she ever needed a friend he would be glad to be that one, so he listened again. This time he recognized the other voice as

that of the man whom she had pointed out to him as the one who had followed her half around the world. She was telling the two men that she had left the old life—had forsaken it forever. They sneered at her, held former promises over her, threatened to trace her to the ends of the earth, to blacken her name, no matter what she did. They demanded that she yield, and at once. As he stood there listening, Paul marveled at the quietness of the girl's reply, and the courage that her tones revealed.

"You can follow me where you will and say what you wish," she said. "I know I have a blot on my life which can never be erased, but I know also that I alone am responsible for my actions, and that no matter what men may think of me, I am now going to do right. I am not afraid of you for you are miserable cowards who can threaten but are afraid to touch me. Although your kind has always driven me in the past, I am strong now."

She had hardly finished when Paul was startled to hear the sound of a blow and then sounds of an evident struggle. He heard her call for help in a strangled, choking voice, and without a moment's hesitation he sprang towards them. In the dim light that filtered through the blackness, he saw that both men were trying to overpower her. Coming up from behind he seized one of them and threw him with force against the railing of the ship. At this sound, his companion, who was holding the girl, looked up. When he saw that a man had come to her rescue he released the girl, and, as he sprang forward, pulled a revolver from his

pocket. But Paul was too quick for him and knocked it from his hand.

"You fiend," he cried, "I heard what you have been saying and now you must take your medicine."

It was a desperate fight. One had known only the brawls of the brothel; while the other possessed a clean body and the training of an athlete. They clenched each other for a moment and then the ruffian sought to throw Paul against the railing. While he was struggling to free himself he received a blow which dazed him for a moment, but he still fought on in the darkness. The other man, recovering from his fall, tried to creep upon him from the rear, but the girl had taken the revolver when it fell from the other's grasp and was now holding it full upon him. She wanted Paul to win, but if he did not win she was determined that she herself would end the fight.

The noise of the battle reached the captain's bridge and just as the first officer reached them, Paul, with a mighty effort, threw his adversary from him, and, swinging his left arm, struck him a terrible blow on the point of the chin and brought him unconscious to the deck. Ignoring everyone else, Paul turned to the girl and asked: "Are you all right?"

She stood silent for a moment, trembling from head to foot, not as a result alone of what she had gone through, but in the realization that a good man had been fighting for her. Unconscious of what she was doing, and using the only expression of thankfulness that her life had taught her, she threw her arms around Paul for a moment, saying: "Oh, yes, I'm all right."

And then, in the gratitude of her heart, she impulsively kissed him.

"What is the meaning of all this?" demanded the first officer. In a few brief words Paul told the story which the girl corroborated; but the officer lifted his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, for he had seen the girl's kiss and was skeptical.

The gossip of the ship ran wild, and no man can know the gossip of the East unless he has felt its fangs. "Why should this woman kiss a missionary? Why should he defend her in a deck fight, and what business was it of his that these men of her kind had attacked her? They owned her and why should he meddle in her affairs?"

When he heard the slander he put it aside as unworthy of consideration. He regretted that there were marks of the battle on his face, and most of all that he must go to Madeline with these scars.

"But when I tell her about it," he thought, "I am sure she will agree that they are scars of honor. I know she will be glad that I have fought for this girl, and perhaps together we will find a way to help her."

The passengers kept apart from him, but he did not realize the significance of this. He thought that perhaps this was the manner of travelers in the East, and he knew that a few days usually pass before ship passengers seek acquaintances. He was glad to be alone and it did not worry him, but finally doubt crept into his mind.

"I wonder if this is a plot," he thought. "I wonder if this girl is really trying to harm me?"

But that night when the boat landed, he knew that this was not true, for she came to him when they could be alone.

"Oh, what have I done?" she asked tremulously. "I've heard the things people are saying. In a moment of excitement I'm afraid I did something that will bring censure upon you and I am dreadfully afraid it is going to harm you."

He smiled into her troubled face.

"You need not worry. Everything will be all right, for I am going from this ship to my wedding. The only thing I am going to exact from you is that you shall now live a straight, clean life. I am glad that I saved you; and if ever you need a friend, I shall be glad to be that friend."

"Oh, I wish I could make a promise to you like that," she said, "for I will worship you all the days of my life."

Paul left the ship realizing that he had whipped two of the worst characters on earth. In a physical fight the men were what the girl had called them—miserable cowards. They had spread the scandal over the ship, in the smoking room and everywhere, and they had put suspicion into the minds of those who heard the story.

"Now we have him," they said. "What matters his wealth or his position; they can't protect him now. This woman who claims his friendship has done the very thing that will help us to accomplish our end very quickly."

They rejoiced in what they believed to be a great

victory, even though they had received a sound thrashing.

Back in the city of Fou Cheo were other enemies who lived in dirty temples and who had sought every manner of excuse to do something that would blacken the life of this man who was giving himself so unreservedly to their land. Eventually this word was to reach those dirty temples and warrens of the opium fiends; it was to run in other directions, and was to work the havoc of destiny.

V

THE TEST

PAUL REDMOND journeyed across Japan with a song in his heart. He found that Madeline's ship had arrived nearly two days ahead of scheduled time, and he hurried to Yokohoma on a fast train. He was expectant and eager to meet her. The dreams of the years were about to be fulfilled, and the long time of waiting seemed unworthy of remembrance. He was going to meet Madeline! He hardly realized that he was to meet her in another land and under different conditions. He had always known that his love for her was the biggest thing in his life, but now that all barriers were removed, it knew no bounds. The slow-moving Japanese servant who parted the curtains into the drawing room irritated him. Madeline was waiting for him. With the quickness of a man of action he gathered her into his arms. She clasped her hands about his neck.

"Oh, Paul, I love you, in spite of it all," she sobbed. At such a strange greeting, he looked at her, astonished, and, holding her from him, saw that she was crying.

"Why, Madeline, what is the matter? What is wrong, sweetheart, on this day that you are to become my wife?"

Her hand wandering unconsciously over his face touched the bruises which the fight had left.

"Oh, Paul," she said brokenly, "it is true. These awful things I have heard are true. I denied them. Oh, I didn't know a woman could ever suffer so. You come to me with the very scars of the fight on your face. Tell me, did you kiss that awful woman publicly? Is that so?"

Paul was intensely angry when he realized that this gossip had reached the woman whom he had pledged himself he would always protect.

"Not exactly," he finally answered. "I did not kiss her, Madeline, she kissed me—but what of it?"

"What of it?" she asked. "What of it? Oh, Paul, you do not understand a woman. You do not understand what that means to me. I was so happy when I left the ship until a woman who had been talking against missionaries all the way over, came to me in the hotel at luncheon and told me of this thing that she had heard about a missionary. Don't you realize what it means that you—you, Paul—should be talked about in this way? Oh, it almost breaks my heart."

"But, Madeline, let me tell you about it. I want you to know everything that has happened."

Holding her close to him, he sat down.

"I do not know that I can understand it, Paul, but I will listen. Something within me seems to have broken, from the moment I heard this story. Oh, Paul, be patient with me. You, who were so patient and loyal when we separated before, be patient with me now and don't for a moment think I don't love you,

for I do. But, Paul, all of this has raised a thousand doubts in my mind. You remember that on the day when you took me in your arms after mother died, and I was left alone, you told me that the one thing a husband and wife must give each other was faith, absolute trusting faith, and, Paul, I am not sure that I can give that to you now."

The man beside her was silent. He seemed to be looking into the far distance.

" Madeline," he said at last, " I have but one request to make. I beg you not to decide now. A decision now might bring unhappiness to us for all time. Let us think it over."

" Oh, Paul, I have thought about it until it seems to me that I will go mad. I can only think of those terrible days when we separated before. I don't want to blame you, but you have been so stubborn. When you have made a decision nothing turns you from it. You persist and persist. Your father told me that I ought not to come, and he gave his consent only when I said I would win you back."

Paul Redmond stood up before her. He was indeed a man formed by the centuries. His bearing unconsciously revealed the struggle of past generations, and showed the strength of one who had fought and conquered. As the gentle girl before him looked at him she was afraid; afraid of the strength that he represented, afraid of the daring that she saw in his eyes.

" Madeline," he said, " you are beside yourself. You must not let that gossiping woman instil doubt in your mind, when your own heart tells you otherwise. Go to

your room now and rest, and let faith find its expression. Then in the early afternoon, when you are ready, I will come for you, and we will go to the consul, who will marry us. I would not be true to my love if I let you take any other attitude. You have doubted, but having been with me again I am sure you must believe; and in the years to come you will be proud to remember that your husband fought for a woman, even though unworthy, who had no friends or any one to protect her."

Looking eagerly into his face she listened to every word.

"Paul, don't hope over much, don't believe over much in me. Something in me has broken. I don't know what it is—I can't explain; but when you come after tiffin I shall be ready to give you my answer. Be patient, and keep on loving me."

For the first time a smile broke over his face and he took her tenderly into his arms.

"Keep loving you? Do you need to plead with me for that?"—and kissing her again, he was gone.

VI

THE DECREE OF FALSE IDEALS

WHEN Paul Redmond left Madeline it did not seem possible that she would refuse to marry him, but when he went to his room and sat looking out over the harbor where the little boats were plying back and forth to the great ships that had come to this wonderful land, a question came to him which he had not believed could ever come.

"Suppose she should say 'No,' and turn from me just now, when I need her so much?"

At first, his mind was unable to grasp such a situation.

"If she does, I will go back to America and win her," he finally decided. "I will never let it be said that a Redmond was refused by the woman of his choice, because a doubt had been placed upon his honor."

Then he thought of the little Chinese city with its age-old walls and narrow canals—where there was so much to be done and where the demands upon him were such as he had never imagined.

"The heart may dictate, but duty alone must decide," was his final decision.

While he was making this fight, Madeline Leonard was facing herself and the future. Never before had she been so greatly in need of a mother to comfort her,

or a friend who understood, to show her the way. She dreaded Paul's coming, but when he came, her answer was ready. There were now no tears in her eyes, yet her face was drawn and showed the stress of emotion. But she smiled up bravely to him as she said, " Paul I am ready for you now."

He did not kiss her, for there was that about her which seemed to forbid it. For a few moments neither spoke. Each sat looking into the other's eyes, both dreading the moment when speech should be necessary.

" Yes, Paul, I am ready, but not for that which you want. I am going back to America and home."

At the word " home " Paul trembled. It recalled to him that palatial residence in New York which had been her home for so many years, and made him think of that other house—small and unpretentious, which he had prepared for her.

" It is not alone because of this woman that I am not going to do what you ask," she said. " It seems to me, today, that there are a thousand reasons—reasons that I have been blinded to before."

Paul took her hand in his.

" Madeline, does this mean that you have found that you do not love me? "

" No, that is not it. Can you not see that even when people love each other, there are sometimes conditions that make it impossible for them to marry? Paul, my eyes have been opened to that fact. I believe I love you, but this woman has made me doubt, not only you, but myself. In the life we live back home such a thing would have been impossible, but you have chosen

a life that seems to admit of it, and I simply can't stand it. And then, Paul, these Oriental countries are so strange. You know how often I have traveled in Europe; yet I have never felt any fear. But these people are different, and I have heard that China is even worse than Japan. Those terrible dragons and flags frighten me, the temples terrify me, and I can't imagine myself living here for any length of time. Then there is their awful language! One can at least follow the words of European languages, even though one does not understand them very well; but there is no sound or form to this language. It is all jargon to me. You may regard all this as very childish, if you will, but for me it constitutes a very valid reason for the step I have decided to take."

A trace of scorn passed over Paul's face. Then he remembered her pleas to be patient with her.

"Madeline," he said, "these things that are now so new and strange, will become familiar. After the spell of the East falls over you, you will never want to live anywhere else on earth. You will want to make this country your own."

She stood up before him.

"Paul," she replied firmly, "I believe I might learn the language and the land might become familiar. But you, you are the strangest of all. You have told me little of your life, and I dread, most of all, to hear it. Wherever I have been I have heard missionaries ridiculed and their work declared a failure, and I can't think of joining myself to such a work, nor consenting that you should. I cannot do it. For my sake, for

your father's sake and for your own—give it up. Come back to New York with me, and I will become your wife there. There I know I can believe in you, and this terrible incident will pass."

"Do you really mean that you are not going to marry me?" he asked in an unnatural voice, "and that I must go back to China alone?"

"Yes, Paul, I mean that. Oh, please don't be stubborn."

"Madeline, how little you understand. You think I am following a fancy. Well, you are wrong. I am following, not only the call of my blood, but the call of that last trail that lies across the world—the trail to the hearts of men. Go back to your life in America, if you will, and thereby fasten upon me the sting of an incident that has no meaning. But I want you to know"—and his voice softened a little—"that I shall always be waiting for you on this trail, for as long as I live I will follow it. When a vision is once given to a strong man, there is no turning back."

With the fortitude of a man who held himself in superb control, he passed easily from that which was breaking his heart.

"Madeline," he said quietly, "this decision means that you must return soon. May I arrange for your passage?"

She looked into his eyes for a long moment, for when he offered to do the little things that would make her comfortable it seemed to her that she must recall what she had said and follow him. She knew that she could not be with him much longer.

"No, Paul, I can attend to it. In these years since you have been away I have had to look after many things of which you used to relieve me."

The man hesitated a moment. Then taking her into his arms, he kissed her and went away. When he was gone, Madeline stretched out her hands, crying: "Oh, Paul, I do love you and shall always love you. But oh, how I hate that woman, and this dreadful land."

VII

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW LANDS

PAUL went from Madeline crushed and broken—that is, as far as a man who has abiding hope in his heart and a task to accomplish, can be broken. Just at the time when his sorrow was most intense, there came to him some old-time friends who were to comfort and make easier his way. In New York he had been intimate with a family by the name of Stewart. Mr. Stewart was a man of large affairs and the family were members of the church to which Paul belonged. There was one daughter, Frances, a girl of very different type from the gentle and reserved Madeline. Always gay and enthusiastic she sometimes gave to casual acquaintances an impression of boldness, but everyone who knew her, believed in her thoroughly.

When Paul entered the hotel after leaving Madeline he was amazed to see Frances Stewart crossing the corridor. His first inclination was to avoid her, for those associated with his old life were the last in the world he wanted to see at this time. Frances had seen him, however, and came to him.

"We have been waiting for you," she said. "Where is Madeline and when is the happy event to take place?"

For a moment he was tempted to tell her that the

day had not been set, but he looked into her face, and said quietly: "Frances, our wedding will not take place. Madeline is going home."

A peculiar look came into the brown eyes of Frances Stewart and a scornful expression played about her mouth.

"Oh, didn't she have the nerve? A great many of us could say, 'I told you so.'"

This criticism of the woman he loved, instantly brought Paul to her defense.

"It is not that, Frances, but something has happened that has made her doubt."

The scorn in the girl's eyes turned to fury.

"So she has heard some of that, has she? Well, so have I, but, using good old New York English, I said it was a lie. Who cares what sort of a mix-up you have gotten yourself into in the course of an argument?"

Thus it was that, under the stress of a great crisis, that which had been little more than a mere acquaintance, became a friendship. Frances immediately went to her parents and told them the story so that there would be no further embarrassment to Paul when they should meet. Their sympathy remained unexpressed, as does all true sympathy.

Paul's inclination was to see Madeline again, but her answer had been so final and the pain of it all so acute, that he decided he would not try to see her again. He traveled with the Stewarts across Japan toward China, and as they journeyed, he talked with them of the years that had intervened since he left his home.

Mr. Stewart was a typical American business man. He was philanthropically inclined, but had given most of his money toward benevolences at home. Each year he contributed a few hundred dollars to some mission in a far-off field, but the evangelization of the world had never had any part in his interest, or in his life. As they journeyed toward China, he experienced a growing interest in missions. On the steamer were several young people, full of life, and spirit and high ideals, who were going out to this service. All this was a revelation to Stewart, for his idea of missionaries had pictured something very different. He had always heard them disparagingly spoken of and travelers he had met in the East had ridiculed them. Now he found himself questioning their judgment, and realized that those who had made such criticism had never made a business investigation of missions, but had based their censure on the unfortunate shortcomings of the few missionaries they had known. He was interested, too, in finding Paul's chief companion to be the cultured and educated Chu, a man trained in all the learning of the Chinese schools and classics, who was with Paul in the capacity of teacher. Mr. Stewart asked a great many questions about their friendship and the confidence that had grown up between them. The intimacy of these two men,—one an Occidental, the other an Oriental—seemed strange to him.

He inquired minutely into the nature of Paul's work, and one night as they sat in the little hotel at Nagasaki, Paul urged the Stewarts to go back with him to China;

but when he described the little Chinese house in which he lived, he suggested that, after all, it might not be possible for him to make them comfortable. Frances laughed.

"Mr. Man," she said, "if you have been able to live there for years, don't you think we can endure it for a few days?"

"I scarcely know. You see, my work was there, and you come only as visitors and sight-seers."

A curious expression came into the eyes of Frances Stewart and a smile lit up her face. "I'm not sure that our motives are as far apart as you seem to think they are," she continued.

VIII

TIES THAT ARE STRANGE

WORD ran across Japan and on to China that Paul Redmond had been jilted on his wedding day by his bride-to-be because another woman had kissed him after a brawl on a ship. In the strange and insidious way that such gossip usually travels, the news reached the old captain. He had known Paul only a short while, but men who live long in the East read character quickly and soon come to know upon whom they can depend. When he heard the story his anger knew no bounds, and those who thought they knew him at his worst, never heard him swear as he did now. He inquired very particularly whether the men who had caused this trouble had returned to China.

"I tell ye," he said, "if they ever come across the boundaries into China and I'm here on that day, I'll kill 'em. In all these years of hatin' and fightin', I've never yet taken a man's life. But do ye hear me—I'll kill 'em. They've raised jumpin' hades in the life of that boy who is as pure as the purest woman. Suppose some woman did kiss him—what of it? I'll be jimminy-horn-swaggled if I know what she was doing, nor do I care, nor do I ever want him to tell me the reason. I only know this—that there was some reason, and that there was nothing bad about it."

Most of those who heard the rumors simply lifted their eyebrows or shrugged their shoulders and wondered. Paul had dreaded meeting the old captain for he remembered how he had cursed and hated missionaries and he was heartbroken at the thought that this gossip might have reached him. He hoped he had heard the whole story, if any. He felt that it would be harder to explain to him than to anyone else, yet he felt sure that he would receive from him such sympathy as man alone can give to man. The captain's greeting was as hearty as ever. No reference was made to that which was uppermost in their minds until the boat had left the dock at midnight, when the captain came into his cabin.

" Well, lad, there's no need for me to be silent about this. They've got you. Yet I hardly expected 'em to get you this way. But I know their kind and I knew they would strike in the dark, and that when they struck, they would strike hard. But by gad, I'm glad you've taken it like a sport. I don't want you to tell me a thing for I know the story as far as the woman is concerned. When I heard the rumor, I went at once to where she hangs out and found that she had returned to Shanghai, but not to her old haunts. I looked her up and I know the story. She surely has messed things up for us, but she didn't mean to. If she had, I'd a-killed her. As it is, it is a hard problem to keep her from killin' herself and I'm not sure but that she will. Yet that's neither here nor there. I'm only hopin' that these dirty scoundrels will come to China, so that I can get at 'em. But now about this other woman—

what in the name of a shark's fin did she mean? I can't figure that out."

Paul lifted his hand.

"Captain," he said, "I feel that we are going to be good friends, and I shall never try to keep you from talking about my affairs. But there is one person that you must not discuss and that is Madeline Leonard. I think she has made a great mistake; but it has been an honest one and I happen to know that my father played pretty hard upon her feelings; that others tried to influence her, and so she is not altogether responsible for what she has done. If you knew her, I would allow you to express any feeling that you might have, but I am sure that you want nothing to come between us for I need you now. I need you now as probably man never yet needed man. So let's not discuss Madeline."

A peculiar look played over the old captain's wrinkled face.

"By jimminy gad! All right, lad," he exclaimed, "you are true to all the ideals that I want you to have. If any man, even today, said a word against the little woman who sent me adrift more than a half century ago, I'd put a knife into him. Go back to your work, boy. Don't brood. Work. Put yourself right into the life of these people, and the pain and the burn and the sting which today you think can never grow less will, after a while, become bearable. But, the ache will last always."

The two men walked out into the night and sat down on the deck. For a long while they were silent. They looked out over the river which had been the

scene of the old man's long career. Ducks and geese flying across the shadowy sky shut out for a moment the light from the moon, and as the boat swung nearer the shore, the captain pointed out a deer that had pushed its way through the reeds to the water and stood drinking, bathed in the moonlight. Along the banks, the fishermen could be dimly seen. They had their big nets fastened to the corners of four large bamboo poles and were raising them up and down in the river, and calling to their helpers as they flung the fish back to them on shore. The silent junks were scurrying past them down the river, ever and anon warned by the shrill blast of the whistle or the call of the angry steersman, when they ran too close to the steamer. Finally, the old captain turned his sharp eyes on Paul and gazed at him steadily for a moment.

"Boy," he said, "you and I have just got to be friends. Anyone who fish'd me out of the muck and brine of this river, I have just got to be a friend to. I don't like this idea of your being a missionary, but still I guess I can put up with that, if you can put up with my language and"—here his face wrinkled into a smile—"I don't think one is any worse than the other."

"Captain," answered Paul, "tell me about this land. I have been in it a few years and I know something about it. But to you who have so wide a knowledge and understanding of it—what does it mean to you? I should like to know something of it, from one who knows it so well."

For a few moments the captain smoked on in

silence. Then he reached out his hand, and put it on one of Paul's.

"Boy," he began, "I'm glad that you are my friend and I want you to know that I'm not opposed to you, even though I'm opposed to your work. I'm some Mister Satan when it comes to teasing folks. I enjoy my swearin' only because it shocks people. I realize that few people know me and the fact doesn't trouble me. But from the time I looked into your eyes out there in the slush and the mud of the river banks I felt that during these last years of my life, which you saved, I should like to be a friend to a man like you, and to have you for my friend.

"You've come on a big job, though I have never been able to believe in it. A man who has lived here for fifty years and who has cursed the missionary all that time, knows a little of what the missionary has done. I am coming to believe that missionary service is finally to come into its own, and that what has been accomplished will be little in comparison with what will yet be done—if they go at it right. But, by gad, they've gone at it wrong, a good many times. It's a joy to me, young man, that men of your type are coming out here more and more. Missionaries have been good and bad. They have been capable and incapable. They have been wise and blamed fools, but, as I think of it, I don't know whether I should have stayed in China fifty years if it had not been for them. If every missionary was to leave China tomorrow I have no question that you would see the customs men, merchants and the sinners of the far East leaving this

place as rats leave a scuttled ship. They damn you but they want your protection.

" But enough of that, young man. We understand each other. I simply wanted you to know that you can bring your problems to me, and if I can give you any advice I shall be glad to do it, though it will be rotten poor. You'll get cursed once in a while, but that'll be good for you.

" Now, about China, my boy," he continued, " China is a wonderful land. We cuss it and we hate it. We hate its malaria and its stench. But that fellow Kipling described China when he said that once you live out here you can't get away from the damned place. That's not his poetry, but his sentiments—and they're mine. Do you see the river there? That's China. There is no such river on earth as that. There is none on which so many people travel every day, and on whose banks so much life throngs. See that water there, lad? None of it started less than a thousand miles away—yonder in the uplands of Tibet. The eddies, the rapids and the falls of that river make some of the cataracts that people travel many miles to see look like little pools. But the currents and the treachery of the river itself—that's China. There is no river on earth that brings so much life when spring comes, when all mountain streams and canals overflow and make possible food for the next year. But, God, when the water is too much, and this thing that is scarcely a mile wide overflows the banks, and is in some places from twenty to fifty miles wide, and those little mud huts out yonder melt and crumble away, and the people

like musk rats, flock to the gates of the great cities, their homes gone, all gone, you can't know the sorrow and the tragedy of it all. I have stood on the deck of this boat and seen people float by in tubs and rafts, and on the roofs of their houses. The people of the West would have been screaming, but fatalism has crept into their lives. They were going to their death with no outcry. Many times the only expression is an outstretched hand for help.

"You see the swiftness of that river? The water now is battling against the tides of the sea that flow more than one hundred and fifty miles inland, yet that yellow water—China's color—throws itself far out into the sea, a separate stream. You know I never turn the point from the Yangtse into the Woo Sung River without thinking that some day China is going to throw her life into the life of all the nations. Japan licked hell out of China, but what is Japan? Those picture characters that they call writing they got from China. All of their art and learning was originally Chinese. That's only the beginning of the river's current. Blame little good our immigration laws and exclusion laws are going to do. You have come to a land that cannot be curbed. It's a land of homes. It's a land where men love their fathers. If the ideals which I know men like you have in their hearts can be given to China, the next century will see her influence reaching over the earth. They can't fight, it's not in their blood—and why in hell should they fight? A people that can make barren places blossom like the rose, yet who have never heard of the scientific farm-

ing that some of your colleges are always blating about, can do something better than fight."

The old captain paused.

"Well," he said, after a minute or so, "that's the nearest to a speech any man ever got from me, but somehow you dug in. I didn't know I knew so much. But let me tell you that when you have had it beaten into you; when you have hated and cursed for a half century; when you have fought against tremendous odds for so long, you'll know something, too, my boy. I can't talk much longer now, for I must turn in; but I want you to know this: When you leave the ship in the morning, an old man will be sorry you are gone; and I hope that when you hear of my going up or down the river, and you are anywhere near me, you will come to me and let me swear at you a bit just to keep you human. It's little that I pray, but sometimes when the road is hard, my boy, I want you to remember that an old shriveled-up old cuss, whom you have saved, will look into the stars at night and pray that you may be kept right, and that your life may be useful. Sometime you will tell me your story. I know you have paid a price to come out here, and I know this little bit that has just happened. Already it is written across your face. But keep to the trail, young man—keep to the trail. Let's turn in. Good-night."

IX

A MAN'S FOES

THE hardest task that Paul Redmond had faced in all his life was to turn back to Fou Cheo. It was for Fou Cheo that, in the years past, he had been disinherited of great wealth, and even the woman he loved had turned from him because he had gone out to work and to live in a Chinese city. For Fou Cheo he had risked his life in the midst of disease; for Fou Cheo he had fought against superstition and ignorance such as he had never known before or dreamed existed; for Fou Cheo he had fought men of ancient religions and had made enemies who were to oppose him for years to come. He had made friends, certainly, and these friends had sent him away to his wedding with all the congratulatory pomp common to the Orient on such an occasion, and now he was going back—unmarried. True friends were returning with him, but to make it more difficult, there was an unmarried woman in the party.

As he stood on the deck of the steamer, in the early morning, it seemed to him impossible to leave his friend, the captain, and go back to Fou Cheo. He had written the whole story to Chu from Japan, explaining everything that he could, for he felt that between himself and this Chinese friend there must be absolute frankness.

There was a letter from Chu awaiting him when he left the steamer at Wuhu, assuring him of a warm personal welcome, but containing no word of the problems he would have to face. Paul knew well what it meant to return unmarried to an Oriental city, where it was common knowledge that he had gone to meet his bride. The meeting of the two friends was almost one of silence, yet as the two men looked into each other's eyes, each knew that the understanding between them was complete. Chu's tenderness was like that of a woman. His Oriental stoicism seemed to fall from him. He did everything in his power to take Paul's mind from his sorrow. He shielded him as much as he could from the rumors that ran riot through the streets.

Chu and a group of Paul's friends had been very considerate of the Stewarts and had given them a royal welcome, but nothing could explain to the community why he had returned unmarried. The priests, particularly, were busy spreading their nefarious slander.

"Ah," they said, "why has he come back without his wife, and how is it that the priests along the river say that his name has been associated with that of a woman about whom even the winds whisper?"

These rumors were damaging both to Paul's reputation and to the work which he represented. They came to the ears of his colleagues in varying form, who mentioned them only when they vitally affected that which he was trying to accomplish. Chu had frequently seen two foreigners in and about Fou Cheo, and he felt sure that they were the source of this

malicious slander, for he had noticed that they were always anxious to keep out of Paul's way. Many of Paul's friends laughed at these stories, but the questioning mind of the Orient was not so easily satisfied.

The immediate days after his return to Fou Cheo were occupied in showing the Stewarts about the city and countryside. School work was consuming much of his time, for he had started schools in about twenty villages, and one of higher grade was being conducted at Fou Cheo. These needed constant supervision and it was difficult to find suitable teachers. So great was the need that the University at Nanking and other centers were unable to supply the various demands made upon them.

Mr. Stewart and the ladies had insisted upon going to all of these villages. Journeying to one of them they passed the famous mountain of the district. On its top was a temple to which tens of thousands of people traveled every year, at the time of stated feasts. On this occasion they were accompanied by Chu, a young native doctor and an old Chinese preacher, who was a converted opium smoker. As they stood looking down from Wolf Mountain (as the height was called) on the wonderful valley in which lay the city of Fou Cheo, the travelers lingered long and studied the picture that lay before them. Mr. Stewart was familiar with the larger and crowded Chinese cities, but never had he looked out over a land so teeming with human life and abounding with gifts of nature. The system of waterways running back from the great Yangtse looked like a net-work of lace. They could

see out over the surrounding country forty miles in every direction. Groups of houses, with only short distances between them, nestled in the midst of willow trees. They saw the homes of a million people.

The mountain was crowned with a Buddhist temple. As they stood in the shadows Paul remembered that for centuries the devotion of this vast population had centered itself in the gods of these temples. He had heard of the claims of the priests during the cholera scourge. No doors were open to the future life, and as far as worship was concerned, the present was hopeless.

Paul began to talk to Mr. Stewart of these things and appealed to his sense of the bigness of it all, and to his ability to deal with great situations. He pointed out that here were a hundred cities of from ten thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants each. Tens of thousands of homes were scattered around, in each of which was a household god, and all of which faced and worshiped the past.

"None of the women in these homes have any hope for the future," he said. "When they stop to think at all, that thought must be filled with dread."

Chu and the other two Chinese in the little group, the evangelist and the young doctor, were continually commenting on the opportunities in the district. Mr. Stewart was particularly interested in the old Chinese evangelist, whose face was wrinkled and scarred, and who, he said, reminded him of the mummy of Rameses II. He showed the scars of life more than any man he had ever seen. He was about sixty years old and

had overcome the opium habit by the power of prayer. He had been one of the classic story-tellers of the old life in China, but was now telling the story of a new life in an inimitable way. As the little group stood together on the mountain, the old man reached out his hand and waved it over the district, and said: "Mr. Redmond, this is your new kingdom. We have been told that your father made a great fortune in the handling of money. Why should you not spend your life here and be as successful in winning men as he was in securing money?"

When this speech of the old evangelist was interpreted to Mr. Stewart, he turned and looked fixedly at Paul for a time and then said, "Why not?"

As they talked together the old priest from the temple came and stood beside them. With the artfulness of the East he inquired, "Are you travelers here?"

"No," the old preacher replied, "we live in the city of Fou Cheo. We have opened a hospital and school there, and we are going to try, if possible, to be friends to the people of this district."

"We need no hospitals," returned the priest. "My people can come up here to my gods and for a few cash they can be healed."

The old evangelist laughed heartily.

"But, my friend," he said, "what about that sore that I see? You have a bandage about your leg. And what about the scrofula on your head? If they can be healed by your idols, why not have them healed?"

Then his voice grew tender as he went on: "Hon-

ored sir," he said, "I hope we shall be friends. But if we increase you must decrease, and we want you to know our purpose."

"I know your purpose," returned the priest, "for were you not the man who went to the magistrate during the cholera plague and did you not attempt to cure the people and did not the people die?"

Then he turned to Paul with a sneer on his face. "Is this your wife you have brought to our mountain here? I understand you went away to be married." With this he turned and went back to his companions in the temple, and they realized that he went not as a friend but as an enemy.

In every generation, no matter what the religion and the age, the priests have been the enemies of progress. They have served but never led. When the prophet spirit has been combined with a priestly office they have made marvelous progress, but the priests alone have always fought a change from the old to the new. It was to be no exception with this young prophet of the new day.

X

"THE POWERS THAT BE"

MR. STEWART was wonderfully impressed with the vision he had had of the work—its beginning, its possibilities and its problems. So also was Paul now able to forget some of his sorrow by throwing himself actively into his work and planning with the Stewarts about his future.

For months they had experienced extreme difficulty in purchasing land. Redmond found that every piece they went to inspect had already been bought by the rich man of the district. This only gave him new zest, and one night while the Stewarts were with him a man came to him saying that he was the owner of a piece of land with which Paul was familiar. The price he put on it was three times what it was really worth. But before morning, without any bickering, and without even going to look at the land again, Paul had secured it.

They went that night to the Yamen, the official residence of the magistrate, and with polite insistence demanded that the deed be stamped. The magistrate, because of the aid that Paul and his co-workers had given during the cholera fight, could not well refuse, but around this transaction a great battle was fought. The priests, led by the hilltop priest, threatened death on the man who had sold it, and the rich man tried

to bring the pressure of false law suits upon him, but the young missionary defended the man for his action and told the magistrate that he had committed no crime and that no charge should be lodged against him.

The buildings they rented were of Chinese architecture, which they remodeled. The expenditure entailed seemed ridiculously small both to Mr. Stewart and to Paul, accustomed, as they were, to spending large sums of money on themselves.

Often, when Paul went into the little dispensary and hospital, where there were a few beds for the worst patients, he debated with himself whether he should, or should not, appeal to his father. He had told Mr. Stewart that he had written to his father and asked him for help to build a hospital, describing their work in rented buildings and in limited quarters, but had received no response. Mr. Stewart was very indignant, and resolved that when he went back to New York he would go to Robert Redmond, and endeavor to make him understand something of what his son was doing in the far East.

It was during this visit of the Stewarts, which they had prolonged, that a runner came from the Yamen bearing a message from the magistrate, telling of the illness of his only son. Paul and the young doctor went quickly to him. They found the boy very ill and the father greatly concerned. For ten days they fought the terrible disease. The magistrate showed signs of care when Paul came to him one morning and said, "We give you back your son."

The old man hesitated a moment and then prostrated himself before Paul, kowtowing again and again. "I have allowed rumors to run down the streets against you," he said, "and I have said that you could not stay long in this district, but now I say that if I shall ever hear anyone, great or small, say anything against you, I shall have him beheaded, for starting the rumor."

Paul smiled as he thought of how many people in American society would lose their heads if such punishment were meted out in the United States to those who had slandered others.

"Don't worry about our enemies," he said, "some day we will win them as we have won you, for some day they will need us and the doctor will go to them and their children will come to our schools, or we will do something to make their land valuable, and then they will understand."

As the Stewarts, accompanied by Paul and Chu, walked about the surrounding country, they often went to a lake about a mile outside of the city. It was very shallow and covered thousands of acres of land. It was surrounded by canals which seemed to run everywhere.

"Why should not this lake be drained," Paul asked Chu, "and the land given back to the people? It is sheer waste in this thickly populated district."

"Sure enough," Mr. Stewart commented, when he was told what Paul had said to Chu.

"It cannot be done," Chu replied, "if you were to touch this lake there would be an uprising in the city,

for, as you know, the people believe that the wind and water gods reside in the earth. Therefore, they disturb the water and earth as little as possible, and to interfere with such a body of water as this, would, in their minds, be certain to bring the wrath of the gods upon them."

Paul laughed. "I am more and more impressed," he said, "that the religions of China contribute to the poverty of the people because they do not deal with the vital things of life. The religions of other lands augment the prosperity of their followers. I feel sure that if they found that the draining of this lake would give them a great tract of land where food could be produced, they would soon get over any fear of the wind and water gods."

"It would be useless," Chu answered. "Then, again," he went on, "this water is not always so shallow as it is now. When the dikes overflow and break, this whole place, and even the city, is flooded."

"But why should they overflow? Why should great floods come and great districts go to waste in these days? Do you mean to say it is only because of breaks in the dikes and an inadequate diking system? If so, then we must change it."

Chu laughed.

"Ah, I have heard men from the West talk before;" he said, "but my land cannot change. It is utterly foolish for you to talk about it, for this condition will continue."

Paul went often to the Yamen, and because of this companionship the magistrate soon developed many

progressive ideas. When Paul urged him to correct the insanitary conditions and pointed out to him the great evil of the opium habit and also the lack of schools, the magistrate held up his hand and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," he said, "we have been thus for centuries. You cannot change us in a day. Besides, I shall only be in this town for a little while; then I shall pass on to another city."

Paul was always polite in his dealings with the magistrate, and with all apologies he now said: "But before you pass on to another city do something for this one. For twenty years you have been passing in and out various cities, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have resided in more than twelve localities in that time," said the magistrate.

"And what have you really done?" asked Paul apologetically. "You have beheaded a few beggars and have put the iron brand on the faces of a few adulterers, you have settled a few disputes, but with all apologies I ask you what have you really done?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes. What have I done, what have I done?" Then there came that look of action which is peculiar to the Oriental, and Redmond believed he had an ally who would help him in his plans.

XI

A NATION'S CURSE

THE Stewarts were greatly impressed with all they saw of Paul's work, and the closer Mr. Stewart came in touch with the officials and leaders, the more he realized its far-reaching effect. They felt that they could not remain longer, for their visit had run into weeks, so decided to go on to the West and to the North and return for a later visit with Paul.

Paul looked forward with the keenest anticipation to their return, and in the meantime applied himself to the task in hand. He saw the magistrate constantly, and realized that he had put a question into his heart that night when he talked to him about doing something worth while, that was to eventually bear fruit.

Paul had constantly urged him to rid the city and the district of the opium traffic. He had intense feeling on the subject and every time he talked with the magistrate he manifested how deeply he felt on the whole question.

One night the old man said to Paul when he had invited him to a many course dinner: "Mr. Redmond, I cannot do all the things you have asked me to do. But as you have pointed out, my country just now is stirred over the opium evil. The poppy grows over

at least half of these broad fields. I am going to issue an edict declaring that next year the poppy cannot be planted, and I am also considering ordering the opium shops closed at the New Year."

Paul sprang up, and shook the hand of the magistrate in hearty fashion.

"Do it, do it!" he exclaimed.

"Ah," answered the old man, "but you know not what it will cost. The people may drive you from the city, and it is very probable that they may turn against me. Remember, it is the rich man yonder in his garden that gets the biggest revenue from opium. If we strike at this thing, we know not what it may mean."

They talked about it day after day and still the magistrate hesitated; not that he did not believe that the edict should be issued, but because he was afraid of the price it would cost him.

Paul had come to look upon the opium habit as the greatest sin of China. The first den he visited had impressed its horror indelibly upon his mind. It was not a large room and there were only five settees, made from the black walnut of the country. Each of these were about six feet in length and four feet high, and held several cushions. In the center was a small table about a foot in height. On either side of this small table and resting their heads on hard round pillows made of bamboo, were the smokers. Their long pipes were placed over the lamp in the center of the table, and as he entered the room he noticed that some of the men were molding the opium in their fingers. Smoke

was rising from nearly every pipe. Several had just commenced and were nervous and eager for the fumes, while others were talking garrulously, and still others were just entering upon the sleep that would bring them the dreams that only opium can produce. As he looked about the room he realized the terrible import of the scene, for some of these young men were acquiring the habit. The faces and bodies of the others showed the terrible ravages of this worst of vices. He had visited a few opium dens in San Francisco, but when he found that here in a city of fifty thousand people, there were several hundred of these places, and that in many homes opium was used constantly, he realized how completely this drug had enslaved China. Already its death knell had been sounded, but he knew that before China would triumph she must have many friends to help her in the fight she was making against it. Again and again he pledged himself to help in the effort to free her from this terrible curse.

News came from the South and West that some of the magistrates in these districts were making a fight against opium. Paul and Chu looked for the papers that gave any of this news and bought anti-opium literature and literally besieged the old magistrate. Paul showed him that no great reform could be made in any city as long as there was such an outstanding evil among the people, and pointed out that he was trying to do great things for Fou Cheo, but could not accomplish them unless there was a real reform in the city's life. At last he persuaded the official to send out the

edict declaring that in the next year the poppy could not be planted in the Fou Cheo district, and that at the new year all the opium dens in the city must be closed.

Paul found that he had never known hate and bitterness in all its full passion until he saw an exhibition of it on the night after the edict had gone out over the district. He heard the call, the cry and the snarl of the people as the crowd gathered. Everywhere throughout the city there were rumblings and murmurings. Word came to the mission house that two foreigners had been seen moving about the opium dens and the temples.

At first the outcries seemed only incidental and sporadic, but soon there was rioting before the mission house, and the crowd finally besieged the Yamen, demanding that the edict be recalled, and threatening the magistrate with reporting him to the Viceroy. They declared that they would commit that direst of crimes of China,—that they would drive the official out of the district or kill him unless he granted their request.

After the crowds had left the mission house and had moved on to the Yamen, Paul decided to go to his friend there. He felt that he must not be alone in the face of this mob, which was threatening vengeance upon him. He well knew what it meant to venture out in the face of a Chinese mob, for this was not the first one he had encountered.

The old Chinese preacher and Chu came into the room.

"If you are going, we will go with you," they said.

"Are you not afraid?" asked Paul.

The old preacher smiled. "Do you go in fear or in faith?"

Paul returned the smile, and said: "I go with a mission and if you go that way, you may come with me."

They were jeered and hooted as they passed through the streets.

"That is the man who is responsible," the crowd cried, "let us kill the foreign devil."

Paul did not retreat. On the contrary he smiled his way through the mob, and spoke to this one and to that one whom he knew, and when they spat upon him and cursed him he only smiled back at them, proving what a reliable weapon a smile is, in the face of a Chinese mob.

They found the courtyard of the Yamen filled with hundreds of jeering and angry men. Paul quickly passed through the courtyard into the interior and joined his friend, the magistrate, while the old evangelist and Chu mingled with the crowd, listening to what was said and speaking to those whom they knew.

Finally an old shriveled-up man who had known the evils of opium stood up on one of the stone lions in front of the door.

"Men," he said, "I wonder if you will let an old opium devil talk to you. See this old skin of mine that seems dead, and these wrinkles and these thumbs,—well, they tell the story. As long as I live the stain of opium will mark the thumb and first finger. For

twenty years of my life I smoked opium. I know what it is to have the veins burn hot, the blood scorch and the flesh shrivel for the want of opium. I know how it is when you recline beside the small opium table and the first few draughts are taken, for it is then that the visions come and the dreams that carry you to the homes of your earliest ancestors and to those of Viceroys and Emperors. Ah, men, I know why it is that when men want opium they sell their birthrights for it and go out as beggars, and why they hate anyone who tries to keep them from having it.

"See that beggar yonder on the edge of the crowd hooting and jeering at the magistrate and us who are trying to save him? Why should he jeer? Only ten years ago he had a good home, a good business and all that he desired. Now they are all gone because he smoked opium. Men, you must be wise. You are rioting in the wrong place. The magistrate and this man whom you call 'foreign devil,' and whom you have jeered and cursed, are your friends. They want you to produce life and not death. When the opium dens are closed the money that goes into them and into the pockets of a few rich men you may keep for food, clothes and comfort. I am an old man and you can kill me if you will, for this old opium-shriveled carcass of mine amounts to little, but tonight you have insulted your official. Now that you see that you are wrong, why not call for him and make all this right instead of persisting in evil?"

He did not finish, for every Chinese mob, though it may have evil leaders, has a strong element of

justice. The stable element began to call for the magistrate, and those who had been the leaders dared not lift their voices in remonstrance.

The official had been exceedingly frightened, but he now came out to be hailed and praised, and the leaders of the mob asked forgiveness.

"You are all forgiven," the official said. "There will be no punishment, for you did not understand."

Then someone in the crowd called out, "The foreigner! the foreigner!"

Paul at first refused to come, but the old magistrate came forward.

"Friends," he said, "if this mighty thing is to be done for Fou Cheo and this district, which at first you disapproved and now you approve, it is done not because of me, but because of this young foreigner."

Again and again they called for Paul, who finally turned to the old evangelist, and said: "You know I cannot make a speech in Chinese to this crowd. Tell them for me that I love them and that together we want to do certain things for this district, and that we hope that in the future they will not be angry but will first seek to understand, and that when they understand we are very sure they will not disapprove."

The crowd was enthusiastic over what Paul had said. Darkness had settled down and their faces could not be seen in the flickering candle lights of the Yamen. The little hand lanterns that some of the crowd carried furnished only inadequate light, but as Paul stood up beside the old evangelist on the stone lion, he thought he saw in the darkness two men dressed as foreigners,

and heard a voice cry out, "if this foreigner is all right, why not kill the others who incited the mob." But in the congratulations that were being heaped upon him, he forgot it and he turned back to his home, realizing that a fight was on. The first battle had been won, but what a fight still remained! He had not dreamed that the trail to the hearts of men could hold such battles and such victories.

XII

EXPLANATIONS

WHEN Paul Redmond went back to Fou Cheo and his work, he at least had the motive of a great task which helped him to bear his sorrow and ease the pain. It was not so with Madeline Leonard. She was crushed when Paul left her, for the question that came to her a thousand times that day was, "whether she should not follow him and tell him that she was wrong?" But the more she saw of Japan and the sights that were pointed out to her, the more she felt the strangeness of the life. The Orient held no spell for her. It shocked and stifled, rather than charmed, her. The only thing that held her was her love for Paul. Again and again she decided to follow him, but her dislike of the country and the people was too strong upon her. Then the terrible question regarding the unnamed woman had never been answered in the depths of her soul. She at last left for New York and home, where she knew she must face a thousand queries that would be embarrassing to her, and which, if she answered them, would tend to blacken the name of the man she loved.

The person she dreaded most to meet upon her return to New York was Paul's father. Robert Redmond had heard that Paul and Madeline had not married and he had rejoiced in this news, although he

noticed that those who told him seemed to be holding something from him. He asked his secretary what he knew about the matter and instructed him to investigate. But the investigation did not prove satisfactory and he was never able to get at the facts. It seemed that there was something that his friends did not want to tell him. When he heard that Madeline was at home, he immediately called her up over the telephone, and asked if he might see her. There was a little hesitancy in her consent, for she was not sure that she was ready to see him. All the way home she had asked herself again and again—" What can I say to Paul's father? "

There was a great contrast between the pair as they stood facing each other. Mr. Redmond was six feet tall, straight, and well-proportioned, save for a little corpulency. He could not be called gray. His eyes were clear, but his face was creased and chiseled, showing the long fight he had made.

Madeline had lost the color that was one of her chief charms, and the smile that had made her so beloved and attracted so many, was absent.

When she lifted her eyes to Mr. Redmond they revealed the stress of emotion, and deep sorrow.

" Madeline," he said, " I have come to congratulate you, and I want you to know that I think you have done right."

" Oh, Mr. Redmond, I am so glad if you think so, for I have dreaded meeting you."

" Dreaded meeting me? Why, do you not remember how I pleaded with you not to go, and told you you

were the last tie that held that boy of mine to this land, and that if you should ever go out there, he would never return? You knew, Madeline, that I consented but for one reason, and one only, and that was that you promised to win him back." Then he reached out as if to take her in his arms, but instead he took her hands in his.

"Madeline," he said, "you are the only child I have now and if I should die my fortune will go to you, unless"—and his face again grew stern as he continued, —"you should go out and follow Paul in his madness, and then it will go to neither of you. I know you have enough to keep you, but I have loved you, too, and one of the greatest sorrows that Paul's madness brought upon me has been the fact that you two have separated. But I'm glad you did not marry him."

Madeline looked at him wonderingly, and as he went on she knew instinctively that he did not know the reason for her return.

"Mr. Redmond," she timidly said, "you cannot know the reason of my coming back alone."

"The reason—the reason?" he inquired. "What reason could there have been other than this utter madness of Paul's, and the fact that he persits in staying out there against our wishes. You do not mean to say that there is some other reason than that, do you?"

For a moment the proud father's nature asserted itself.

"Paul is an honorable man, Madeline. He may have been mad on this one subject, but his honor has never been questioned."

The blood had crept slowly to the girl's white face.

"But it has been," she said, and—her voice was tense with emotion.

"Do you mean to say that something has touched his reputation," said Mr. Redmond.

For a moment Madeline's attitude became defiant.

"I heard," she said, "while I was waiting for him in Japan, that he had been seen fighting over a woman of the streets and that he kissed her. I want you to know that this is one of the chief reasons why I did not marry him. It was not alone because he was a missionary, but it was this awful thing of his kissing this woman before all the people on the ship. Moreover, he confessed it to me."

For a moment Robert Redmond's anger was uncontrolled. Then he commanded her as he would one of his office force. "Sit down, Madeline, you must tell me all about it. There must be a terrible mistake somewhere, but I want to get at the facts. I am, of course, interested in your feelings, but you must realize that Paul bears my name, and you must tell me exactly what happened and then let me judge."

In the story Madeline told Redmond she related only the facts and tried to conceal her own feelings and her indignation at the seeming insult which had been heaped upon her. She told him as clearly as she could what Paul had said, and that he had told her that some day she would be proud of the fact that he had fought for a woman who had no friend, and that he had pleaded for a chance.

"And you were not willing to give him that chance,

because you could not trust him?" came the father's quick question.

"Oh, I could trust him in New York or I could trust him in a land I knew. It was not only what this woman did, Mr. Redmond, it's the Orient—the Orient. It seemed to me that I would go mad among those temples and the stench and color of it all."

"Madeline, if you left because of the land, that was all right. But you can trust the word of a Redmond, for that word is a word of honor," was the proud reply. "I don't know how Paul could have become mixed up with a woman such as you describe, but if he said it was all right, that's enough for me. I am sure his name will be cleared. I am sure that some day we will know the facts and I am going to discover them."

"You will tell me who the woman is if you find out, won't you?" asked Madeline.

Mr. Redmond hesitated. "No, I think not. I feel that I would be interfering with something in which I have no right. If Paul did not want to tell you the facts neither will I. But I want to say this, Madeline, that I am glad you are not married to Paul after all, and now that there is this other complication I feel that some day we can call him back and that we can win him. If this had not happened and you had married him we should have failed,—failed," and as he said "failed" the second time a sadness crept into Redmond's voice and face. Robert Redmond loved his son across the sea. He stood up and looked at Madeline,

" Madeline," he said, " we must not fail. He thinks he is following God, and I wonder sometimes whether he is or not, but, Madeline, need a man leave the path of wealth to follow God? I believe I have followed Him. True, I have done many things which are questioned in these later days, but is not the securing of money the greatest thing in the world? I want you to know, girl, that I look at it as greater than any profession. I have tried to be honorable, according to my light, for it is the work which my ancestors have given me to do, and given him to do, and a man cannot be indifferent to that which has been thrust upon him."

Madeline looked with wonder upon Mr. Redmond. He was not a man to speak frequently, or at length. She saw how he was suffering, and that though he had disinherited his son and had thrust him from his home, thus forcing him to live on a few hundred dollars a year, Paul still held the biggest place in his father's heart. A father may drive his son from him, but that which has gone out in blood and flesh from father to son carries with it the heart's deepest affection to life's end. So it was with Mr. Redmond. He loved his son, although he felt that he must break him and insist upon his accepting the life he had planned for him.

Mr. Redmond left Madeline saying, " You must not go out among our friends with that look in your eyes, for, of course, I do not want this known. You know how these people gossip, and I will consider it a per-

sonal favor if you will save me and Paul from any blot upon our name."

Madeline raised her face to his, "Do you think I would do that, Mr. Redmond? I will go out and bear my sorrow and no one shall know that I am longing for him, and, although I feel that he has wronged me, yet I wonder constantly if I have not wronged him."

Thus while two lives were separated by continents and seas, the yearning of love was still in the hearts of both.

XIII

THE VENGEANCE OF HATE

WHILE Madeline was seeking to readjust her life to the new conditions that had been brought about by her rejection of Paul, he was unconsciously facing many dangers. No fight is won in an hour. A spirit of friendliness often passes quickly, while hatred endures. Paul had made many friends on the night the mob gathered, but he had not seen the hilltop priest when he turned from the cheering crowd. This priest had been one of the inciters of the mob and had gone away with bitterness in his heart. He had been the constant companion of the two men Paul had fought on the ship.

While Paul and his friends were rejoicing over the victory gained, two other conferences were being held. One took place in the back room of the city temple, where a half dozen priests were gathered; the other in one of the opium dens among the opium dealers, the sellers of incense, and traffickers in vice. The priests had planned to rid the city and the district in a single hour of what they called the hated foreign religion and the reforms it was bringing, but now they knew a long fight was before them, for they realized that the outburst of the hour had failed. But hate takes no account of time, it is willing to go on biding its time and secretly doing its insidious work.

"This attempt has failed," said the priest of the hilltop temple, "but the gods will bring success. We must now fight under the guise of friendliness. To-night, the mob brought sympathy to these people, but we must now lay our plans to undermine their very foundations, and we must seem to become friends with them. People whom we can trust shall go to their schools and hospitals, for we must know everything they do."

The opium dealers, with their foreign confederates, were even more bitter.

"There are two places where we must strike," they said, "first at character, and then at life. We will take their characters away from them, if we can, and if, perchance, that should fail, then"—and a shrug of the shoulders indicated sinister prophecy of the future.

In a small, secluded mission house, feeling secure in their victory, the little group was rejoicing, and, as is too often the case with reformers, believed that a single battle was to settle the fight. While their enemies planned for the future, they planned not at all, and were surprised in the next few days, when many priests came to the hospital. The friendliness of the men from the opium dens astonished them and Chu and Paul rejoiced in this, but the old evangelist shook his head.

"Remember," he said, "when the panther licks your hand his teeth are set."

A few weeks passed, then the magistrate came to Paul one night.

"I like not some of the things that I hear," he said,

—I trust you will be careful. I think it would be well for you to limit your clinic to men only. I hear it questioned why so many women come to the hospital, and I hear suspicious things about some of the children who have gone there. They claim that their spirits have been stolen away. I speak as a friend."

Every care and every precaution was taken, but hate was doing its work. While there was no open outbreak, the insidious tongues of those who had sworn vengeance were becoming more and more active.

The temple priests were gathered about their vegetarian meal one night.

"Ah," said the priest from the hilltop temple, "the knife may be rusty, but the tongue is ever keen-edged and we will bide our time. If we cannot drive them out, we will close the doors as they pass."

Paul went about his work with vigor, and worked harder than he had ever worked before. His inheritance of energy was manifesting itself. He made a careful study of the entire district, and started schools, not only in Fou Cheo, but planned that as soon as possible, there should be schools over the entire district. He went regularly with the old evangelist to the out-stations, encouraging the people to bring their sick to the dispensary. He noticed, when first the schools were opened, that a great many children came, but after a few weeks the number gradually diminished. Paul thought this came from loss of interest, but it proved to be the work of those who had set themselves against his efforts. Doors that were open began to close, and those that were closed seemed

never to open. The novelty wore off his work and he settled down to the routine. The test is not the first trumpet-call to battle, but the long, hard days of picket-duty, and the trying hours when one knows not whether the fight has been won or lost. However, the routine was soon to be enlivened.

One day Paul saw some of the priests and opium dealers in the company of two foreigners. Men who spoke English were so rare in Fou Cheo that Paul's inclination was to go directly to them, but he was kept from doing so by Chu, who was with him.

"You had better not," he said; "you would not want to be seen with those men. They are traffickers in women."

Their faces seemed familiar, and for a moment Paul wondered if they could possibly be the men he fought when he protected the girl on the ship, but put this thought from him as improbable.

Paul saw that the opium dealers were pointing him out to them, and he wondered if other difficulties were to be added to those which he had to face. Rumors of hostility toward the work of the missionaries were growing with each passing day, and children called him "the foreign devil" as he passed along the streets. The efforts of the magistrate to overcome this antagonism proved unavailing. Once he was stoned, and he was continually cautioned by his friends to use the very greatest care for his personal safety, but he continued to go about his work as if he had heard none of these things.

He noticed that a number of Chinese came quite

frequently to his house, and on more than one occasion he found some of them in the little kitchen where his food was prepared by the Chinese cook, who had been a farmer boy, and had previously worked for other foreigners. Paul rather objected to having these strangers come and go about the entire house, but he soon learned that it was impossible to stop it.

One night he came in from his day's work very tired —so tired that he did not care for food, but he knew he would have to eat something or offend the cook. So he tasted the food, but very sparingly. Soon after eating an illness came over him that worried him, and Chu was alarmed when he saw the color of his friend's face. The doctor took one look at him. "You have been poisoned!" he said. Paul recalled that some of the food had tasted peculiarly. Even in his illness he warned them not to mention the fact to anyone. In a little while the effects of the poisoning passed away, and when he was able to talk, he called the doctor and Chu.

"You see the treachery we are facing," he said. "These people are bound to get rid of us. They must not know of this. I am going on the street tomorrow as if nothing has happened."

The poison had been placed in Paul's food by a man who had become friendly with the cook, who was thus unwittingly used. This man had been employed by Paul's enemies.

News of the missionary's death was anxiously awaited in one of the opium dens, and the next morning the would-be murderer went to the mission house and

was surprised to see Paul about. He artfully inquired of the cook whether Paul had eaten his supper the night before, and the cook replied that he had eaten of everything. Then he returned with his message to the priests and opium dealers.

"His god protects him," was their reply, "or he himself must be a god, or he could not have stood such a dose of poison as was given him last night."

To the Chinese this was reason enough for the fight to be given up, but when the intrigue of the Orient and Occident unites in the effort, Satan himself might well be envious of the plans devised to mar the progress of good.

XIV

RELIGIONS ANCIENT

PAUL'S enemies had not made definite plans as to how he was to be removed from Fou Cheo, but they had determined that he must go. They finally decided that the surest way to reach him was through his friends, and they knew that the one friend whom Paul loved seemingly as much as his own flesh and blood was Chu, his Chinese teacher. To those who knew them, these two friends stood for the commingling of the East and the West. Into one antiquity had poured its best; in the other, modernism had wrought its works. Friendship was working its miracle, and they recognized each other as kindred spirits, —a tie deeper than that of blood. Chu taught Paul not only the language, but also the history and the customs of the Chinese people. He was from an ancient and cultured family, one of which in each generation belong to the literati, that class which rules China, although there are but thirty or forty millions of them out of its four hundred million people.

Paul had learned the language quickly. Chu had taught other foreigners, but he soon realized that he had never known another just like this young man. It was for this reason, that he had been willing to go to this new field with Redmond.

"My friend," he said, when he learned what Paul

had given up for China, " you are the man my country needs. It may not readily accept your religion, but it will accept you."

Paul Redmond was anxious to be well informed about the religions of the people, for he felt that if he were to enter sympathetically into their problems, he must know their beliefs. One day they were in the hill temple, where there are many grotesque figures. He turned to Chu and asked, " Why do your people worship these things? "

Chu's answer showed that he had studied this phase of China's religious life.

" So many who study our religions believe that these are conditions," he replied. " You are mistaken, they are only expressions of conditions. If any religion is to reach the life of China, it must go beyond condemnation of idolatry. It must reach the conditions that lead to idolatry."

On another day they went to the Temple of Ten Thousand Gods. Chu asked: " Is there one God who can express the ten thousand attributes of these gods? "

Redmond chafed under the limitations of the language, but he tried to express as best he could his idea of God.

Chu shook his head.

" I do not worship these," he said, " for the one teacher, Confucius, teaches me of one God. He knew of his existence, although he did not know his attributes."

Another day as they stood looking at the examination halls, with their ten thousand stalls, only a few

feet in size, where every two years ten thousand students came for examination, Redmond appreciated the problem of education as never before. Chu explained to him that these men came to write what they had memorized from the classics, and this constituted their education.

Paul had often been amazed at his teacher's wonderful ability to memorize, and while talking about his people, Chu began to recite from the classics. He went on and on, and then said: "Now, I wish you would repeat to me from your classic, which you say is the Bible." Redmond realized then, that although he understood the Bible, he had not made it a part of his life, as the Chinese had made their classics a part of theirs. This question occurred to him: If this man were to become a Christian, would it be necessary for him to give up all of the things that he had learned? Could not all of these teachings be embraced in his acceptance of Christianity?

Paul knew that on the first and fifteenth of the Chinese month, Chu went to the Confucian Temple to bow before the tablet. He knew that once a year the Chinese went to the temple on the hill and sacrificed to Confucius. He asked Chu to take him to this annual sacrifice. On the day before the next festival Chu came to him.

"If you will be ready to go at four o'clock in the morning," he said, "you can come with me and see the annual tribute we pay to Confucius."

They went before dawn. Chu left him at the gate, indicating where he should stand so that he might see

to the best advantage. In the distance he heard the beating of gongs and the calls which told of the coming of the Viceroy and other officials. He saw the runners making ready for the coming of the Viceroy's carriage. He could see, as the Viceroy alighted, that he was clothed in robes such as were worn in the presence of the Emperor. Following him came the Provincial Treasurer, the Governor, and a host of lesser officials. Servants carried the carcasses of oxen and sheep, and tributes of cloth, and placed them on the altar at the top of the hill. The Viceroy proceeded slowly to the altar, pausing at every few steps to kowtow three times. Fagots were blazing from baskets hanging on poles beside the brown stone steps which led up the hill. Great tapers of incense were burning before the tablets of Confucius, and here and there officiated the Buddhist and Taoist priests. As he stood viewing this ceremony Paul realized that Confucianism must be purged of many practices if it were to administer to China, or to blend with the religion of Christ. As the clanging of the gongs grew less distinct, the tapers and fagots burned lower, and the coming sun began to crimson the sky, his heart went out in real worship of the God of Whom it is written: "Ye must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

In the uncertain light of the early morning he passed through the crowd who remained to worship. Chu had left him. Firecrackers were still exploding as he walked through the streets, and suddenly there came the sound of an explosion louder and sharper than the

others and he felt something pass his face so close that he could feel the wind of it. He turned quickly and again he thought he saw the figure of the foreigner whom he had seen in the crowd on the night of the opium riot. He realized that the revolver which had not been used in the fight on the ship had been emptied in the early light of that morning. The aim had not been true, and again the attempt to end his life had failed, and the very failure of it awakened questions as to his invulnerablity in the minds of his Chinese enemies.

XV

REAL INVESTMENTS

PAUL never felt the need of the companionship of his own race and kind as he did the morning he received the news that the Stewarts were returning to Fou Cheo. It was with real glee that he went to find his Chinese friend.

"Chu," he said, "the Stewarts are coming back."

"Ah, I am glad," said Chu. "You cannot know how much this pleases me. As your friend," he went on after a short pause, "I want to suggest to you something that only one friend can suggest to another. Why not take this young woman for your wife? She could love our people and our women would love her. She could do a wonderful work, and this other woman who has caused you so much sorrow, yet to whom you seem devoted, she certainly is not worthy of you or she would have taken the same attitude that this Miss Stewart has."

Paul's first inclination was one of anger that his friend should even suggest such a course to him, but he finally contented himself with saying: "I know your suggestion is born out of friendship to me, Chu, and I will take it in the way you mean it, but I must tell you that what you suggest is impossible. In the first place, she would not accept me."

"Not accept you?" asked Chu in astonishment.

"You—a man of such wonderful capabilities and possibilities?"—and Chu gave way to a laugh that was a combination of merriment, sarcasm and incredulity.

Paul was sorry that Chu had made this suggestion, for when he greeted Frances he could not help but feel a little more reserved than he had ever felt before. He wondered, too, whether this Chinese friend of his had not offered him a solution of his future.

The Stewarts' return to Fou Cheo seemed like a home-coming. On the first evening Paul sat with them in the little living room of his made-over house. Chu, the old evangelist, and the servants had gone for the night. He told of the opium riot, of the attempt to poison him, and of the shot that came in the early morning when he was returning from the Confucian worship.

Both Mrs. Stewart and Frances expressed their concern, but Stewart listened in silence.

After a while he turned to his wife and daughter. "You are tired," he said, "Paul and I will talk together a little while and then we will rest, but you had better go now."

When the ladies had retired and he sat facing the older man, Paul thought of his last interview with his father and a trace of sadness came over him. He marveled at the different types of men that wealth produces. His father had been hard and stern in the presence of religious motives, but here was a man, who, because he had seen, believed in and loved the work to which he was committed. Before a word had been

spoken, he felt that in him he had an ally in the fight he was making.

"What are your plans?" Stewart finally asked. "You have a fight on your hands and you can't go back. You are committed to this. What is there for you to do? What can you do?" Then he hesitated for a moment—"but what is more to the point, my boy, is what can I do?"

Paul's heart seemed almost to stop beating, for he knew that when a man like Mr. Stewart asked what he could do, it meant that his dreams were to come true. He shut his eyes and thought of the glorious days that would come if American energy and consecrated wealth were combined in the fight at Fou Cheo. He realized that he stood in the presence of a great opportunity.

"Mr. Stewart," he said, "there are many things to be done, but they cannot all be done at once. The first thing we must have in this city is a hospital,—not a tumble-down one such as we have now, but a modern one. Ten or fifteen thousand dollars can do here what it would take one hundred thousand to do in America. Then we must have two schools, one for girls and one for boys. Ten thousand dollars each will supply these, and, of course, that means that teachers will have to be supplied for these schools. Then it seems to me we ought to have a church; not the old type of church, but one with reading rooms and moving pictures, an institutional church that would show these people what the world is doing. And there should be out-stations with chapels and schools."

A smile played on Mr. Stewart's face.

"Yes, Paul," he said, "you need all these things, but what about a house to live in? Sometime I may come again. It was romantic to live here the first time, but I imagine it is going to be a little tiresome this time, and the next time I shan't be able to stand it."

Paul laughed.

"Yes, that's so, Mr. Stewart. When I first came here I thought it was all very romantic, and for the first few months it continued to be so. But after a while the barrenness of it all gets into your soul and it's hard to adjust one's self to such conditions. But my home is not the first thing. The first thing is to do something adequate for these people."

Mr. Stewart had promised Mrs. Stewart that their talk would not be a long one, but they sat far into the night. Their attitudes, however, were a little different. Paul did not mention his enemies. His whole thought was for the city and the district. Mr. Stewart, while he had come back to Fou Cheo prepared to do something for Paul and his work, was now much concerned about the trouble Paul was facing, and he referred again and again to his enemies and the victory that would come to Paul as the result of his investing his money to help him. He committed himself thoroughly to Paul's work, but his chief motive seemed to be to win a victory over those who had in mind Paul's destruction.

When the two men separated for the night, Mr. Stewart turned to Paul and said, "Paul, you can count on me. But we must investigate."

During the days that followed, Paul, Mr. Stewart, and Frances were together constantly. Sometimes, by the end of the day, Mr. Stewart had grown tired of the filth and stench, and sought rest in the little mission house. On these occasions Paul would go out with Frances, and often stood with her looking out over the lake, while he told her his dream of draining it and building dikes to prevent floods in the city. "This city is mine, Frances," he said. "I shall go back to New York sometime, but I shall never feel that my home is there again. I shall always feel that this is my city and that my work is here, no matter what may happen in the future."

And so there grew up between Frances and Paul one of the highest relationships of life,—a pure friendship between a man and a woman. Frances told him very frankly of the one man in the world to whom she had been attracted, and the reason of their separation. They often talked of Madeline, and at times Frances told him of the things she intended to tell her when she returned to America.

Paul could not entirely put from himself the question Chu had asked. Yet he knew that if ever he should ask Frances to be his wife it would not be because he loved her, but that it would be because he was lonely and wanted a companion.

Mrs. Stewart and Frances took the usual woman's interest in making Paul comfortable and, as he told them on the last night of their visit, it seemed almost impossible to let them go, as they had managed to change the old Chinese house and make it habitable.

Everywhere he seemed to feel their presence. Yet, with the going of the Stewarts he felt a new future for his work. But after they had gone he asked himself this question again and again: "What is the future to this work, if it must be alone?"

XVI

LOVE'S YEARNING

AFTER the departure of the Stewarts Paul Redmond faced himself and realized that it was a long, long fight he was making. The struggle he had with himself was one with which neither priests nor opium dealers, nor his foreign enemies with their tongues of slander and plots against his life, had anything to do. It was a battle with the deepest longings within his soul. Often he sat with his head on his arms asking himself, " Why should I, to whom so much is given, who have so many opportunities to acquire money and put it into this work,—why should I spend my life here? Does it mean that because I have seen this vision I may not turn back? " Against all this there stood out clear and distinct his love for Madeline Leonard. True, she had turned against him, but he could not forget that she had said, " If you come back to New York, I will marry you there."

Many a man believes that he can give up his love for a good woman only to find himself mistaken. In an unexpected moment his heart turns traitor and reaches out to fight against him. It was so one night with Paul. He tried to reason but logic forsook him.

" I will give it all up," he said, " and I will go back to father and Madeline. She told me how lonely father was, and I believe that even these people who

reverence their ancestors so devoutly will honor me more if I go back to him in his declining years. I know what I will do," he concluded exultantly, " I will go back to father and work with him as long as he lives, and then when he dies, I will bring back his vast wealth and put it into this work."

He remembered a dinner party in his father's home one night when men of wealth and influence related dreams of their boyhood days, and the good they intended to do as they planned for the future. He remembered the ideals that his father had said had been his, and the things he had meant to do with his wealth. Yet, somehow, the grip of success had strangled all their ideals, and nearly every one of the men had confessed that instead of conquering, they had been overcome.

The fight in his soul went on. When he retired he said to himself, " I will go back." But the next morning when Chu came to him and said in his thoughtful way, " Friend, you are troubled. I know the call of the past is sounding in your ears. But remember, the present needs you."

" You are right, Chu, but you need not be concerned,—I am going to stay," Paul answered him truthfully.

When his talents seemed of no avail, he said to himself, " Mediocre men can come." But a voice within him answered, " You know that such men could not do this work. You have talents that many of them do not have, and if you fail, what could they do?"

He thought of some of the missionaries whom he

had met, men, who, because of lack of qualification, were impotent in the midst of stupendous tasks. He knew that he must stay, but he could not do it alone. At such times he would say aloud to himself, "Oh, what work I might accomplish if only Madeline would join me at this time."

He thought constantly of his father during this period. There is usually enough sportsmanship in the average man to say when he is disinherited, "I can make good, and will with what has come to me." But no real man is ever put under his father's ban and cast out from home, without finding a lasting sorrow come into his life.

As the days passed, his thought for his father grew more tender. "He was stern," Paul said to himself. "but I know he loves me. No man could have mothered me through all those long years when he was fighting in the street, without loving me. I will use that love to make him yield—not for the money he will give but for the love I need in my own life."

Thus the forces of two continents fought within him, —one of love and blood, the other of great service and need.

When the temptation to go back was the strongest, he took an extended trip through his district to study in just what way he could best use the money that Mr. Stewart had promised him. He went a hundred miles in each direction, but met no missionaries, nor were there any hospitals or schools established in that district, though he saw the homes of a million people. The need was greater than he imagined, for he saw

smallpox, leprosy and typhus fever on every side. He went to the temples on the great fast days, too, and saw the long lines of women beating their heads on the ground. Yet stronger than any of these appeals was that made by the young men whom he met constantly during his journeys. He knew that the ancient China would not change quickly, for many of the old men smoked opium and were committed to all the vile practices of the past. But here was a young China, with hopes and possibilities.

One day as he sat with Chu in a tea-house in a strange city several young teachers came to talk with him.

"Some day these young men will change China," said Chu.

"Do you mean that they will change the government?" Paul asked.

"Are we not loyal to the Emperor? Is not he the son of heaven? Why should you think that we want our Emperor changed?" queried the young Chinese.

Paul felt that he had won Chu's confidence in everything except his attitude towards his government. He thought his silence an unexplainable Orientalism which he could not fathom, and whenever they talked about the future of China and a prospective change in government, a smile would play over Chu's face that always left Paul wondering, "What does he mean? What are his real thoughts?"

The trip was nearly over and having left behind the donkeys on which they had occasionally ridden, they were walking over the last five-mile stretch that led

to the city. The donkeys carrying their packs and bedding, followed on behind.

"Chu," Paul asked suddenly, "is this fight we are making worth while? Can we win?"

He had grown accustomed to talking to Chu as if he were a Christian, telling him of all his plans. He knew that Chu was a Confucianist, and as such, held the confidences of a friend to be something holy.

"Kind friend," Chu answered, "can walls which took men a thousand years to build be overturned in a day? It is said that Swenheotz, the fabled monkey-man, could travel three thousand leagues in a single somersault. But not so with this work we have taken upon ourselves." It was the first time that Chu had used the word "we."

"We must mark the dust of the road by every step of our foot," he went on, "for those who come after us can only trace us by our footprints. Courage, my friend. You do not yet understand China, but if you can let but ten years pass over your head and through your soul, then you will be my brother and China's son."

XVII

CONFIDENCES

THE work and the battle that Paul was fighting had taken their toll, and Chu and his other friends urged him to go away for a little rest. He decided to take a trip to Hankow and back, with his old friend, the captain.

As the steamer pulled in beside the hulk at Wuhu, Paul could hear the nasal Yankee twang and the flow of picturesque oaths that had always attracted his attention. The old captain apparently did not notice him, but when the last order of "make fast" had been given, he left the bridge and came down the deck with a smile of real pleasure playing over his face.

"Well, by gad, if here isn't a resurrection! There was a feller inquirin' about you yesterday, and I told him you had been dead and buried for a year. How in the world some of you fellows can go and stick your heads down in the mire and stink of this land and live there, I'm hanged if I know. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to Hankow and back with you," answered Paul.

"What are you going for?"

"I'm just going up for the sake of visiting with you."

"You're a liar," snapped the captain, "but it warms an old man's heart to hear you say it, young man. Just

keep me believin' it, anyway, and only go ashore at Hankow when I am asleep, so as not to break the spell."

"Captain," Paul replied, "I am not lying, for I am lonely and I felt that I must see someone. It lay between you and Dr. Means, and somehow my heart turned to you."

"Well, I'm glad you settled on me. Means would have done you some good, but he wouldn't swear at you as I will. I'll promise that if you go to Hankow and back with me, and things go average, I'll let you hear 'damn it' a thousand times, and that will keep you going another six months."

"By the way, have you a place for me?" asked Paul.

"Have I a place for you?" the captain shouted. "Man alive, you are going to stay in my own cabin. There are two bunks. Do you suppose I'm going to have you go over and be ruined by some of those fellows I have on board. I've got a nice mess this trip. Do you see that big fat fellow there, the one whose face looks turned inside out? Well, that old fellow has been riding with me, off and on, for twenty-five years. He's one of the first American whiskey men that came to this coast. Then, see that fellow down there that looks as if he ought to die? Well, he's one of your kind, for he thinks he's a missionary, but I doubt it. By gad, if I was a heathen and ever looked on a religion that produced a face like that, I'm pretty damn sure I'd turn away from it and leave it. And that pair down there—isn't that a sweet pair? They're another pair of what you ought to call globe-trotters. But they're only globe-walkers. They can't trot a yard.

If I had a boy and he'd ask such fool questions as they ask, I'd souse him in the river here at the end of a rope. And those dark-complexioned fellows down at the end there,—three of 'em—well, I don't know who they are, but I'll tell you what I think they are—They're the vomit of hell. They've passed through this way now and then, and always with a bunch of women, for they're traffickers in bodies and souls. It was their kind that got you in Japan."

His face grew stern as he asked, "Are they the gang that got you?"

"No, they are not the same," answered Paul.

"I'm glad, for I would have finished them," the captain replied.

"Those other two fellows down yonder,—they belong to the British-American Tobacco Company,—good fellows, as the world calls it, but it's mighty poor business that they are doing out here, when they're making a million cigarettes a day. You see that fellow there with the red hair and face that he's working up and down, trying to look like he knows something? That's one of the consuls of the British government. He knows China, and you ought to talk to him a little, for he came out here more'n twenty years ago. Britain has consuls who know China; they know but little else, but they do know this country, its languages and its people. Say, I wish you had been with us on the last trip," laughed the captain, "and seen the American consul that we brought up. Lord, he heard my gab and he looked me over and asked how long I had been away from England, and I told him nigh onto seventy

years, for I have never been in the bloomin' country, strange as it may seem. And he says: 'Why, captain, you don't look that old.' Think of a man listenin' to this weeze of mine and thinkin' I was a Britisher—me splittin' every 'a' that I say down the middle with an axe and then soft soapin' it on top! Ha, ha, ha," the old man laughed, "I'll start somethin' at dinner. I'll throw a harpoon into 'em that will bring somethin' out. Come on to the bridge. That darn boatswain is blowin' his whistle. Let's get away from the smell of this town. It's a pretty nice town when you get far enough away to let the breeze blow under your nose."

As the passengers came into the saloon that night, Paul was able to get a closer view of them. Some whom he had not seen before came out of their cabins. It was a heavy load for the old captain's ship at that time of the year.

"Captain," said one of the cigarette men as the captain sat down at the table, "I haven't heard you say a word about missionaries on this trip."

The captain's knife went down on the cabin floor with a clatter, and as he stooped for it he said to Paul in an undertone:

"They don't know who you are. Let me handle 'em."

For the next few minutes Paul heard such a scathing of missionaries as he had never heard before. He didn't know the old captain could talk in just the way he did. The whole table was abuzz with its condemnation of missionaries in general. The one pietistic

individual at the table was in confusion, and ate on in silence.

"They're men who couldn't do anything else at home and are out of a job," said one of the traffickers in souls.

Paul had been silent up to this time, but the injustice and indignity of this incensed him, coming from a man whose kind had wrought such havoc in his life. He looked down the table with an expression in his eyes that men had seen in his father's when he was going to annihilate them in business, and when the old captain saw that look he knew that he had truly started something. He saw a side of his courteous friend that he had not seen before, and he revelled in the spirit of the boy as he listened to him. The man tried to reply, but Paul stripped his soul bare. He was impersonal, but every man at the table knew that he was striking fairly and squarely at the man with whom he was talking, and was showing up the nefarious business which Paul hated with all the intensity of his soul, since he had seen the awful results in the life of one woman whom he saved.

The captain put his hand on Paul's, not to stop him, but to reassure him that he was with him in his fight. One or two of the other men at the table joined in the conversation, and finally the whiskey man turned to him.

"Did I hear your name to be Redmond?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I wonder if by any chance you are related to Robert Redmond of New York?"

"I am."

"Well," he said, "I knew somehow before I heard your name that back of that whip tongue of yours was some of his blood, for I have heard but one man in the world who could slash both ways when he was only striking in one direction as he does. What relation is he to you?"

"He's my father."

"Are you out here on business?"

"Yes, I'm here on business. I'm here to help these people."

"Are you a missionary?"

"I am."

"Well, by gad, captain, if men of his type are missionaries, we must be wrong about a lot of them."

The shrill voice of the trafficker in souls now rose above the other voices.

"They're all alike. I don't care whose son he is. They're a lot of incompetents, and you know from the talk that's going around about some of them, they're all the same. This fellow only goes to prove what I said, for he didn't do anything at home, and so his rich father has to keep him out here to get rid of him."

Before Paul could reply the captain's hand was lifted from his, and he pointed his finger down the table at the speaker.

"Boys, I guess I went too far," he said, "for this lad here is the best friend I ever had. He saved my life and I said what I did just for pure deviltry. But I want to say to you that this boy could have been worth

millions and that his father disinherited him because he came here. I hear this from others, not from him, and when the kind he's been talking about are behind prison bars and their names are forgotten, we shall speak this man's name in tones of reverence. Now you fellows can tell it up and down the river that I've got a missionary friend if you want to, but I'm proud of him, even though I don't believe much in his business. But, remember this, if any man strikes at him, he hits me."

In the evening, while the boat was making its way up the river, Paul and the old man sat together in the quiet of the cabin.

"You've made an enemy tonight," said the captain. "In fact, you made several. They'll try to get you as the others got you. They're hell turned loose, so look out for them. I don't mean on this trip. They're too big cowards to hurt you physically, but somehow or other they are going to get you, and remember that when they do it, I'll come any time and anywhere to see you and to help you. Let 'em hate—blame 'em—let 'em hate. It's the highest motive they know."

The old captain's face grew hard as he talked, and it could easily be seen that he knew the type of which the scum of the Orient is composed.

These two strange companions sat silent for a few moments. Then the old man turned to Paul.

"And now, boy, what about this story?" he queried. "I knew when I saw you coming up the deck, that you had come to tell me what I have waited for months to hear. Don't cut it short, for an old man wants to hear

it all, and when you go back yonder to the mire and the stench I'll think it all over. So serve all the courses, son, serve 'em all."

The story that Paul told the old captain was complete. It was not only the story of his love, but the story of his struggle. He talked much of his father and told of the opposition and intrigue against him in Fou Cheo. When he had finished silence fell between them for a while.

"Son," the captain said at length, "it's been nigh fifty years since a little blue-eyed girl in Maine gripped my life. The tides of the ocean and of the world coursed through my heart. Those were the days when women sometimes stayed at home, and sometimes traveled the far seas with those they loved. We had been sweethearts from childhood. I don't remember the time when she wasn't mine and I hers, and then, son, the day came when I made the first trip down the coast. Gad, those were hard days! I had fished some and she had never objected, but when I came back this time she said: 'Bill, ye cannot go to sea again.' 'Why?' I said. 'If ye go to sea again, I'll not have ye.' Son, I'll never forget those words. I didn't swear in those days, though I was wild and would dare anything. I picked up my hat and said: 'If ye ever change your mind, let me know.' Son, that's a good many years ago. I've only seen her once, just once, since then. For nearly fifty years she's lived over there in Maine waiting for me to give up the sea, and for fifty years I followed the star out yonder in the north and I've set my course by it. I've lived my life and this

thing of livin' your own life is a queer thing, son. I've never told this story to anyone, you are the first person in the world who ever dragged it out of my heart.

"After almost fifty years the keys get pretty rusty, and the locks creak when they turn. It's been hell, and I'd been a different man if she had laid her course this way. I don't believe it's stubbornness when I say to you that if I was to stand back tonight in that little parlor beside the sea, I would not alter my course, for when the tides of the world get to flowin' and a fellow starts to check them or alter them, they force their way over him and engulf him. When I'm gone, my name will be tied up with the river. I've done my work and I hope you won't think it's sacrilegious when I say that I believe I've done the job that God wanted me to do, for I've helped make a pathway across this land, and I wouldn't give it up."

"There was a word in that story of yours about Madeline and goin' back to her. You've got to decide that. But let me say this to you—my advice is to hold to your course, boy. A star somewhere out yonder—as the star that set the course for me—sets your course. I know it's hard, but stick to it, my friend, though I think that for the man who does it there's not much chance of burning hereafter, for certainly all the flames of hell are playin' over him now. As the one father that you've got now, since the other kicked you out,—I say, keep to the trail that you've chosen. Follow it and live your life. Let's turn in."

XVIII

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE

THE Stewarts had left China and returned to New York, while Paul was fighting the decision to remain in China, and taking his brief vacation with Captain Jenkins. They had come to China questioning the validity and usefulness of missions and had left it believing in them, and giving large sums of money to their advancement.

Richard Stewart went back resolved to win Robert Redmond to his, Stewart's, opinion of Paul, and Frances was determined to make Madeline see her mistake, and, if possible, to prevail upon her to correct it.

Stewart waited only a day or two after he reached New York before sending in his card to Mr. Redmond, who saw him at once, for he was anxious to ask Mr. Stewart whether he knew the facts of the story which had disturbed him greatly,—and to know if, in the later months, there had been any more gossip.

The two men were of different type,—one, business had hardened and made selfish, the other, it had broadened and impressed with the responsibility of his wealth.

"I have come to talk to you about Paul," Mr. Stewart said after the first greeting.

"I hope you have not come to plead for him," re-

plied Redmond. There was a suspicion of contempt in his voice.

"Well, I am not here at his request—that is one very certain thing. He would have forbidden it if he had known that I was coming here to speak in his behalf. Nevertheless I feel that, after the years of acquaintance, I should be recreant if I did not come to tell you something about your son. I understand you have disinherited him."

"I have."

"Then, let me tell you, you have disinherited one of the great men of today, one who will bring great honor to the Redmond name, and who will be remembered long after your wealth is forgotten. He is one of the empire builders of the world and is going to leave his mark, not alone upon the country for which he is now laboring, but on others; for the things he is now doing will affect all nations."

"I do not understand your employing such extravagant language."

"I speak in this way because the facts demand it—because I have been where Paul lives and have seen him at his work."

For fully half an hour, in straight, direct language, Richard Stewart told Robert Redmond of his son's work and influence. He made no reference to Madeline or to the rumors that had spread so rapidly over the East. At times during the recital the father's heart called out for his son and glowed under the praise Richard Stewart bestowed upon him. There was one fact, however, that stood out prominently in

his mind—that Paul had disobeyed him, and must be punished for it.

Mr. Redmond listened in silence during the greater part of Mr. Stewart's description of Paul's work, only now and then asking a question in order to gain a clearer understanding of what it was.

"Mr. Stewart," he finally said, "I thank you for bringing this word to me about my son, but I have waited patiently for you to tell me something about the rumor that has spread over the East and that has reached us about him."

"You have heard it, then?"

"Yes, I have heard it," replied Mr. Redmond.

"We did not pay any attention to it," explained Mr. Stewart. "We were in Yokohama the day the break came between Paul and Madeline, and afterwards visited Paul in Fou Cheo twice. Everywhere in China people laugh at this story, except those who are enemies of missions. Of course these try to make capital out of it."

Mr. Redmond was silent for a moment. Then he said: "Mr. Stewart, I believe there has been some talk of Paul marrying your daughter, and I am wondering if that is why you are here today speaking in such extravagant terms of him."

Stewart gew intensely angry. His eyes blazed. "It is not," he replied with considerable heat. "I know that Paul and Frances are very good friends, but as to any thought of marriage between them I can say to you that there is nothing in it. While we were in Fou Cheo, Paul and Frances were the best of friends

only, and that is what they are now. Of all the young men I have known he is one of the most honorable, and I feel that you do him a great injustice when you give any countenance to the rumor. Furthermore, I can assure you very definitely that you do both Frances and myself an injustice when you intimate that there is an ulterior motive in my coming to you to speak in your son's behalf."

At almost the same hour that this conversation was taking place, Madeline and Frances came face to face in one of the great stores of the city. Each hesitated for a moment, for they were unprepared for the meeting. It was Frances who spoke first.

"Madeline," she said, "I know you were in the East, and that we were in the same city on the same day. But after the things I heard I could not come to see you."

Madeline searched her face closely, trying to find some trace of the old friendship that had existed between them. But she found nothing but condemnation.

"Then you mean to say that you sanctioned Paul's outrageous conduct in kissing that woman, and staying out in that awful land, when I need him at home?"

"How can you put it that way, Madeline? Even the rumor of the East is more charitable than you are, for it says she kissed him. But let me say this—I did not care enough about the rumor even to investigate it. I met Paul in the hotel after he left you, and he was brokenhearted, so I did not ask him to explain, and I only told him, as a word of comfort, that I trusted him.

In the months that followed, while I was with him, he talked of you constantly, and there was no word of blame from him. He needs the faith of those who love him and of his friends."

"You told him that after he left me?"

"Yes."

"Then, why don't you marry him?"

"For one reason, at least,—he has not asked me."

"But you would marry him?"

"I do not care to answer that question, although I was willing to answer the other one. But let me say this to you, Madeline, and I think I have a right to say it. You have missed the opportunity of your life. You thought you knew Paul, but you did not, and neither you nor I, nor any other woman of the pleasure-loving set that we have been reared in, are worthy to do the most menial thing for him. While he is a man of our set, he is not a man of our kind. He is far above us both. A moment ago you asked me if I would marry him and I will answer you. I do not believe he will ever marry anyone, for he has enshrined you in his heart, he has made of you something which you are not, but if he should ask me, I do not think I could ever marry him for I do not believe a girl such as I is good enough for him, and I do not believe I could do the work that his wife ought to do in that land of opportunity."

"Oh, Frances, we are not so far apart as it may seem. It was not only the woman, but that strange country out there and the utter difference in the kind of life that frightened me. I felt about as you do, and

told Paul that there was nothing for me to do but to offer that if he would come back to New York I would marry him."

Frances smiled.

"Ah, Madeline," she said, "there is everything for you to do. It isn't the question of nothing to do, but the lack of desire to do it. If you had married Paul, and had gone willingly to help him in his task, how much you could have found to do for the women of China. The men of that country have for centuries been supreme—except now and then when some woman has flashed into prominence or has had thrust upon her a great position, when in every instance she displayed ability beyond that of the men. The womanhood of China calls for women who are willing to pay the price. But more than that, Madeline—one of the best men who has ever lived calls for you. I hope that God will forgive you for the sorrow you have brought into his life, and I pray also that Paul may forgive you, but I don't believe I ever can."

XIX

SEEKING THE ETERNAL

WHAT time Frances Stewart and her father were pleading Paul's cause in New York, he, himself, was engaged in an endeavor to enlist Chu more definitely on the side of Christianity. He had never tried to persuade Chu by words or argument to become a Christian, for he felt that if the Oriental ever came to the point where he was seriously considering Christianity, he himself would speak of it. They had often talked together about the deeper things of life and Chu had asked many questions. He had become almost as familiar with the Bible as he was with his own classics. He told Paul that before he knew him he had looked upon Christianity as a proselyting force, and had never thought of it as playing a part in revolutionizing national life. "You must concede," he would say, "that many so-called Christian nations are failing to carry out the principles of your Christ, for how can a nation that calls itself Christian take advantage of a weak country, as nearly all the nations have taken advantage of China? Why do they use force when they ought to use love? How can they permit the things within their own border which obtain there? Why do they allow whiskey and opium, and such things, bearing the stamp and approval of their

governments, to be sent out to nations that are not Christian?"

Paul's first inclination was to apologize for the countries which came under Chu's just reproach, but under his keen questioning he realized as never before, that these nations were not really Christian, and that their habits of life were detrimental to the cause and spread of Christianity.

At the close of one Lord's Day, when many inquirers had been baptized, Chu was sitting with Paul in his little study.

"Chu," Paul said, "I am wondering why Christianity does not appeal to you—why you have never thought of coming to us. Others are coming, most of them from lower classes than yours."

"My friend," Chu answered, "do you think I could have lived with you and not thought of this? You must know I have considered it. But I want to ask you whether you think it is as easy for a man of the East to accept Christianity, as it is for one of the West?"

"No, I do not think it is, and I want you to know that I appreciate the difficulties you face. But it seems to me that the time has come when this question can no longer be avoided, when you must think seriously of Christianity as a factor in the future of your nation's life, as well as your individual relationship to it."

"I have thought of my individual relationship to it," answered Chu, "and I have thought of it in its relation to my country and to other religions. Mr. Redmond, there are several things that keep me from

accepting your religion. One is the fact that Christianity does not recognize any good in other religions. Practically every man who preaches Christianity condemns all others and accepts nothing from them. What are you going to do with the great men that China has produced? In what place will you put Confucius and Laotz? The attitude of Christianity to the memory of my ancestors is most difficult for me, for I cannot turn my back upon all the past,—the past that has made me, that is responsible largely for what I am. Then, again, it is most difficult for me, and for those of other Eastern religions when we look on what you call your denominations. If Christ is one, why should there be so many divisions among his followers? Why do you divide into sects and write creeds? It is all very confusing to an Oriental mind, and if Christianity is so vital that it is to be carried to the ends of the earth, why do the nations who are called Christian live so utterly out of harmony with the gospel of your Christ? You know, my friend, that I honor your life and approve it, but you are one of the few so-called Christians whose lives I can approve, and in whom we believe we see the real exponents of the doctrines of Jesus Christ. But the thing that troubles me is how to reconcile doctrine and life."

Such discussions now became almost a matter of daily occurrence and Paul knew that Chu was facing the real issue. He knew that the man honored the New Testament, and had come to believe in Christ and His mission to the world; but he also knew that there were many elements of the old faith which he could

not give up. Paul explained to him that all he would have to abandon in his old belief were the things that were false, but wherever the religions of China, and Confucianism in particular, contained a great truth, he should cling to it; that Christianity was great enough and broad enough in its principles, to embrace the truths of all other religions.

He was very patient with Chu on the question of ancestral-worship. Paul had come to have an utterly different conception of this worship than he had had when he first came to China. He knew that many deified their ancestors, but not all, and as he talked with Chu he discovered a clear distinction between holding in honorable memory those who had gone before, and making gods of them.

Two things seemed to disarm Chu more than anything else. One was Paul's frank acceptance of the fact that Christians were not living as near to the ideals of Christ as they should; the other was his utter repudiation of denominationalism. Paul had expressed his hope that the day would come when all the churches of Christendom would be united. In one of his appeals to Chu he said that he believed that this unity was fast coming to pass in China. He pointed out the fact that all the denominations were accepting a common nomenclature, that the distinctions that held in the Western nations were disappearing, and that as they faced the common task of a nation's regeneration, they were having common interests in education, medicine and literature. All of this appealed to Chu, for, with his usual insight, he at once saw that if Christianity was

to minister adequately to China's national life, it must do it in a united way.

One night he came to Paul. "My friend," he said, "you know I would do anything for you, but of course you would not want me to take this step for you alone. I know very well that you want it to be a matter of conscience, that you want me thoroughly to believe in it. You have convinced me on most of the things we have talked about, but there are one or two facts which I feel you must know before I can become a Christian. First of all, I want you to know that I am a revolutionist." He paused for a moment, for this was a revelation, and Paul was amazed at this side of his friend that he had not glimpsed.

"I do not look upon the Emperor as the Son of Heaven," he went on. "I believe that the present régime in China must pass, that the Manchu dynasty must disappear, and in order to accomplish this some of us must take a very prominent part in overthrowing it. In doing so I am afraid that, as a Christian, I might bring the faith into disgrace. I love my country. I have loved you because you love it; but I wonder if you realize that Christianity is at utter variance with all the principles upon which a government like ours is founded. It is more so than many men from the West realize, yet I appreciate that you cannot come out openly and proclaim yourself a revolutionist, nor do I want you to, except as your religion teaches the truth. But can I become a Christian and go on doing these secret things, which may eventually overthrow my government?"

This revelation troubled Paul a great deal, for it was difficult for him to answer the questions that Chu had raised. He tried to persuade Chu that the right course to pursue would be to work within the government itself and not conspire to overthrow it, but he only smiled.

"Ah, that shows your ignorance, my friend," he said, "and you will forgive me for speaking so plainly. When that terrible event of 1900 occurred, the people of your country and other foreign lands said that the Empress Dowager was crazy. The Empress Dowager was the seer of her age. She knew that if Christianity was not expelled from China, the doctrines of Christianity would one day drive the Manchu dynasty from its throne. And it will yet be so. The more Christianity increases, the more the Manchu dynasty must decrease. It is inevitable."

"Well, then, why not become a Christian if you love your country?" asked Paul.

"If the rebellion that is sure to come should fail, then I, as a Christian, would bring harm to others of like faith. When I become a Christian, it will not be merely to accept its doctrines, but its life. I believe Confucianism and other religions where they are true, but they do not vitalize life. Confucianism is five hundred years older than Christianity. Buddhism came at the very time Christ was doing his work in the little country that you call the Holy Land. Yet these religions have not cleaned the streets, they have not stamped out the opium curse, they have not done the things that China needs to have done for its life.

I believe in the doctrines of Christianity, but, my friend, it is the life and the practical living of it that is vital to me. I have grown to love your Christ so much that I would not want to dishonor his name in the expression of love for my country."

Chu did not yield at once. He never did anything in a hurry. The whole training of his race was against it. He finally asked Paul if he could spare him for several weeks, as he wanted to go home. Paul knew he would not make that request if it were not important, so he helped him to start at once. He waited eagerly for the return of his friend, for he missed him greatly. When he came his father came with him. Paul had met the elder Chu many times, and he was glad to see him again, for he honored the father of such a man as his friend. The old man asked him for an interview, and they went apart at once. His face showed tremendous sorrow.

"I come today to plead with you for my son," he said. "I come to beg that you will not take him away from the religion of his fathers. I come to ask you to give him back to me."

Paul was astounded.

"But I don't want to take your son from you," he replied. "I do not know what you mean."

"I mean that my son is about to leave us. I understand that your father disinherited you because of your fanaticism in coming to China. He was a wise father. You may be doing something for the city—I will admit that you are helping to rid China of the opium curse—but you are doing a terrible thing when you come

between father and son. I cannot consent that my son shall become a Christian. In all the history of the Chu family, which runs back in an unbroken line to the days of the Christ you worship, there has never been one who has not been faithful to Confucius. And now, why should you, sir, come and win my son away from me and away from the name of his father?"

Paul was exceedingly tender with the old man. He tried to show him that it was not an individual matter, but that men, to be true to themselves, must follow the truth as they see it, no matter what it costs them. He realized then that the great heart and brain of his friend were inherited from his father. He had never heard such an argument, he had never known such pleading, he had never seen such wrath. When he left he forbade Chu ever again to use his name, or claim to be his son.

There was deep sorrow in Paul's heart for his friend. They were drawn even closer together. Chu stood side by side with Paul as a Christian, for both had learned the meaning of Christ's saying: "If ye forsake not father and mother ye are not worthy of me." What a Christian he was! He accepted the life of Christ, and he mingled with it all the mysticism and idealism of the East.

XX

CHANGING THE OLD

EVERY barrier that had existed between Paul and Chu was removed by Chu's conversion. They were together constantly. Paul's loneliness, his longing for Madeline, and the whole worry and responsibility that had been his, were much lightened because his friend had become a Christian.

In the early spring months they walked about the city frequently and often went far into the country. Their usual route was to the west and north of the city, along the canal, and out by the lake. Whenever they walked along the shores of the latter and looked out over its waters, Paul dreamed of the time when it should be drained,—but how, he was trying to determine.

He spoke of it to Chu. Since his conversion Chu had become much interested in Paul's plan, and every fear of the wind and water spirits had passed from his mind. This had been replaced by a sort of recklessness which sometimes comes to those who adopt a new religion, and his attitude was something like that of the iconoclast, whose desire is to change all institutions.

One night as he talked to Chu of his dream, Paul pointed over the waters.

"Let us go out there to the tea-house," he said,

" and see what really needs to be done to this old lake to prevent the floods."

They followed the cobblestone path until they came to a series of pontoons built out into the lake in the form of a walk three boards in width. Over these pontoons, which rested on small boats, and which could be swung open when necessary, they passed to the little tea-house built on stilts in the water. The tea-house is the forum of China. Here, during the day, the news of the crowded streets is interchanged; at night it is a place of popular resort, built out upon the lake. They found very few people in the little tea-house on the lake at that early hour in the afternoon. The painted dancing girls passed them closely where they sat, with the evident desire of obtaining a closer view of the handsome young foreigner. Other foreigners had been there, but they did not look like this one, and the word ran about that this was Mr. Redmond, the man who had fought opium and cholera. These women, who had only known foreigners of low motives, looked with wonder upon the man whom they knew to be doing so many things for the city of Fou Cheo.

The proprietor of the tea-house came to them and bowed politely, for he knew that Redmond was fast becoming a man of influence in the city. He told Paul that he wanted him to be his guest as he drank his cup of tea. Paul smiled. " Thank you," he said, " but that would be impossible. I have invited my friend here to drink with me."

They sat near one of the open windows over a table

"BUT HOW CAN IT BE DRAINED?" CHU ASKED, "THIS WATER IS ALWAYS HERE"

inlaid with mother of pearl, and looked out over the broad expanse of shallow water.

"But how can it be drained?" Chu asked, "this water is always here."

"I don't know exactly," Paul answered truthfully, "but I'm sure it can be done. Every bit of this land can be reclaimed, and think how fertile it would be! Think of the rich soil that has been carried all these centuries into this lake. It must be drained."

They discussed the system of canals that ran to the great river far back into the interior, touching even the Yellow River in the far north.

"But is this your business?" asked Chu. "You came out to make this land Christian. Is it a part of Christianity to give back land to the people?"

Redmond laughed.

"It may not have been recognized as a part of the old Christianity," he said, "but the religion of today connects itself absolutely with every part of a man's life. You know how those streets back yonder in Fou Cheo smell with their wretched surface sewers. You know that at four o'clock in the afternoon you cannot pass over them. That must be changed. When we drain this lake, we must run a sewer under the city that will carry off the refuse so that it will be impossible for vermin to breed and disease to spread."

Chu laughed.

"You can do a lot of things, my friend," he said, "but from the way you dream, I sometimes think you are almost wild."

They left the tea-house and were escorted to the

very edge of the lake by the proprietor. This dream had become a fixed passion with Paul, and he was laying his plans actually to begin the work and not to wait any longer. But it was the spring of the year. That very night the rains began to fall—not little spring showers, but the rains that melt the snow far up in the mountains and hills, the rains that come from skies loosed and unfettered. Paul was crushed and discouraged, for he realized that the floods, which had come and gone during the centuries, were again threatening the city and the district. He hoped, however, that it would not be serious. He had not experienced any dangerous flood since he came to Fou Cheo, but now he dreaded the one that he knew was approaching.

XXI

THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS

TO the west of the city of Fou Cheo several canals and a little river came together. Here a small town had been built, the trade of which consisted largely in supplying the boatmen who traveled the canals and the river and stopped there to procure supplies. Only a few nights after Chu and Paul had talked about the draining of the lake, the dikes in the far district suddenly gave way. The canals ran full, and with great rapidity and without warning, the waters rushed down upon the city of Fou Cheo. The flood came while the boatmen and their families were quietly sleeping in hundreds of little house boats that nestled at the mouth of the canals. It struck them with a tremendous force, that could be likened to the blow of Hercules. At first they felt only an unusual rocking of the boat, and a few of the men, believing that rain was approaching, covered their sails with bamboo matting. The next moment, however, the water came out of the night with a mighty rush, destroying everything before it. The boats were jumbled and thrown together, one on top of the other, and the oncoming water, as if angry at this obstruction in its way, seized the little boats by the hundreds and flung them out of the canal into the larger channel, where, before they could be righted or rescued, men

and women were struggling in the night, calling for their children and crying to their gods. The darkness was intense. Except from the little houses on the shore which were lighted only by candle there was not a ray of light. Pandemonium reigned everywhere. The men able to handle the boats in which they lived all their lives accomplished, in many cases, some well-nigh impossible rescues. But the morning light revealed the bodies of women and children who had been lost in the struggle, and here and there the body of a man who had died in an effort to save his family. A few were found unconscious on the banks, but hundreds had gone to their death.

Chu came rushing in with the news that the dike had broken a few miles above the city. The water was escaping with a mighty rush into the already filled canals. Many boats had been overturned and people were drowning near the city. In the city itself the water was rapidly rising.

"I am told that farmers are coming in in tubs, on doors, wreckage, and every available thing that will float," Chu said. "Oh, you cannot realize what awful suffering is before my people. You do not know what they will have to endure."

Together with Chu, Paul went quickly to the scene of disaster. He saw that the water was indeed menacing, and his quickly moving mind grasped the situation. Something must be done and at once. He knew their first problem was to find refuge for the people whose homes were being flooded. How were they to fight the water? If this dike had broken,

others would break. He hurried to the Yamen, where he found his friend, the magistrate, who, through Paul's influence, had been allowed to remain in the city. Very quickly he pointed out that two or three of the big temples in the city which were on high ground should be vacated and made habitable for the refugees. "But," said the magistrate, "it will require days to get them ready in the manner you have indicated, for we move slowly in China."

"If you will give me the funds I will see that this thing is put through and without graft," said Paul. "I will see that a place is prepared where they can rest safely."

Then he appealed to the selfish side of the old man's nature. "I will see that this is done," he said, "not in my name, but in yours. Thus you will be honored as never before, because of what you will have done for the people. After all, you know China is like any other country. The people remember only those who do the most to serve. We have often talked about what must be done with this lake and the dikes. We must go today and study the system. We must examine those dikes, the breaking of which would flood the city and the district, and we must work to save them. Perhaps we can't do anything now with those that have already broken, but we must save those that still hold and keep them from collapsing and destroying the city."

The urgency of the whole situation was upon Paul's soul. At first he was unable to make the magistrate believe that anything could be done. The pioneer

spirit within him delighted in the work at hand; of organizing the work of relief and of saving the city. He asked the magistrate to call together a group of the business men, the teachers, the leading Buddhist and Taoist priests, and the old French Catholic priest who resided in the district.

Meanwhile he secured a boat and went with a few men over several miles of the city. He explained to Chu just what he had in mind to do.

"But isn't it too late?" asked Chu. "The water has come."

"Yes, the water has come," Paul made reply. "But it is not too late to help those who are suffering."

He found that the water was still rising, which indicated that other dikes had broken. It was now so high that they could easily row across the country in any direction. Their boats were able to cross farms he had often visited. Here and there they picked up people from the tops of houses. Men and women were seen on the tops of straw stacks and on the straw roofs of their mud houses. In the distance he saw buildings crumble away, with people clinging to the roofs and bits of débris. Children were drowning before his eyes.

One scene occurred which Paul was never to forget. The waters were creeping up around a farmhouse. The father instructed his boy of about ten years of age, to bring to safety the support of the family, a water buffalo. The boy jumped on the back of the hairy, large-horned animal, and started to direct him to safety, when a sudden onrush of waters overturned the

animal. The boy clung to him with the faithfulness of an officer who has been commissioned to a last duty, but finally he, too, was swept away. Then Paul noticed another object—a mangy, ragged dog, swimming toward the boy as he struggled in the water. The dog let the boy sink once or twice, then finally grasped his thick clothing and kept him afloat until Paul and the man in the boat could go to the rescue. Afterwards, Paul learned that the dog had been a stray and a wanderer, when this boy found him and fed him. Then, when the waters came, the dog remembered his friend and paid his debt.

The Chinese boatmen did not want to save the dog and started to push him off, but Paul interfered. " He is the hero," he said, " we must save them both."

Farther out in the district they passed a little steam launch packed to the limit of its capacity. He sent Chu back to the city with the instructions to hire all the launches and boats that he could procure and send them out over the district.

When Paul returned to the city he was truly a man of sorrow. The sorrows of the past had been largely those which had filled his own life. Those tragedies had helped him better to understand pain and suffering. These new sorrows which were crowding in upon him were the sorrows of others, but he felt them as his own.

When he reached the Yamen he was surprised to find a large group of representative men awaiting him. He greeted the old Catholic priest cordially. They had met before, but had never been thrown together in

their work. He outlined in a word to Father Parrish what he wanted to do.

The old priest listened in silence and then answered:

"My son, I rejoice in this great plan. I am glad you have influence enough with the magistrate to get him to yield to your wishes. You can count upon me. I want to enlist as a private in the ranks and will be glad to go out and do anything that I can. For half a century I have labored with these people. They are truly my people. I have seen floods come and go, and we have helped only our own people. It seems almost impossible for you to do all that you desire, but in this modern time men are accomplishing the apparently impossible in business and in science, and why should we not work the impossible for God?"

The magistrate spoke first. He told the business men that something must be done.

"You know," he said, "the government usually appropriates enough money to provide a small bowl of rice a day, but this young man who has led us in reforms, is urging us to undertake something that is really worth while. I am going to ask him to speak at this time."

Paul had not intended to talk, but he now stood before them, and in the simplest Chinese explained what he had in mind. He burned into their minds the tragedies occurring in the district, with which most of them were familiar, and, taking a rough piece of charcoal, he outlined on a piece of paper the city and the district. He then showed them where the dikes had broken, and pointed out where others were dan-

gerous. He convinced them that these must be saved, while the work of rescue and relief went on.

With his quick business instinct he also estimated the expense. The magistrate designated the sum that he would give. Paul turned to the rich men of the district, with whom he had had little in common, and said:

"I know that this good friend of mine intends to give liberally, but I don't want him to give it all."

The next few moments of that meeting were to be recorded in the history of the city. The sum of money subscribed seemed fabulous to that group of men.

In the midst of the pledging the rich man, who had taken note of the amount given, said:

"Mr. Redmond, may I say just one word? For a long time I have realized that the kind of work you want to do is sadly needed. Not only must present relief be given, but a great deal will remain to be done after the water has subsided, so for every dollar that the magistrate and the others give, I will give a dollar."

The group of rich and cultured men broke into applause. Paul, displaying his Occidentalism, wept in the presence of them all.

The old French priest stood up and said:

"You know that many times Protestants and Catholics have been enemies, but I want you to know that the work of this young man has my approval, and I am willing to go out there to the dikes as a laborer and do anything that he tells me to do."

"And I"—"And I"—"And I"—came from

many. Men who had never toiled a day in their lives stood up declaring they would go anywhere and do anything that this young man, "their general," as they called him, suggested. Paul was greatly moved by this demonstration, but it was not a time for emotion.

"Men," he said, "we must have a committee to handle this large sum of money—also a treasurer."

A committee was soon appointed. The rich man of the district came forward again.

"Friends," he said, "you know what a vast sum of money we will have to turn over, because of what has been subscribed and what will be subscribed. There is only one man who can be treasurer, and that man is Mr. Redmond. I move that, therefore, we make him the treasurer of this committee."

The committee appointed represented the wealthy class, the literati, the elders of the city and the officials. Many of these men knew how the hilltop priest had fought Paul and planned to undermine his influence and even to destroy him. No native priest had been named. Paul pointed him out.

"I want my good friend here," he said, "the hilltop priest, to be placed on this committee, for we are going out in the name of all classes and all religions to save the city."

If there had been any question as to his leadership, or the success of his plans, that doubt was now removed. They cheered him because they all recognized his act as the moving of a magnanimous spirit, returning good for evil.

There was little time for rest or sleep during the next few days. From the leading men of the city Paul picked out those who he thought could accomplish what they had set out to do, and placed in their hands his carefully-laid plans. To one he explained his drawing of the proposed refugee camps. It was crude, but it included a well thought-out plan for sanitation. He tried to place the refugees in various parts of the city, out of the reach of high water. The work of feeding them was one of the most difficult tasks. He knew that at this point graft was liable to enter, so he put Chu in direct charge of it. He told Chu very plainly why he was appointing him to handle the money, and see to the feeding of the people.

"You must take a receipt for every penny," he impressed upon him. "You must keep a full statement of money expended so that we can afterwards post it on the city wall. Already we have heard intimations of the probability of graft entering into the financial end of this project. I am going to show them that at least one enterprise in China can be carried on without it. I am going to put the hilltop priest on the committee with you. You know the proverb says—that 'to close the mouth of an enemy is to do more than destroy the walls of his camp.'"

Paul remained constantly in direct charge of the work, going twice a day to all the camps, where the people were being fed in the morning and in the afternoon. He had estimated how much was required to sustain life and they were giving ample rations.

The Chinese doctor was also doing heroic work. In

spite of all his precautionary measures in the handling of ten thousand people, disease was slowly creeping into the camp, and the work was becoming more complicated.

Paul's influence had grown marvelously, and the demands upon him were greater than ever. Yet the great unselfish service he was rendering these people was, even then, being misconstrued. Some there were who questioned his motive, giving him credit for nothing, beyond a spirit of self-seeking and aggrandizement.

XXII

THE SERVICE OF SALVATION

THE waters had receded, and, together with some of the men who had led in the work of rescue, Paul made a careful survey of the whole district. He knew that if the enormous task of rebuilding the dikes was to be accomplished, he must enlist a large number of workmen. His hope, of course, was in the thousands of refugees who had gathered in the camps. Up to this time he had not mentioned his plan to drain the lake, for it would necessarily have brought about an opposition, which would have been fatal to his scheme. He went to the magistrate and again told him of his plans. Formerly the magistrate had considered them too utopian, and had never given them serious thought. But now that this young man had succeeded so well, he was prepared to listen the more eagerly to him.

"But to whom shall this land belong?" he asked Paul. "It is close to the city, really a part of it, and is very valuable land. What can we do with it?"

"There is only one thing to be done, it must be given to the poor people who have been driven from their homes, and in this way we can keep it clear from graft."

He asked the magistrate not to mention his plan until he had an opportunity to talk with some of the

other leaders, and he went at once to the rich man of the district.

"I want your support in a great enterprise that I have in mind," he said.

He then pointed out the lake on a map and explained why he thought its drainage was necessary, and what it would accomplish—how it would prevent a repetition of the recent catastrophe, and reclaim a large tract of valuable land. He even showed him what an underground sewer—a thing then unheard of in China—would do if it could be built in connection with draining the lake.

"But let me say right here,"—and Paul was emphatic in his statement—"Let me say right here that this land should go to the people who have lost their homes—it belongs to them. All of this work has been carried on for the poor people of the district, and we must continue to carry it on for them."

The rich man hesitated for a moment. Then he spoke: "My friend," he said, "you are teaching us the practice of unselfishness, for in the past we thought only of securing things for ourselves, but it is true that we are now coming to feel that only when we help others are we doing a real service."

With the magistrate and the man of wealth back of him, Paul carried his plan to others. Many of the priests opposed it, but the people treated their opposition with derision.

"One day we would have listened to you," they said, "one day we would have supported you in your opposition, but now we are very sure that the spirits of

the lake are willing, and we are not afraid that the wind and water spirits will hinder us. We believe they bless us, for in the past this lake has been the cause of a great deal of destruction of property, and we must not let it happen again."

Belief in the influence of the wind and water gods is one of the deepest founded superstitions of Chinese life. It is the common belief that to disturb either the wind or the water is to set restless forces in motion that bring destruction. Thus, while some of the leaders were convinced that the lake should be drained, the project was not to go forward without bringing a multitude of questions to the minds of the people.

Paul was wise enough to send for a skilful engineer and the cost of the project was carefully estimated. The man marveled much when he learned that the project was not to profit Paul financially. He at once confirmed the missionary's opinion that the land would be the most valuable and the richest in all the district; valuable because of its proximity to the city, and rich because of the deposits left upon it by the waters.

"I do not want a foot of it, or a dollar that shall come out of it," Paul told the engineer, "for I am doing this for the people, and those who come out here to do this kind of work must not profit thereby or their influence will be lost."

An army of almost ten thousand men moved out into the country. Those in charge went with a double commission—first, to build a great dike; second, to build it well. The dike was to be five feet higher than the highest rise of water recorded in the history of the

district, and it was to be strong enough easily to withstand any possible flood.

Paul had thoroughly organized his corps of men. Those employed as laborers were the famine and flood refugees. They were substantial men of the district, and this employment was enabling them to care for their families, for they were paid a small sum besides being fed and housed. They knew that they were helping to save their homes for the long future, and put their hearts into the work.

It was a queer-looking procession that moved out along the broken dikes and banks of the river and canal. The central force was Redmond—he was everywhere. The men were clad in blue muslin trousers—and while working, were bared to the waist. In the throng were hundreds of women who had been accustomed to working in the rice and wheat fields, and who were glad to receive daily rice and the few cash that the work afforded. They went out carrying the straw matting that had been purchased, and in a brief time the camp was completed. The little huts were only about five feet at the highest point, and the beds were of straw, thrown upon the ground. The early light (for the Chinese are the earliest risers in the world) found them moving out to their work.

Mud from the bottom of the rice fields and canals was carried in wicker baskets, and piled and pounded by shovels until no water that might come could break it.

The foreign engineer laughed as he remarked that if this dike were to be built in America tens of thou-

sands of dollars would be used for dredges, pile drivers, etc., while here, this ragged, hungry army went out with spades, carrying poles, wicker baskets and picks, to dig, to fight quicksand, and to build that which would save homes and protect crops for years to come.

The building of the dikes took up the greater part of the summer and fall. In connection with the reclaimed land, Paul went to the Governor and proposed a reforestation of the district, which that functionary promised would be undertaken.

Through this vast army of men the familiar figure of the old evangelist moved constantly, for he was telling them a different story from any he had ever related as a story-teller,—he was telling them of God and of Christ. They listened intently and day after day the point was made:

"Do you want to know why this young man is doing this for you? Let me tell you why. It is because his doctrine and his religion demand service."

The work had gone on splendidly for some time, when one day Chu came to Paul with a rumor.

"I am greatly disturbed by the things I hear," he said. "Some of the men who have been placed over this work are demanding that the laborers pay them a certain percentage. What the Chinese call the 'squeeze' is being used, and out of this vast work someone is going to grow rich. The men are saying that you are demanding this money. I know it is not true, but something must be done to stop the rumor at once."

Paul was troubled, and immediately set to work to locate the source, moving carefully but surely. He suspected the rumor came from a group of priests who were jealous of his remarkable success. He consulted the old Catholic father.

" My boy," said Father Parrish, " I have often marveled that it did not come sooner. But now that it has come we will fight it together."

After much searching Paul found that his surmise was a correct one. It was the priests who were responsible for the rumors.

" I feel that the hilltop priest is the chief culprit," said Paul.

" That cannot be," answered Chu, " for I have wondered at his friendship and his loyalty, and I believe the trouble starts with someone else."

With Western directness Paul called in the priest.

" I simply want to ask you about this thing I hear," he said, " I want to know the truth."

" My friend," said the priest, " for you are now my friend, I confess that some of the priests are at the back of this, and I will not be a traitor and betray them. But I assure you I am not one of them. Do you remember the little boy who was swept from the back of the water buffalo,—well, he and the others that you saved that morning, were among my family. The priest of every religion goes out from home, but where is the man who does not want those from whom he came to live and be happy? You saved mine,—we cannot be enemies,—we must be friends."

He outlined very clearly where the whole difficulty

lay, and this enabled Paul to stamp out a scheme of graft such as he had never before encountered, for a man of the Occident can scarcely realize the extent to which this form of bribery enters into everything in the Orient.

The weeks went on and the dike was nearing completion when Paul noticed that they were building a structure in connection with it which was not a part of the original plan. He tried to find out what it was, and was told that he must not ask. He was fearful that they were building an idolatrous temple to the wind and water gods. When he asked Chu, the only answer he received was: "It is not that. But you had better not inquire further."

Then one day they sent for him. That which had mystified him was a tablet placed on the dike, bearing his name, and as he read it he was greatly moved, realizing what it represented.

"When the lake yonder has been drained," they said, "we will not only put up a tablet, but a pagoda, with your name upon it."

"No, no, I forbid it. This is enough," said Paul. "I am glad you have seen fit to honor me in this way, but I forbid you to do more,—you must not, for I am not doing it for honor."

They had succeeded in keeping disease out of the camps, but now, just as the dike was completed and the work of draining the lake was commenced, typhus fever broke out. Paul sent at once for Dr. Means, for he wanted his advice as to the best method of combating this dread disease. The good doctor came with his

usual friendliness and laid out a great plan and made it very clear to Paul that he, too, must be exceedingly careful.

"Look at yourself," he said. "You're a fine subject for fever now."

XXIII

THE PASSION OF REVENGE

ONE night when the dike-building was at its height, a sallow, slender figure, yet straight as an arrow, came to the door of the mission house.

"This is a blasted poor place for a white man to live," cried a high-pitched, nasal voice. "Where is that young fool who lives in it?"

Paul was resting after a hard day's work, but he sprang to his feet instantly and a glad look came into his tired eyes, as he recognized the voice of Captain Jenkins. He rushed out to greet him and found the old man swearing profusely at the Chinese servant, who was answering him in his native tongue.

"A man would think you were a criminal of some sort to see you here hiding yourself in such a place as this," was the captain's greeting. "By gad, this beats the worst picture I've drawn of this damn foolishness of yours, and if I don't have you out of this in the next forty-eight hours, my name's not Jenkins."

Paul was shaking the old man's hand and there was a suspicion of tears in his eyes, for his joy in seeing him was very real.

"Who in the name of a torn sail is dead? What are you crying about?"

Paul laughed.

"Well, I see you haven't changed any."

"Yes, I have," he answered. "I never felt so mean in my life as I feel after comin' up here through all these smells."

Then his manner softened.

"Lad, I'm sure glad to see you. I got a lay-off for a few days just to come up and surprise you, for everybody in this whole damn country is talking about what you are doing, and I thought I would come to see if there is really anything in it, or if the whole bunch of them are liars. I wonder if you can find a place to bunk me for a night or two."

"No. Of course there would be no place in this house for you, so you will have to go to our Astor House or some one of the other hotels in the city," Paul jested.

The old man smiled.

"I'd last in one of the hotels that you have in this town about ten minutes."

When the servants and helpers about the mission house found out who the old man was, they joined heartily with Paul in his entertainment, for the captain was known to the magistrate and to many of the men of the district who had traveled on his boat. They could not talk to him in English, but they did everything possible to show him honor as a friend of their benefactor's.

The captain went everywhere with Paul, studying the work in which he was engaged, and the latter noticed that he did not condemn missions as much as

usual. He went to the camps where the women and children were being fed, and was interested in the construction of the dikes.

He stood one night with Paul, looking out over the land where the lake had once been.

"Son," he said, "if this had been done at home the magazines would have made a hell of a man out of you. Some of the enterprises that our country is spendin' big sums of money on can't be compared to this, and here you are, buried in this hole in the ground, workin', workin', workin'. And I guess you're not the only one, lad. All over this land men like you have been doin' this kind of work for all the years that I've been walkin' up and down the deck of my boat cussin' 'em. I've been callin' some of these fellows like Means and others fools, when I've needed to go and look into the glass and see who the damn fool really was."

Paul placed his hand caressingly on the old man's shoulder.

"Well," he said, "it is good to know that you are coming to believe in us a little more."

"Well, boy, I'm like all the rest of those fellows who cuss missions up and down this coast. I've never been in a hospital, I've never been in a school, I've never seen the work. Let the likes of me come and see a work like this, and if they've got an ounce of brains, they'll know who the fools are."

The captain was now just as violent in his condemnation of those who criticised missions, as he once had been against the missionaries themselves.

It was during the days of the captain's visit that it was reported to Paul that a great many people were complaining because the lake had been drained. The priests were telling them that the typhus fever had been sent to them because they had disturbed the spirits of the water.

On the last night of the captain's visit, he and Paul were sitting in the latter's little study when a neighbor rushed in, crying out that the dike was being destroyed by a mob. Paul could not believe that such a thing was really happening, but servants and others came hurrying to him with the same news.

He turned to the captain.

"Stay here until I return," he said. "I am going to look into this."

"Stay here—nothing!" returned the captain. "I'm going with you. Come on."

They hurried down the streets, gathering friends and neighbors as they went, for the report that a mob was destroying the dike next to the large canal, so that the old lake-bed would be flooded again, spread quickly throughout the city. The magistrate had already commanded the few soldiers stationed in the city to dispel the mob, and the crowd that gathered and followed them was armed with carrying poles and every other available weapon.

Paul was surprised to find that the mob bent on the work of destruction consisted of several hundred men. He commanded the soldiers not to shoot unless it was absolutely necessary. When he approached the mob they cried out: "Kill the foreign devil—kill him."

He saw that persuasion was impossible—that the only thing to be done was to drive them off by superior force.

The captain had not hesitated for a moment, for down through the mob he went, cursing and swearing at the top of his lungs. Paul saw him take a big Colt's revolver from his pocket, and called to him not to shoot. Among those who were trying to destroy the dike Paul heard some talking English and he knew that the enemies who had followed him for so many months were about to accomplish their end. He prayed that in the darkness the captain would not see them, for he remembered his vow that if ever they crossed his path he would kill them, and he knew that the old man's hatred had grown no less, and that he would surely keep his word.

From the water's edge on one side of the dike, to the mud of the lake-bed on the other, the two opposing factions fought, some armed with staves, others with spades and picks. Men, holding each other by their queues, rolled over and over in the mud, and men in silks fought with men in cotton. The best fighters to save the dike were the women, whose homes would be secure if it were saved.

Paul shrank from striking these men who had once been his friends, but he was trying to save the dike and at the same time avoid bloodshed as much as possible. He stood on the top of the dike, silhouetted against the sky, when he heard a pistol shot and the whiz of a bullet, and from down in the mud and mire of the dike he heard the voice of the captain.

"Get down on your face, man," he cried.

Paul dropped to the ground, and he saw the flash of a revolver as it shot out into the night. It was pointed in the direction of the captain's voice.

"Ha, it's you, is it? And you'd kill us here in the night, you damn scoundrels," cried the captain.

Then Paul heard the captain's revolver, the cry of a man and another shout from the captain.

"By gad, I've got you at last," he said. "I didn't know when it would be or where. You'd ruin men's reputations, would you? You'd destroy a man's good works? Well, you'll do it no more."

One of the traffickers was dead.

The firing of the revolvers had scattered and quieted the mob. Fearing that he had been shot, Paul's friends called out to him. He answered them reassuringly, but his chief concern was for the others who had been hurt. Lanterns were lighted and a search for the wounded of both sides made and preparation begun to carry them to the hospital.

The captain was silent as he walked in the little procession on its way to the hospital. When he passed into the lighted interior Paul saw that his face was white and drawn. He went quickly to him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Well, I guess you'd better let that pill slinger of yours probe around in one of my wings. Somebody put some lead into my arm."

Paul was amazed when he realized that the old captain had fought on after he was wounded, and had afterward walked nearly two miles in the darkness.

He stood with uncovered head before this man, who had so signally proved his courage and devotion. Men who talk much, suffer in silence.

"By gad, I had a hunch that I ought to come," said the captain at length. "If I hadn't a-come, they'd a-gotten you, lad; and I'm afraid for you even now, for one of them got away in the dark. Don't think the fight's over. It's only begun."

As the captain had fought, so could he prophesy.

XXIV

GRATITUDE'S EXPRESSION

CAPTAIN JENKINS stayed only until the doctor told him that he could go. Then he went, with many words of caution and advice to Paul.

The damage that had been done to the dike was quickly repaired, and the scourge of typhus fever seemed now to be under control.

One morning Paul did not rise fom his bed, and the doctor went to him and examined him thoroughly. When he left the room his face was troubled.

" Send for Dr. Means at once," he said to Chu.

Soon the business of the whole city was practically stopped; for down the narrow streets, and into the homes of the rich and of the lowest coolie, ran the sad news that Paul Redmond was ill with typhus fever. On the hilltop, in the dirt and filth of his temple, the priest bowed his head and prayed, " Buddha, may he live—may he live."

Dr. Means came across the country from Nanking on a swift horse. Upon reaching the mission house he found that, although he had neither the daring nor the experience of this veteran of a half of a century, the Chinese doctor had done everything in his power for Paul. In a short time the whole arrangement of the mission house was changed, and a thorough hospi-

tal equipment installed. Then the doctor rubbed his hands together as he stood talking to Chu and to the old Catholic priest, who had come immediately upon hearing of Paul's illness.

"Now for the battle," he said. "We've got a man of splendid physique, but we also have one who is tired and worn, which offers a serious handicap."

For two whole days Means remained constantly with Paul. "We must have a nurse," he said on the third morning. "A trained woman. Father Parrish can't do it all. He is doing as much as he can, but someone else must be sent for."

A few days later a beautiful, sad-faced girl stood at the door of the mission house asking Chu for the doctor. She could not speak Chinese, but Chu had sufficient English to ask her for whom she was looking.

"I wish to see Dr. Means," she said. "I am a nurse."

The doctor came to her. "I am a friend of Mr. Redmond's," she said, "and if you will permit me I want to nurse him."

It seemed extraordinary to the old doctor that this girl should come just at that time, and he wondered who she was, and how she had heard of Paul's serious illness.

"Are you a trained nurse?" he chopped out.

She hesitated a moment.

"Yes, I have had some training, which I think sufficient."

"I fear that if you are not a graduate nurse you won't do. It is necessary that you should have had

some experience in nursing typhus fever. Have you ever nursed such a case?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Well, my dear girl, I'm afraid you won't do. I don't know who you are, and I can take no risks at this time."

Tears came to the eyes of the girl, and she spread out her hands impulsively.

"Oh, please do not send me away," she said. "Surely there is something I can do. I will do the most menial work if you will only let me, for Mr. Redmond once did a great service for me. Now that he is ill, doctor, you will let me endeavor to repay him, won't you?"

The old doctor was moved.

"Well, perhaps I can't do less than to try you. But you will have to obey orders. When you go inside the house, you must remember there must be no display of sentiment."

"You can count upon it that I will do everything you tell me, doctor," the girl answered eagerly.

"Well, that's all right. Perhaps you had better tell me who you are."

She looked steadily into his eyes for a moment.

"Doctor, my name is Catherine Williams," she said. "Mr. Redmond was a friend to me once when I needed a friend. Is that not enough?"

"Well, I suppose it's all I am going to get," was the reply.

The girl gave close attention to the doctor's instructions, and after the test of the long and anxious weeks

which followed was over the doctor recalled that he had never had to repeat his orders.

The Chinese questioned—"Whence came this woman? Who is she?"

"She is a nurse."

But Father Parrish put to her the question which the doctor had withheld.

"My child," he asked, "how, and why, did you come?"

"I was in Fou Cheo and heard that Mr. Redmond was very ill. At one time in his life he did a great service for me, so I came to see if I could not serve him in return."

"You have a sad face," said the old priest, "but somehow I believe you are on the path of God."

"I am," was the simple reply.

When Catherine Williams first went to Paul's bedside he was muttering in delirium. Now he was commanding the army of workmen; again he was talking to the magistrate about the lake; again he seemed to be talking to Chu as they used to chat in his little study; again he was fighting with the old captain to save the dikes; at times his heart reached out over the seas to his father as he called to him by name. But more often it was Madeline whom he named in his mutterings. Only occasionally would he recognize the doctor.

Many people fought for the life of Paul Redmond. The whole city was not only interested, but anxious, and there was always a throng of people at the mission house, inquiring as to his condition. In the early morning the magistrate's chair was daily carried to

the door, where the official called in person, hoping to be permitted to see the sick missionary. The elders and teachers in their silken robes, the merchants, the hilltop priest, coolies, and mothers with babes, were in the throng that came for news. It soon became necessary to send out bulletins reporting his condition, and great throngs pressed about them when they were posted in the large tea-houses of the city. Father Parrish, who had a large number of Catholic churches under his supervision, sent out appeals to them all.

"Pray every morning and evening," he told them, "that the life of this young Protestant missionary be spared, if it is according to the will of God."

In the Protestant homes and chapels, not only in the places where Paul labored, but in neighboring provinces where the people knew of his work, daily prayer was offered for his recovery.

One day Chu brought a piece of astounding news to the doctor. "Truly a miracle has happened," he said. "Something that I have never heard of before in all the history of China has come to pass. This morning fifty business men and merchants—not Christians—went to the temples in the city and asked the priests to say to their gods that each was willing to give a year of his life to be added to the life of Mr. Redmond; doctor, will he live?"

"I can't say whether he will or not, for no man can know that, but we must fight this fever back to normal. Twice I thought we had won, but each time it broke with increased fury, and what the end will be, no one can tell."

Catherine Williams was sitting by the bed of the unconscious man. He had recognized her once or twice, and had smiled wanly and thanked her for coming. This appreciation had been very dear to Catherine. As she sat with him this night the name of Madeline was often upon his lips. He was living again the hour he had gone to her when her mother had died, and she had given herself so entirely to him. His mind wandered back to the time when they had planned the future together and he was again pleading with her to follow him on this world trail which he had chosen. He repeated word for word, to the listening girl, his talk with Madeline that day in Yokohama, opening to her the door to that part of his life which had seemingly touched hers so incidentally, but which, it was now revealed to her, had affected his life so vitally. Now he was saying things which she knew he had never before uttered.

"Madeline," he was pleading, "she was only a bit of wreckage floating on the surface of life's ocean. Why should I not have spoken to her? If her gratitude found expression in the way it did, what mattered it? I shall always be true to you, and how I have suffered no one shall ever know, but I can be truer to you since I have helped a woman who has fallen by the way. It was good of you to come, Madeline—" the girl at his side was listening with blanched face and beating heart—"it was good of you to come, dear, now that I am ill, and it's good of you to be with me when I shall go on the long voyage."

Catherine sought to quiet him.

"Yes, yes, Madeline, I know it will be all right. I will be quiet now. Perhaps I have talked too much, but just kiss me and I'll go to sleep."

The girl's heart stood still.

"Why don't you kiss me, dear?"

She hesitated for a moment, then she pressed her lips against his hot forehead. He murmured a word of thanks and turned over to sleep—the first time in many days.

When the old priest came to the room in the early hours of the morning to relieve her from her long vigil, he saw that her face was white and drawn, as though she had been crying.

"Child," he said, "have you been quite careful? We cannot let this disease lay its terrible hand upon you."

She said nothing, but big tears stood out in her eyes.

"I do not want to pry into your heart. You are not a Catholic—but can I help you?"

Tremblingly she leaned against the door for support.

"I wonder if you know who I am," she asked. "I wonder if you know the sorrow I have caused this man."

"Dr. Means and I have often questioned," he replied. "We can see that you come from a home of culture, and we have wondered if you were the girl who came out here and refused to marry him, and then, hearing of his illness, turned again to him in his hour of need?"

"No, Father, I am not that girl. But I am the

girl whose rash act caused the other woman to turn from him. I am one with a stained past."

"Child, whatever you may have been, you are true now, and your conduct will be related as was Mary's in the days that are gone. You may have cost him the one that he loved, but Dr. Means says that, should he live, you will have saved his life. Without your tenderness and efficient help, Redmond would undoubtedly have died."

Catherine Williams had often tried to pray, but in vain. Now she prostrated herself on her bed and sought her God. When she returned to Paul's room that night, she came unrested, for she had not slept. She came, however, with a peace in her soul she had not known for years.

"The next forty-eight hours will decide Paul's fate," announced Dr. Means, "and we must fight harder than before. I don't know just what we can do, but we've got to win this battle, somehow."

The hilltop priest was waiting with Chu, for he had been told that the next few hours would be decisive as to whether the missionary would live or die, and Chu saw that his head was bowed.

"My friend, are you praying for Mr. Redmond?" he asked.

An earnest face was lifted to his.

"Honored Sir, I have caused Mr. Redmond great sorrow," the priest replied. "With others, I tried to blacken his name, even to take his life, and then, when I was unable to do so, and the gods I worshiped failed to help, he came and saved my family. Here I am,

still wearing the gray robes of a Buddhist priest. On my head are marks that shall go with me to the grave, —the marks of the vows of that priesthood. But I know, and you know, that Buddha is impotent in an hour like this. Mr. Redmond told me that many of the things that Buddha taught are true, but I know that Buddha cannot reach out and save him now in his hour of need."

"The teachings of Buddha have not kept us from sin, have they?" Chu asked. "We need a personality and a life that will call us to the highest and to the best, and Mr. Redmond has shown us these in the life of Christ. The fact that he not only preached his doctrine, but lived the life, is what won me. Don't pray to your Buddha today, but pray to God in the name of His Christ."

"I have prayed, and I am praying, and will pray," said the priest.

Towards morning the magistrate, and one or two others, came to the mission house and silently waited for news. The doctor, Catherine, and the old priest, had been in the sick room for hours. At last the door opened and the nurse stood on the threshold. When the silent watchers turned to look at her, they felt as if they were in the presence of a being from another world. Her face, though beautiful before, was now radiant and glorious. It was the face of one who had dared much in her service, and had won—one who had been born again in the struggle of that sick room, who had recognized in that victory a direct answer to her unceasing prayer. None of them could

understand her language, but when she went to Chu and took his hand in both of hers, they knew as they gazed into the face that seemed something more than human, that Paul Redmond would live.

XXV

A FRIEND IN NEED

DURING the days that Paul was fighting the typhus and battling his way back to life, one of Frances Stewart's many friends in China, to whom she had said, "I always want to know when Paul needs me," wrote her about his illness. Then when the rumor went out that he could not live, she cabled Frances, believing that she and Paul were something more than friends. When she heard that Catherine Williams was nursing him, she wrote again, knowing that Frances was acquainted with the part that Catherine had played in Paul's life.

Frances had not seen Madeline often since their first talk in New York after the latter's return from China. But now that Paul was so seriously ill, she felt that if there was a particle of love in Madeline's heart for him she would show it and go to him. She did not care to see Madeline, so she called her over the telephone.

"Madeline, this is Frances Stewart," she said. "I've some letters here and a cablegram which contain news that I feel you ought to hear."

She read the cablegram first, and then the letters.

"But who is this Catherine Williams?" Madeline asked.

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"She is the woman who they said kissed Paul on the steamer."

There was silence for a moment.

"Frances," Madeline finally said, "I think we need not discuss this further. It is unpleasant to me."

When Madeline hung up the receiver she was in utter despair.

"Then it is true," she said to herself. "I knew that my intuition was correct. I have been disgraced and he has been disgraced, for he must have sent for her when he was ill, and she went to him. This terrible woman who has caused me so much heartache is humiliating me again, and it is all because he is out there in that horrid land. If he were not there this would not have happened. Oh, I hate the land, and the work he is doing, and that woman as well. Why can't he see that if he were here it would all be so different. In my heart I've waited for him, and I've wanted it to be proved that I was wrong, for I have loved him,—I love him now and shall always love him. But now the world knows that this woman went to nurse him. After all this I can never go to him, however much he may need me."

She threw herself down on her bed. "Oh, God," she cried, "I am sorry that I was right."

Frances Stewart was not at all satisfied with the conversation she had had with Madeline, so she decided to go to her and appeal to the best within her. She wondered if, in the past, she had been too severe with her. She went to the house unannounced and asked

the maid who came to the door to direct her to Madeline's room, fearing that if she sent in her name she would refuse an interview. There were marks of tears on Madeline's face when Frances entered the room, and she saw the depths of her feelings and the hurt she had received. Frances went to her and took her tenderly in her arms.

"Madeline," she said, "I have been hard upon you, I know, and I am sorry. I have been bitter over the things you have done, but I know now that it is because you did not understand. I have come to you this morning as I would to a sister, so I want you to listen to me."

It was with the greatest tenderness that she talked to her and told her of Paul's work, of all that she knew of the work of rescue—things of which Madeline knew nothing. She told her, once again, how deeply wounded Paul was as a result of his separation from her in Yokohama.

Madeline listened eagerly and there were tears in her eyes. "But, Frances," she began, "how can you explain this woman's going to him, and Paul's action in allowing her to do so? I know that he might not have been to blame, but you cannot blame me for questioning. Is there any woman on earth who would not question in an hour like this? It seems to me that it is the most natural thing in the world to do, under the circumstances."

"Ah, how little you understand," said Frances. "Nurses are scarce in the East, and I feel certain that this girl went to him out of gratitude. You must

not think of her as a designing woman. Somehow I simply feel that she is a girl with a great sorrow, and that I could love her, even though she has been wayward."

Madeline sat silent for a long time.

"Frances," she said at last, "everything within me urges me to go out to Paul. Yet I cannot. Why, I do not know, for God knows I want to go, and I am anxious to go now. But I cannot go to stay, and if he is doing the things you say he is doing, then the woman who marries him must stay with him. I feel that my work is here, Frances, and I am going to tell you something that I did not think I would tell anyone. I am going to marry George Curtis, a man of our set. He has asked me often since Paul went away, and I have now decided to accept him. That is cutting the last tie. I believe you love Paul, for if you did not you would not have come to me this morning pleading his cause in the way you have, and I want you to know that nothing on my part shall keep you from him."

For a moment Frances' heart leaped and she wondered whether she really did love Paul. Then she turned to Madeline with shining eyes.

"You think I love him because I'm his friend," she said, "but that is not true. I honor him as a friend and I am going to serve him as a friend. What I shall do for Paul will be unselfish, for I am more sure than you think I am, that his life and mine can never be joined."

Frances went directly from Madeline's home to her

father's office. She sat down with him and read all the letters she had received.

"Father, I want you to send a cable asking for information about Paul's condition."

She went home to wait for the answer, and when Mr. Stewart gave it to her that night, he saw that it brought great joy to his daughter's heart.

"Paul lives," was the answer.

"Father, I want you to understand what I am going to say to you. I wish we could go out to China again. I know Paul will be convalescing, but you will remember seeing those patients who had had typhus fever about the little hospital there and how long it took them to recover, and somehow I feel that mother and I could help him in that terrible Chinese house. People will say that I am in love with him, and our going out there will be misunderstood, but when we know our own motives are right why should we care what the world says?"

"Why not have him come here?" asked her father. "I will go to his father and I believe that if he calls, Paul will come."

Mr. Redmond had heard of Paul's illness. He had kept himself thoroughly informed.

"I shall be glad to have Paul come home and rest," he said to Mr. Stewart, "if it means that he is coming to stay. You may consider that brutal, but if he is coming merely to gain strength to go back to that country, I think perhaps he had better stay where he is. I am glad of your own personal interest in him, but I must make it very clear to you that neither he

nor you must think that there can ever be any of the old ties between us until he relinquishes this mad idea of his to follow a path such as no Redmond has ever followed."

Mr. Stewart decided matters quickly. He knew that he could trust Frances not to do anything that would embarrass herself or bring reproach upon his name. So it was decided that they should go out to Paul in his hour of need.

XXVI

VICTORY OF EXAMPLE

THE whole city of Fou Cheo rejoiced over Paul's recovery. Dr. Means insisted that he should go away for a rest and change of environment. At first Paul refused, but finally consented to take a boat trip to Hankow with the old captain.

"That is not enough," said the doctor.

"But there is much to do here, doctor, and I promise you that I will not overwork. You know the Chinese church is just beginning to grow, many people desire to come in, and our helpers are not all they should be. I feel that I must remain near this cause that I love, and while I have been lying here these long weeks, I have realized that my plans for the city have been inadequate. To begin with, we must do something with these filthy streets. A new magistrate is coming and that means new problems and there are so many things to do, and then the welcome news has come that the Stewarts are coming back and I must get ready for them. Let me stay, except for a brief trip with the old captain."

Dr. Means was forced to consent, though very unwillingly, and the instructions he left with Chu were minute and rigid. During his convalescence Paul saw very little of Catherine Williams. One day while she was still ministering to him, he said to her, "Miss

Williams, I want to talk with you. I am under the impression that I said a lot of foolish things in my delirium. I want to acknowledge, too, if I can, the debt I owe you."

"Perhaps some day we shall talk," was her only answer.

When Paul was able to be about again, Dr. Means came to examine him for the last time. The period of a possible relapse had passed.

"All you need now is good care and rest," he said. Paul heard the doctor giving Chu his last instructions. He wondered why they were not being given to the nurse, but Dr. Means explained this as he left shortly after.

"Miss Williams has asked me to say 'good-by' for her," he said. "She was called away an hour ago, while you were sleeping."

Paul was disappointed and irritated. There were many things that he intended to say in the way of appreciation, and he regretted that Catherine had gone away without giving him that opportunity.

"Paul," the doctor continued, "that girl is a wonderful woman. I tell you, it is an exhibition of magnificent courage to see a woman fight her way back to purity, and then accept the place that the world gives her because of her past. And that is what this girl has done. She seems to feel that you were the one who saved her. She is one of the best nurses I ever had on a case. I'm glad she was here. I understand that an act of hers robbed you of the woman you were to marry, and no doubt you have blamed her.

But if a man ever owed his life to a woman, you owe yours to her."

Paul set himself to the task of getting well. If he had ever doubted the wisdom of giving himself to China, it was not in the days that followed his sickness. The people overwhelmed him with kindnesses that at times were a tax upon his strength. He gave much of his thought to the church, and talked long with Chu on the subject of making his work permanent. Chu told him that there were an increased number of inquirers studying the doctrines of Christianity, but he did not mention his talk with the old hilltop priest, for he did not want to raise in Paul's heart a hope of something which might not come to pass.

A few days later, however, Chu came in with a radiant face.

"I have kept many visitors from you," he said, "but there is one here now whom I am sure you will want to see."

It was the hilltop priest, and Paul greeted him very cordially.

"I am delighted to hear your expressions of friendship, and I am glad you have come to visit me," he said.

The priest turned to Chu.

"Then you have not told him why I have come?"

"No," answered Chu.

"It will be hard for you to believe me," said the priest to Paul, "because I have opposed you and have done you so much harm. I am here to tell you that I want to become a Christian."

Paul was filled with astonishment, but before he could express it the priest went on: "To come to this decision has been a fight such as you cannot appreciate. My very life is in jeopardy. I have promised that if ever I should give up the vows of the Buddhist priesthood my life may be forfeited, and that price may be exacted."

Paul was deeply moved. Of all the men he had ever included in his dream of leading to an acceptance of Christianity, this man was the last. Could it be possible that this one-time enemy, powerful as he was, was sincere in his expression of his faith in Jesus Christ?

The native church greatly rejoiced in this conversion. Although he was crude and uneducated, as were most of the native priests, this man was powerful. As Paul looked upon the two men before him, one a Confucianist and the other a Buddhist, he wondered if this experience was not prophetic of what Christianity would do for China and for the world. He longed for the time when a union of the churches in China could be brought about, for he recognized that division was a mighty hindrance to the propagation of Christianity. The results in Fou Cheo exemplified, unquestionably, just what Christian forces when united could accomplish.

But for the hilltop priest new problems had arisen of which he had never dreamed. His brother-priests had hated the foreigner, but the human heart is so peculiarly constituted that the deepest hatred is the hatred of kind, the hatred of a brother far worse than that of a neighbor, and so when the enmity of the

priests went out against him it was far greater than that which they held against one not of their own kind. Their vengeance was to wreak itself in the future upon this priest who had named the Christ as Lord.

XXVII

THE JOURNEY'S TRIUMPHANT CLOSE

PAUL had learned to love Father Parrish as a brother and had come to understand that this priest was a true prophet in spirit. They had often talked together of the needs of the city and district, and he had found him more liberal in his views than he had anticipated. He had known the Catholic workers only in a general way, and was glad to have their coöperation, for it would mean a great deal for the whole cause.

Father Parrish had returned to his district as soon as he was assured of Paul's recovery, and one day word came that he lay ill in a little inn more than fifty miles distant. Swift horsemen journeyed to the little town, where they found him in the throes of typhus fever. The old man was still conscious, and when they asked him where he would like to be taken, he replied: "I would like to go to the hospital in Fou Cheo. I would like to be near Mr. Redmond, for I am an old man. Years of privation have told upon me. Perhaps I cannot make the fight that he did, for a long life was before him, while mine is nearing its close."

When he reached the hospital Paul went to him at once.

"My friend," he said, "we will do everything in our power to bring you back to health."

A Catholic nun from a neighboring town was hurriedly summoned, and Dr. Means was again called. When he came Paul was surprised to find Catherine Williams with him. She was quite reserved in her greeting.

"I am glad to be of service again," she said.

"But where have you been?" asked Paul.

"I have been working in a neighboring city," she answered.

"I wanted to talk with you before you left the last time."

"Perhaps some day we may talk, Mr. Redmond. I came when you needed me. You are getting strong now and I am so glad, but both of us now have but one task, and that is, if possible, to save the life of this dear old man."

Paul watched the struggle with deep anxiety. Dr Means endeavored to banish Paul from the mission house.

"But, doctor," Paul protested, "this old man attended me day and night, and while I realize that I must be careful, I cannot leave him."

The prayers of the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, again went out for the life of one of God's servants, but his work in this world was finished. Father Parrish was dying. Dr. Means, Paul, Chu, Catherine Williams and the Catholic nun were with him. The fever had spent its fury and accomplished its work. At the return of consciousness the two nurses hurried to his side. The old man looked into their faces, and, as he recognized the Catholic and Protest-

ant girls, he smiled. He reached out and put their hands together.

"My children, I pray that you shall always love one another," he said, and then the stupor returned. From the gathering blindness of death he groped out again to reach them. When he found their hands he said: "My prayer for you all is that you may be one, even as the Father and Son of God are one. May you hate one another no more; but as you fight famine, opium, and the other sins of this land, may you be one." Having thus breathed his prayer, the old priest passed on to his reward.

The passing of Father Parrish, and the manner in which it happened, made a tremendous impression on the whole community.

"Do you realize what that prayer meant?" Paul asked Dr. Means. "I believe it was an expression of the thought of Christ Himself. Down in Nanking they are united in their educational work and in the north they are united in their medical work. I represent only one communion. Why should my work be of interest to but one communion? Why should I not represent the whole Church of Christ?"

Means was plainly interested. "My boy," he said, "I feel that you are touching upon tremendous principles and that God is going to lead you, and others like you, to bring to China that which she sorely needs."

"Doctor," returned Paul, "I don't want union just for the sake of the unity of the church, but I want it for the purpose for which Christ prayed. What are church doctrines, creeds and divisions in the face

of the tasks that you and I combat? Here are the undertakings of your medical profession and the problems of social reform which are opening before us, and here is my work. It is no wonder that my father scorns the church and looks upon it as an impotent thing. There is one note which I intend to sound my whole life through whether at home or abroad, and that is that the church of Jesus Christ must be united."

XXVIII

POINTING NEW TRAILS

THE world seemed much lonelier to Paul after the death of Father Parrish, and he realized, as never before, what a true friend this old priest had been. Following closely upon his death, Paul went to Catherine Williams, who he learned was preparing to leave.

"I do not want you to go away this time until we have talked together," he said.

Catherine stood silent for a moment and then lifted her face to Paul's.

"Mr. Redmond," she said, "I want so much to talk with you, but I do not know whether it is for the best. I realize what I have cost you, and I appreciate the courageous way in which you have endured it. But the fact still remains that, by an impetuous and foolish action of mine, I brought a great sorrow into your life, and I feel that whatever I may do for you will never atone for the pain."

Paul replied almost sharply.

"You must not think of it in that way," he said. "The obligation is entirely on my part. Dr. Means has made it very clear to me that I could not have recovered had it not been for your care. As I have thought of your future, it has occurred to me that you

might wish to stay,—in the mission, I mean—and give your life to such service as you are now doing."

"There is nothing I should desire more," she said, "but in China it cannot be. I must go away and if I do my work at all it must be under another name. You know that is the penalty that society exacts of those who have sinned against it."

Again Paul began to remonstrate, but she stopped him.

"Mr. Redmond, you have said that you have something to say to me, and I want to hear it. Will you please say it?"

"It is just this," said Paul. "You feel that you have done me a great wrong, but I feel you have also done me a great service. Had I married Madeline, with her standards and ideals, there is no telling what might have happened, for it might have been necessary, after all, for me to have given up this work. I believe that there is a Providence, the workings of which none of us can understand, and even though what you did wounded me sorely, yet it probably saved me. I know you would not do such a thing now, and I trust you more than you know. Moreover, I believe that you will serve society in such a way that will compel it to take you back, and give you the place that you deserve."

Catherine listened with a curious look in her eyes, and a sort of baffling smile playing around her lips for a moment.

"I thank you, Mr. Redmond," she replied, "for believing that I am honest. You say that I have had

my lesson, and I have. I feel if Miss Leonard knew me she would not blame me."

Paul assured her that he believed so, too.

"But the chief questions now, Miss Williams, are—what are your plans, and what do you intend to do?" Paul added.

"I want first of all," the girl returned, "to forget the past—if I can. I wonder if I can ever again win the world's respect. You don't know how much it means to one who has strayed to regain the confidence and respect of the men and women who now pass her either with a stare or averted eyes. You know you first gained influence over me by your simple cordiality, and I desire above all else to win from others the same attitude."

"There will be some who will not see life aright," Paul said,—"who will believe that you have forfeited your rights to be recognized. But true men and women will estimate you at your real worth. You need not fear but that you will win those whose respect you really desire, and whose good will is of value."

"Yes, that is true, perhaps, but here is something I want to ask you," she replied, "and I hope you will not misunderstand me. Do you think that any good man will ever love me—that any man who is doing big things would ever want me to bear his name?"

Paul did not hesitate a moment in answering.

"I have no doubt of it," he said. "I know you are lovable. I think you ought to forget the past and profit by your experience, and let the day you speak of come as it may."

They talked of many other things, but were interrupted by a telegram informing Paul that the Stewarts would soon be with him. He insisted that Catherine should wait for their arrival.

"I want you to meet Frances," he said, "for she did not doubt me, nor do I believe she censured you. She is a wonderful girl."

"But I have avoided women entirely," said Catherine, "for somehow I feel that men forgive and understand more readily than women."

She was finally persuaded to stay a few days longer and undertake work in the hospital that the Chinese doctor had requested her to do.

The coming of the Stewarts was a joyous event, and the greeting between Paul and Frances was free from any trace of sentiment, other than that of close friends.

"Frances, it is real good of you to come," said Paul, "and I feel sure you were the one who proposed coming."

Almost at once Frances asked for Catherine.

"Where is Miss Williams," she asked, "who nursed you back to health? I inquired about her on my way up, but did not succeed in locating her. Then I heard that she was here again nursing Father Parrish. I want to take her in my arms and tell her how much I love her for what she has done for you and for the dear old priest."

"I am glad you feel that way, Frances," said Paul, "for she is still here. Indeed, I have kept her here so that you might meet her. She did not want to stay

because she does not care to meet women. She feels, somehow, that they do not understand her."

Frances laughed.

"Perhaps she has had good cause, who knows?—but let me see her."

Catherine came in with the usual hesitancy and diffidence that had marked her relations with women since she had forsaken her former life. It lasted only a moment, however, for Frances went to her with open arms.

"You must not hold back from me like that," she said, "for you have saved this friend of ours, and any one who has done that, is a friend of mine."

As Catherine felt the arms of a good woman about her, and kisses of sincerity upon her lips, her reserve vanished, and she wept as only a woman can weep who has long held back her emotions.

Paul left them quietly, and found Mr. Stewart searching for his daughter.

"Leave her alone now," he said, "Frances is doing a piece of much-needed work."

XXIX

MONEY'S REAL RETURN

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and Paul went to the girls, there was a calmness on the face of Catherine Williams that Paul had never seen before. She smiled at him and the others, and that smile convinced him that she was prepared for the struggle, and that no matter what life might hold for her, she was ready to face it. She tarried a day or two with them until the work she had stayed to do had been accomplished. When she was ready to go she went to Frances and Paul to bid them good-by.

"Paul," said Frances, "Catherine must not stay in China. She must go to America. There is one man who can give her the proper assistance,—our good friend, Dr. Blackburn. You know the enormous practice he has and his need of efficient nurses, and while Catherine hasn't had just the training that is required, she can get it, and she has had valuable experience."

Paul fell heartily into the plan and the next day Catherine left Fou Cheo with letters to Dr. Blackburn. She left the Chinese city with a feeling of real sadness in her heart, and wondered if she would ever see it again.

The Stewarts took complete charge of Paul and

made him rest as no one else had succeeded in doing, and his gain in strength was marvelously rapid.

Mr. Stewart was pleased with the buildings which his money had made possible.

"This expenditure yields three to seven times as much in China as it would in America," he remarked.

He was pleased, too, with the work that Paul had been able to accomplish in the whole district, for he had regarded all these things as practically impossible.

"Paul," he said, "what you have achieved on my investment is such that we now face the question of what we can do next. I will confess to you that my whole idea of missions has been revolutionized. I never realized their possibilities before. I am impressed with the inadequacy of their equipment, and am determined that in this district, at least, we will remedy such a state of affairs."

Paul hesitated a moment, and then asked: "Is it a question of what we might do in this single section, or is it not rather the bigger question of what concerns your own life and your own work? You know I honor my father, but Christianity is incidental to him so far as his money is concerned. He has accepted its doctrine, but he knows practically nothing of its practice. I know you are one of my most sincere friends, and because you are, I can say this to you. I recognize the fact that this work has been accomplished because of your help, but, Mr. Stewart, would you be willing to give up every dollar that you have, in order to come into a right relationship to your money?"

For hours they talked, the one who had accumulated

wealth, the other who was giving himself to the service of mankind. Paul emphasized the view that under the old Jewish law the tithe was God's portion, but that under the Christian dispensation there was greater freedom, which resulted in men giving less, instead of more, as Christ had meant they should. He pointed out to Mr. Stewart that it was a matter of the investment of the truest part of a man's self, and that the returns were other than financial. He pictured the sordid influence of money from the viewpoint of one who thoroughly understood, and made it clear to Mr. Stewart that he did not want any of his for his own use.

"Mr. Stewart," he concluded, in the words of that greatest of missionaries, "We truly seek not yours, but you."

Frances Stewart was keeping her relation with Paul more on the basis of friendship and comradeship than she had done during her first visit, but sometimes a long silence arose between them, and she was eager to get away.

One day while she and Paul were walking along the dikes that had been constructed under the latter's supervision, they came to the tablet that had been erected in his honor.

"Francis," he said, "I want to say to you that this little tablet means more to me than a monument in Central Park, or any other honor that could possibly be accorded to me. I have often wondered why you, who seem to have so great an interest in this land—you, who are still young enough to learn the ways

and the language of these people—do not give yourself to its great needs."

Frances could not fathom the meaning of Paul's words. Was he speaking impersonally, or was he leading to a deeper question?

"I have enjoyed my trips out here," she said, "and I know how you people in the East despise a globe trotter, but that is just what I am. While I am much interested in your particular work, it is only because it is your work. I want to help out, but it must be from the other side of the ocean."

Paul could not guess the sacrifice she was making. If there was anything she really longed to do it was to give herself to the land to which he was so devoted. As for him, this answer settled any question he might have entertained.

The Stewarts arranged to leave for America as soon as Paul was well. But they were anxious about him, and besought him to leave with them.

"This is my work," he answered with a smile. "I must stay here until the end. I am coming home in a year or two, but to leave China in an hour like this, when such tremendous changes are coming—I cannot think of it."

XXX

CONQUERING THE DRAGON

THE work that Paul Redmond had been able to do was indicative of the general spirit of change and unrest prevalent in China. Great movements often take form suddenly, and the months and years of preparation back of them are lost to sight. When the revolution broke over China it was the general opinion that it would soon lose favor; that it was only a local affair which would end with the decapitation of a few leaders. But the preparation had been more thorough than was generally known. The secret societies of China had been getting ready for this hour. In America and in England groups of foreign-trained Chinese had planned for years for the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, and each month a contribution to the cause was sent to the leaders in China from every city in which Chinese resided. The leaders who had carefully studied the situation, were now directing the campaign. They had studied it from a military standpoint, reviewing the resources of China in all lines. They had appealed to the very highest motives. The revolution was not instigated by those who craved power. The Manchu dynasty represented an element in China's life that must pass. Leaders showed their followers that the greed and graft of the old administration must be stamped out, and pointed

out that China had failed in every reform, and that the inadequacy of her preparation for war with Japan —sticks of wood made in forms of guns for Port Arthur, and grafting enterprises of similar nature— was the cause of her defeat. The Manchu dynasty was essentially a foreign power, and this fact had rankled in the hearts of the Chinese throughout a long period of years. A great cry which thrilled the hearts of the younger generation, went out—" China for the Chinese."

When the first news of the rebellion reached Fou Cheo, Paul Redmond only regarded it as another of the many attempts that had already been made. He recalled the Chinese saying that there was always a rebellion in some part of China, and paid little attention to its progress, until one night Chu came to him and said: " My friend, the hour about which we talked has arrived. The revolution has broken over China."

" Oh, it is only a passing thing," answered Paul.

" You are mistaken," replied Chu. " At previous times we struck prematurely, but this time we are prepared. You do not know of the vast sums of money back of us. You are wondering how some of us who are living on such small pittances manage to contribute to this cause. You know that many of our people have gone to America, to England and to other countries. Do you know that there is not a laundryman, nor a restaurant keeper, nor a merchant beyond the seas who does not send every month his donation to the fund which is to finance this rebellion? This has

been so for a long time. The leaders have tremendous resources to draw upon that will enable us to strike in a real way this time. We appreciate that because we have failed so many times the people have lost faith in us, but you know the proverb reads: 'A thousand failures mean one great success.' So you can count upon it that this time we shall not fail. The present dynasty will be driven from Peking, and in the southern capital there will reign a man who loves his country, and who will minister according to justice."

"But will it not take a long time to accomplish this?" questioned Paul.

"No, it will not."

Paul did not take Chu seriously and was inclined to smile at his enthusiasm. But he loved his friend the better for his firm belief in his cause.

From the hour of the breaking of the rebellion, Paul noticed that Chu gave more and more of his attention to it. When Chu became a Christian he told Paul that he was not working actively with the little secret group of rebellion leaders, because he wanted to help in the church work, but now he came to him saying that he must answer the call of his country.

"Does not the Bible teach loyalty to one's country?" he asked.

Paul was greatly troubled. He believed in the cause of the revolution as Chu preached it, and he believed that Chu was sincere in what he said regarding it. But he also knew that if it should fail he would lose this friend whom he had come to love almost more than

any other man. Paul needed friends now, for the new magistrate was less friendly than the old one had been. The missionary had consistently tried to win him, but he was antagonistic in many ways, and opposed the work of the church. He was not openly against it, for he knew it was already too firmly established in the district, but Paul felt his opposition from many sources.

The increasing success of the revolution was reported from a number of districts, and several of the elders of the city came to Paul saying that rumor was rife that Chu was a revolutionist. Paul was in a difficult position. He could not betray the confidence of his friend; but he knew that great caution was necessary, for the government would deal harshly and summarily with his friend if his connection with the rebellion could be proved.

He listened to them with the greatest respect, as he always did when they brought anything of importance to him.

"Friends," he said, "I cannot tell who is, and who is not, a revolutionist, and I cannot repeat any confidences that may have been given me. But I am grievously troubled about another matter, and you can help me. Suppose this revolution reaches Fou Cheo—what are we going to do? Are we going to allow our women to be ravished and the city pillaged and burned, or are we going to save them and it? I haven't anything else in mind to talk with you about, today, except a plan to save the city. This is not your city alone,—it is also mine, and every thought and

every plan must be for its welfare. I am sure you are not here this morning to incriminate any individual. We have all worked to save our city in the past, and I feel sure that this is the supreme thing in all our minds today."

Paul's loyalty, backed by the tremendous work he had done, appealed to them, and they went directly from him to the magistrate, telling him that Paul had urged upon them the necessity of a plan to save the city if the rebellion should reach it.

"Go back and tell him," said the magistrate, "that we do not need the help of a foreign devil to save our city. We can protect it ourselves. All we need to know now is who are, and who are not, revolutionists. Then we will act."

The magistrate was a Manchu and this expression only turned the leaders of the city against him, for though many of the people were not revolutionists in name, the cry of "China for the Chinese," had laid hold of their hearts and imaginations. Instead of the magistrate's words inciting them against Paul and Chu, the effect was otherwise.

"Friend," Paul said to Chu. "I must know what is going on. What are your plans? What are you really trying to do?"

"Our only plan," said Chu, "is to possess China. Every city we take is to our advantage. In many cities the magistrates are coming over to us voluntarily, and in some provinces governors, lieutenant-governors and treasurers are uniting with our cause. But here we have a serious problem."

Paul told him that many believed him to be a revolutionist.

" Yes, I know, and somehow I feel that my end is not far off. Yet if death shall overtake me, I want it to find me loyal to Christ and to my country, for I love both so well."

Paul requested him to hold his interviews with the revolutionists outside of the mission house.

" We must be loyal to the powers that be," he said, " for we must be able to say that there have been no revolutionary meetings here."

Chu promised that he would do this, and he remained true to his promise. Though he knew he was being watched, he continued to labor for the cause to which he had pledged himself.

The garrison of soldiers at Fou Cheo was reinforced, and every preparation was made to resist an attack upon the city. A great host of Manchu soldiers poured into the place, presumably for its defense. But Paul soon had a new problem to face, for from every quarter came complaints that the people were being robbed. Now and again he learned that women were being ravished. He was indignant when many of these reports reached him, and deciding to see the Manchu general himself, mounted his pony and rode toward the camp.

As he rode through the narrow streets, the people called out, telling him of their grievances. He had not quite realized before how much he loved this city with its narrow streets and quaint houses and stores. Here was the shop of a silver merchant, who was

hammering away on a delicate little ornament. Close by was the store of the crockery merchant, with his wares piled from the floor to the ceiling. Men and women of the better class were going and coming from the little shut-in shops of the silk merchants. Paul's heart went out to this city of his adoption.

Leaving the business section, he rode through broad streets, past one-storied, tile-roofed homes, and then on to the poorer section, with its houses of mud walls and thatched roofs. At last he reached the camp of the soldiers, who had converted the old mud houses around the parade ground into a barracks, from which flaunted the red banners and the yellow dragon flags of the Manchu dynasty. Some of the soldiers sneered at him. At the door of the general's quarters he dismounted his pony, giving it to a boy to lead. The attendant did not even rise when he accosted him and was insulting in his manner.

"What country do you represent?" he asked.

"I am an American," Paul answered, "but I come representing the cause that has ministered to these people, and I demand an audience."

When the runners saw his tremendous earnestness, they finally made way, and he went confidently into the presence of the general.

"I have come, sir," he said, "on a most delicate mission, and one of the greatest importance. I am not here in my own interest, nor in the interest of the property that I have in my care. I am here in the interest of the women of this city, and of the property holders, who say that your soldiers are committing deeds of

violence and outrage that cannot, and must not, be permitted."

The Manchu general was supercilious and demanded to know by whose authority Paul made this statement.

"Sir," Paul answered, "when the city was about to be destroyed by a great flood, and when that group of farms now covered with grain formed the bed of a lake which endangered the city in time of flood, I had the honor to help those who directed the rescue work and the building of those dikes which will make a repetition of that catastrophe impossible. That was done for the sake of China, and for the sake of this land that you are here to protect, and because of what has been done I demand, sir, that you shall protect the city."

"You come here with the rumors of old women," said the general. "You do not come with proof."

Paul named several instances, but the only answer he received was that the matter would be investigated —that his word for it could not be accepted unsupported.

The interview was unsatisfactory, and Paul went out from the presence of the general only to find his horse gone. The boy with whom he had left it was weeping, and said that a soldier had mounted it and ridden away, because he wanted the foreign saddle. During the interview the Manchu general had declared, in the extravagance of Oriental speech: "If you can prove that my soldiers have been doing any of these things, you can kill me."

On finding his horse gone, Paul immediately re-

turned to the general. The men at the entrance to his quarters tried to stop him, but made way as they saw the fire that flashed in his eyes. Before, he had been calm and tactful, now, he was intensely angry.

"You dare to say, sir, that your soldiers have not been robbing the people when my horse has been stolen at your own door? I care nothing for the horse," he said, "but I now demand that you protect the city."

The general listened in silence, but in his heart there was hatred for the foreigner.

"I will see that your horse is returned, because you are a foreigner and it might complicate us with your government. But who are you that you come here and talk of loyalty to my people? I know the city wants to be rid of you and my advice to you is—keep from the streets, for we command the city."

That night it was rumored that the revolutionists were approaching. Soldiers appeared on the streets, and it was reported that the gates had been broken down and that the city had been entered. Paul tried to quiet the people. He was threatened by the soldiers, who were rioting and breaking into the stores, and commanded to leave the streets.

He found Chu absent from the mission house, and after some difficulty, located him in the house of a friend.

"Chu," he said, "tell me—are these men who are sacking the city revolutionists?"

Chu faced him with angry eyes.

"For the first time you have insulted me."

"Chu, you know I did not mean to insult you, but

I have been told that these men are revolutionists, and I must know the truth."

"There is not a single revolutionary soldier in the city," answered Chu, "and we have sent out no word. The hour to strike has not come. The Manchu soldiers are anxious to gain as much from this revolution as possible, and that is why they are spoiling the city. They care nothing for their country. But their very madness will turn the people against them, for they are being recognized, and tomorrow, or very soon, this city and this land will be ours, my friend—ours—and the hindrances that have impeded our work removed."

The man seemed as one inspired.

"Mr. Redmond," he continued, "or may I not call you Paul?—you have prayed for opportunities, you have sought them. The day has arrived when doors will be opened to the church which you never dreamed would open. But we cannot talk of these things now. You must go. You must not be found here with us. Tomorrow you will see the five-colored banner of the new government in the streets, and you will see it floating over the magistrate's yamen, and over the Manchu general's camp. Then, my friend, we can talk."

XXXI

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN"

EARLY the next morning the magistrate and the Manchu general struck what they believed would be the hardest blow that could be given, not only to the work of Paul, but to the whole cause of the revolution. Paul was wondering what the next move on their part would be, when a friend brought word that Chu had been taken prisoner as a revolutionist. It was staggering news. Paul had feared this for some time, and had wondered what he should do if it should come to pass. Chu was still at the house of a friend, and throwing all caution to the winds, Paul hastened to him, for the hour had come to act quickly if his friend was to be saved from the awful fate which otherwise awaited him. He found Chu calm and deliberate. When he saw Paul he looked long into his friend's face.

"We cannot talk here," he said, "let us see what they are going to do; then I will have many things to say to you."

An official of small rank came in with a great deal of pomp, but upon seeing Paul, hesitated for a moment.

"I have instructions to execute this man at once," he said.

Paul stood aghast.

"But there has been no trial," he said. "There is no evidence."

"That does not matter. The order has been given and must be carried out without delay."

Paul went quickly to his friend and stood before him as if to shield him.

"You shall not execute this man until I hear with my own ears the order of the general and of the magistrate," he said.

"The magistrate has nothing to do with this," the official returned angrily, "and there is no need to discuss it further. The order must be carried out."

But he was not prepared for Paul's tremendous will.

"I hope you will listen to me peaceably," Paul continued. "I have many friends here, and if there is no other way I will take this man from you by force, and take him before the general."

The soldier recognized that this threat was not an idle one, for there were many onlookers friendly to Paul in the crowd that had gathered. The young official was now extremely deferential as they started for the quarters of the general. Paul walked beside Chu. News of his capture and sentence ran like wildfire down the streets, for the people even in this hour of severe trial had not forgotten that Chu had worked side by side with Paul during the long days of the famine.

A great crowd followed them. All traffic was pushed aside and people poured from the houses and came running from every alley and street that they passed. This crowd was not composed of the rabble of the city, such as usually follows a prisoner, but

of bankers, merchants, and teachers. Men, young and old, were crushed together in the narrow streets. Intense excitement filled the throng, and they cried out against the Manchu general.

When they reached his quarters Paul demanded of the guard: "Is the general inside?"

The man nodded.

Without hesitancy Paul conducted Chu past the protesting doorman and into the presence of the general. The officer was surprised to see this prisoner before him, for the order he had given was that Chu should be executed quietly. If he had to face this foreigner, and what seemed to be half of the population of the city, he knew that he would be implicated more than he desired. He had planned to disavow any knowledge of the execution if any trouble resulted from it, and to put to death the deputy who had carried out his order. But now a new complication had arisen, one that involved him directly.

"Have you ordered the execution of this man?" Paul asked.

The general knew the situation was such that he could not deny the charge.

"I have," he cried, "and what is more, I am going to execute him here before you to show these people that I am not afraid of you or your so-called authority. I will let you know how little I really think of you."

"I have not come to interfere with your authority," returned Paul, "I am here only to ask for justice and a fair trial."

"No trial is necessary. This is military government. I know he is a revolutionist, and you know it. You dare not stand before me and declare that he is not a revolutionist.—Ah, ha, I have your own testimony."

"I am giving no testimony. I know that my testimony is not accepted in a Chinese court. Is this not true?"

"That may be, but we have other testimony, and though you would deny that he is a revolutionist, I am going to execute him."

"Let him be executed." "Behead him,"—came from the attending soldiers.

"No, no," cried the crowd.

"Sir, you shall not behead him," Paul declared as soon as he could be heard. "If he dies at all, he must die as a soldier, but I beg of you, sir, not to put him to death."

He turned to the mob that had crowded into the quarters and was standing in the court in front of them.

"Friends," he implored, "this man whom the general is about to execute—is he a friend or a foe of the Chinese people?"

A great cry went up. "A friend"—"A friend."

Then a man, prominent in the affairs of the city, whose loyalty to the government was unquestioned, stood out from the crowd.

"If he is a revolutionist we have not known it," he declared, "he has not preached revolutionary doctrines. All of his work has been for the people. He

has served us constantly and helped us when others failed."

Prostrating themselves before the Manchu general, men in rich attire pleaded for the life of Chu. The general was amazed. To antagonize these people was to antagonize the city, but power was sweet to him, and he was pleased to have men of this type on their knees before him. To yield now would be a sign of weakness.

"I will concede but one point," he said. "He must die, but if you want him to be shot instead of beheaded, I will grant it. Take him away, I have work to do. I do not want to be further troubled. Take him out of my sight."

Paul yearned to lay violent hands upon him. He could not bear the thought of his friend meeting this fate, but Chu's hand was on his shoulder.

"My friend," he was saying. "I know China. For years I have known that this hour would come, so I am ready to go to death like a man."

Turning to the general he said: "Sir, I realize that there is no appeal from your decision, nor do I make one. You are correct. I am a revolutionist because of these things that have occurred today, for my case is not an individual one and this is the way the government which you represent carries on its affairs. Actions similar to this forced this rebellion and made us your enemies, and I die knowing that my death and the death of other men like me will mean the freedom of China from the rule of men like you."

His voice was calm, but his words had terrific effect

on the crowd. They cried out against the decision; they threatened the life of the general and declared that they would join the revolutionists.

Chu sought to quiet them.

"My friends, it is useless. I served you in life; I am now willing to serve you in death." He turned to the general again.

"I ask of you, sir, but one thing. Let me have one hour alone with my friend. I have confessed that I am a revolutionist and you need no further evidence, but there are some things that I want to say to my friend, and we want to be alone."

"Ah, it's a plan to escape."

"Sir, I will guarantee his return to you," Paul broke in.

The general, realizing that he could not further oppose it, granted the request, hoping that it might win him a little favor.

The two friends went apart. At first, neither of them could speak. Paul was suffering keenly.

"My friend, you must be calm," Chu said at last. "We have traveled side by side a good many years. This is no time to give way to emotion. There are many things that I want to say to you. I want you to take a message to my father, and I want you to tell him that I did not die because I was a Christian, but that my country called and I answered. Tell him that I believe that my religion will save me, and that I go out into the great beyond happy and contented. I do not know how I could face death, without the peace and comfort of the Christ."

He was silent for a moment. Then he went on: "I want you, if you can, to tell my father of the religion of Jesus Christ. He has disinherited me, but tell him that we can again be united in the love of Christ."

"I will go to your father, Chu," Paul assured him. "I will try to make him understand all the things you have told me, and I will tell him that you died the death of an honorable man."

"But, Paul," Chu continued, "there are other things about which we must talk. Don't doubt for a moment that the revolution is going to succeed. The government is in its last desperate throes. They would not kill me, and others like me, if they did not realize that they are defeated, and they want to destroy those of us who have planned this thing. The government will change and men who are Christians and those who have been trained in Christian schools will be placed in authority. When that time comes, the church must strike. I don't mean the little church here in China, but I mean that great church in America and England. Neither do I mean one communion—I mean all communions, for they must work together for this land. At one time the church could have possessed Japan, but it let a strategic hour pass, and look at Japan today. The revolution would not have come to pass if Japan had not connived with the present dynasty. Japan is a mighty power, and if it were Christian, think of what it could do for God! But it is not, and that is only because the church did not strike in the hour of its opportunity. And now, my

friend, I beg of you to make adequate plans for immediate action."

Paul listened eagerly.

"You must not depend upon foreign missionaries alone," Chu went on, "but those who come must be men of the highest convictions and the best possible training. Mediocre men will not do. The real work before the missionary should be the training of young Chinese leaders. Our chief thought has been how to rid ourselves of the Manchu dynasty. Now that it is about to be destroyed, the young men will want to know how best to serve the new government. Thousands of them know that they can best serve it by following the Christ. Train these young Chinese, for in them lies the hope of my country.

"And now, my friend, you have given me your every confidence. When I am gone, who is to be your companion? I know you have a love, but she is not worthy of you. Why not marry one of these young women who have been here, that beautiful nurse who saved your life, or that other friend, Miss Stewart? They love the Chinese and the Chinese love them."

"Chu," Paul answered, "I would like to promise you anything you ask, but you know a man must follow the dictates of his heart."

"I know that," Chu returned, "but I shall never be able to talk with you again, and I am giving you my last thoughts. I ask you to promise me but one thing, and that is that you will never allow your father's money or the influence of the woman you love, to take you from China."

"Chu, I never will."

The soldiers were knocking at the door. The hour had passed. They started to lay hands on Chu, but Paul interfered. "He goes willingly and alone," he said.

Chu walked with head erect out into the open court. When they came to blindfold him he protested.

"I die with my eyes open before Heaven," he said, "and with my face towards my friend."

Many in the crowd turned away heartsick. Everywhere there was sobbing and crying, and the soldiers were beating back those who were seeking to rescue their friend. Paul stood so close to Chu that many feared that he was in the range of the fire, but he refused to be separated by a great distance.

With a smile on his face, Chu faced the firing squad. Almost instantly the command was given. When the shot rang out Paul felt that life must pass from him also, so great was his sorrow.

Thus in the presence of his friend, and of the people whom he had served, Chu gave up his life, a martyr for his country. He was dead, but his silent lips called to the people of Fou Cheo as they had never called in life.

XXXII

STRANGE MEETINGS

WHILE a revolution was changing a nation, forces far removed from the scenes of war were bearing upon the lives of two women.

Catherine Williams entered enthusiastically into her work in New York and soon gained the confidence of Dr. Blackburn and other physicians. She perfected her training, specialized on nervous cases, and was in constant demand. Her calm and gentle manner, together with the beauty of her face and character, quieted and soothed her patients.

One day Dr. Blackburn called her over the telephone.

"I have a special case to which I want you to give your attention," he said. "It is one that has baffled me greatly. It is the case of a Miss Leonard. There seems to be something on her mind, and she has broken down completely. I think you can help her."

Catherine did not connect the name of Miss Leonard with that of Paul Redmond. On reaching New York she had wondered who and where Madeline was, for she knew that she lived in the city. She had even thought of finding her out and calling upon her, but was afraid, lest it would displease Paul.

She went quietly into the home of Madeline Leonard, and neither woman suspected the identity of the

other. Madeline delighted in looking at Catherine, considering her one of the most beautiful women she had ever seen. Her illness was due to the strain under which she had been living, and she was suffering from a difficulty which was far more serious than a case of nervous exhaustion, for she was really fighting a battle for her life. Catherine, desiring to help her, was exceedingly tender with her, endeavoring in every way to arouse her from the apathy that caused her to gaze long and wistfully from her window, with eyes that seemed to be ever searching the far distance for that which they never found.

Catherine rarely left her patient and so had seen very little of the beautiful home. But one morning Madeline sent her to her own little study. When she entered the room her heart stood still, for there on the table, directly in front of her, was a picture of Paul Redmond! In a flash she realized that her patient was the Madeline to whom Paul Redmond had called in his delirium. She now recalled the picture of Madeline she had seen in Paul's study, understood why she had been so baffled by the sick girl's resemblance to someone she had seen or known before.

"Will it be honest to remain here?" she asked herself—"or must I leave her?"

She succeeded in covering her agitation when she returned to Madeline, but when the doctor came, she told him that there were reasons why she thought she ought to be relieved from the case.

The doctor laughed.

"Not at all," he said. "If you will stay you can

help her, but if I should have to call in another nurse now, the outcome is uncertain."

And so she was forced to remain.

"Perhaps in staying I am serving Paul Redmond," she thought.

That night Madeline was more than usually restless. She cried out in her sleep, and again and again she called to Paul.

"Oh, why did that terrible woman come between us?" she asked piteously.

If she had awakened at that moment and looked into the face beside her, she would have been startled by the look of pain upon it, but Catherine sat with quieting hand upon hers.

As the days went on Catherine decided to talk to her.

"There is something troubling you," she said. "I wish you would tell me all about it."

"Catherine," Madeline answered, "there isn't anything I wouldn't tell you. I have made few women companions, and you seem more worthy of love and trust than any woman I have ever known. I can't understand why you are doing this kind of work. You surely must have had many opportunities of marriage. Why haven't you married?"

Catherine smiled to cover her pain.

"It is not my story that we are to talk about, but yours," she answered. "What is it that is troubling you?"

Madeline then told her nurse the story she knew so well. Catherine listened intently, for Madeline was

revealing her attitude. She rebelled against the blame that the sick girl heaped upon Paul Redmond, and when she arraigned the woman who had kissed him on the steamer, she turned away to cover the flush that crept into her cheeks.

"Catherine," Madeline went on, "I have promised to marry another man, but it will be almost a crime to do it, for I do not love him. He is a good man and I respect him, and he knows exactly how I feel towards him. But that is not enough. Oh, how I wish this terrible thing could be explained."

"He only asked you to trust him, didn't he?" asked Catherine. "Why should you not trust such a man as he?"

"Do you know him?" Madeline asked quietly.

Catherine hesitated, but only for a moment.

"I have heard of him. Dr. Blackburn speaks of him often. My advice to you would be to trust him."

Catherine had almost decided that the time had come to tell Madeline the truth, but she wondered if it would be right, seeing that Paul had refused to do so. The unburdening of her mind seemed to have helped Madeline, but she was still troubled about her relation to George Curtis.

"Before you can get well," Catherine advised, "you must break your engagement. Even though you should never marry Mr. Redmond, at least while you love him, you ought never to marry anyone else. You must follow the trail alone."

"The trail?" exclaimed Madeline. "Why, that is Paul's expression. That is the way he speaks of life.

Indeed, at times you talk very much as he does. I have often noticed and wondered at it."

Still Catherine said nothing. She was not yet ready to tell all that was in her heart. She advised Madeline to see George Curtis. He had been very solicitous during her illness, but she had refused to allow him to come to see her.

At last, with the doctor's permission, Catherine told George Curtis that he might see Madeline. He came expectant and joyous. The interview left Madeline trembling and white to the lips, for she did not wish to be cruel.

"Oh, why must I hurt two men?" she said. "I have broken the heart of one, and now I know how deeply this other man loves me, even though I cannot return his love. He, too, has gone away broken-hearted."

It was decided that a change of scene might help her, and so a trip that extended over ten days was arranged, from which Madeline returned feeling much stronger.

"Miss Leonard," said Catherine, "Dr. Blackburn has another important case for me, and I must leave you now."

"Oh, Catherine," Madeline said, "I don't want you to leave me now, or at any other time. I want you to stay with me always—to be my companion. I will give you a place in society that will enable you to go anywhere, and until the time arrives when some good man asks you to be his wife, I want you to remain here with me."

Catherine's answer was very positive. "No, I cannot do that," she said.

"But why can you not?" Madeline pleaded. "Why do you hold me at arms' length, dear? I have told you everything in my life, but I have never been able to get a glimpse into yours. You hardly ever speak of your parents and you have never told me how you happened to come to New York. Why are you so silent?"

"Some time I will tell you, but not now. I will stay a few days, and during those few days I promise to tell you, but not now."

"Oh, Catherine, you must not leave me. There is only one condition under which I could consent to it, and that is if Paul should return. Perhaps then I could give you up, dear. Oh, why did that woman come between us?" she repeated again, her lips quivering and her eyes full of tears.

Catherine was white and tense.

"Can't you imagine a circumstance," she asked, "under the stress of which a woman like that would involuntarily do something that might bring criticism upon a man? Imagine a woman—an outcast—from whom good men turn away, and women scorn? Can you imagine a man, such as you describe Mr. Redmond to be, raising his hat to her in the morning and at night, while walking up and down the deck, although he knew her reputation? Can you think what that would mean to a woman like that? Can't you understand why that woman would want to talk to him for a few moments, and that it would be only

natural for a man of his type to plead with her to forsake her life of sin? Then, perhaps, some months later, when they met again by accident, and some of the men from her old life tried to overpower her and drive her back to a life of shame, this man who had been a friend to her before, interfered and saved her, and the girl, in the impetuous expression of her gratitude, kissed him. Can't you imagine a thing like that?" She was white and breathless when she finished.

"Oh, if that were only the story, I should love Paul all the more," said Madeline, "and I would love the girl for kissing him."

"Then listen. That is the story, and I am that girl. I did not know you were the woman Paul Redmond loved when I came into your home, or I assure you I would never have come."

"You?—You the girl I have been hating all these months?" cried Madeline excitedly,—but her voice was exultantly glad.

"Yes, I am that girl," said Catherine again. She then told Madeline the story of Paul's illness, and of how his mind had wandered in his delirium, and how he had called out for her.

"I will go to him at once and bring him home," Madeline said.

"Oh, you are mistaken," said Catherine. "You can never bring him home. I believe that if you will tell him that you will travel the 'trail to the hearts of men' with him, as he puts it, you will bring great joy into his life,—and he deserves it—oh, how he deserves it!"

Madeline looked up quickly.

"Catherine, tell me. Do you love him?"

Catherine looked straight into the other woman's eyes as she answered: "I do—but I know that he is far beyond me and above me, and that I could never possess his love. But you can. I beg of you to give up this idea that you will not go to him—that you have work to do here. Go to him and tell him that you have come to follow him to the end of the trail."

"Oh, I want to, Catherine, but I am not fitted for such a life. Think of the dangers he faces, and of how well he could help those people from here. I am so glad that you told me; I am glad for everything you did, and I love you for it, but, most of all, Catherine, I am glad for you. Now that you have told me this, won't you remain here as my companion—won't you take my name and be my sister?"

"I cannot answer you now, Madeline. I want to—but would it be right? Wouldn't it embarrass you some time or other? No, I cannot give you my answer now."

Upon reaching New York, Frances Stewart tried immediately to locate Catherine Williams, and when Dr. Blackburn told her that she was with Madeline Leonard, her emotions were of a varied order. She wondered what this could mean, for she had not heard of Madeline's illness and she could not believe that the latter had sought out Catherine. But an early visit from Madeline soon explained the whole affair.

"Frances," she said, "I am here to ask you a great many things. You have just returned from China,

and I want you to tell me just how you feel about this whole matter. I resented some of the things you said in the past, but I now want to know everything."

"But why this change, Madeline?" asked Frances. "Are you still questioning Paul's action?"

Madeline looked at her a moment before answering.

"Haven't you heard?" she asked.

"I have just heard that Catherine Williams is living with you," Frances made reply, "and I am wondering if you know who she is."

"Yes, I know who she is, and I know the whole story, for there is nothing Catherine has kept from me. In fact, I believe she has told me more about her life than she has ever told anyone. I consider her a wonderful woman, and I never in all of my life respected anyone so much. I am now thoroughly ashamed that I did not tell Paul in Yokohama that I trusted him implicitly, for then he would have told me the whole story, and I should have understood. Isn't it strange that this woman, who, by an unconscious act separated us, should have been instrumental in saving both our lives? Dr. Blackburn tells me that I might have become insane had it not been for her, and you know what she did for Paul. But that is not what I came here for. I came to ask you what it is I should do. Paul is so proud, and so difficult, that I wonder how I am going to make him feel that I now understand him. How, think you, does he feel after all this? I confess, Frances, that I feel that most men would despise me. And I believe that even if he should I shall go down to my grave, not hating him, but loving

him more. But even now, loving him as I do, and wanting him as I do, I have not come to the place where I can decide to go to him."

Frances looked at her appalled. "Madeline," she said sternly, "do you mean to tell me that after all that has happened you are not willing to follow Paul anywhere?"

"I am willing to marry him if he will give up his work in China," answered Madeline doggedly, "but I can't do it if he continues to stay there. Why, Frances, the very stories that you yourself have told me of famine, and typhus fever and the revolution"—here Madeline shuddered—"make it impossible for me to think of going out to Paul. I could not do it."

"But, Madeline, when you think of what he is doing and how these people love him, it seems to me that you ought to be able to go anywhere and do anything in the world that he wants you to do."

Madeline shook her head.

"I know how you talked when you came home before, Frances, I know how you felt about it when he was ill, but in spite of all I cannot go—except just for a little while. I will persuade him to come back. Frances, now and then there are women who leave the ease of modern society, but not many. I am a type of that society—you are an exception. You could go anywhere and do anything for the man you love, but it is not so with the average woman. The man who loves her must do her bidding. I am not defending the position, I am simply stating facts as they exist, and not as they ought to be. Be patient, Frances,

with a product of this society, of which you yourself are a part. I am sorry this is so; but it is, and I know it will be impossible for me to yield."

. . . . . .

Away in far-off China, Paul Redmond was pondering over the last words of Chu. He was facing himself and the long future which he must live alone, now that his friend was gone, and he wondered why this companion who meant so much in his life should have been taken from him. Why not seek one of the companions whom Chu had named? He recalled that Frances Stewart had said that she must always come as a transient visitor. Madeline would come in that way, too. But what about that other woman—the Magdalen, as he called her—the woman who came so silently to help him, whose smile had charmed the Chinese, and to whom he owed his very life? "Why should I not marry Catherine?" he said to himself. "I believe she could love me. I could cherish her and"—he was about to say—respect her. But could he? Could he ever forget her past?

XXXIII

THE NEW IN ACTION

THE Manchu general had not anticipated the indignation that would result from Chu's execution, nor had he realized how thoroughly this quiet young Chinaman had gripped the hearts of the people of the city of Fou Cheo. They had found him absolutely honorable in the midst of big enterprises, and they believed him unselfish. "Why was he killed?" they questioned.

"Because he was a revolutionist," came the reply.

"Is a revolutionist a man opposed to graft?" they asked again, "a man who serves us when the famine is upon us, a man who risks his life for others? Is that a revolutionist? We have been taught to believe that they are men to be feared, but if Chu's doctrine teaches such loyalty to China and the Chinese, then we will have nothing to do with these men who ordered his death."

The Manchu leaders were planning to oppose the army that was marching towards Fou Cheo, but they were unprepared for an uprising of the whole city. The garrison of soldiers, a much larger force than was usually stationed there, was utterly unable to cope with what occurred during the night following Chu's execution. The rich man of the district and the leaders of the city threw themselves on the side of the rebellion.

"In the face of such deep injustice," they said, "the Manchu general and his host must go."

Paul was kept in ignorance of what was about to happen. The people knew he was grieving over the death of his friend, and, as with bowed head, he passed through the street, they literally wept for him. Forgetting their Oriental stoicism, their hearts went out in deepest sympathy to this man whose companion had died, not because of a crime he had committed, but because he had loved his country well.

The Manchus had taken extraordinary precaution in guarding the city after Chu's execution, and a heavy guard had been formed both inside and outside the city. With the coming of darkness, silence reigned. Lamps had gone out and the city seemed to be asleep.

"Ah," said the guards among themselves, "they know better than to strike when an army like ours occupies the city."

Carelessly the guards left their posts, and talked with each other, or joined the little circles of gamblers. The city watchman went through the streets calling the second watch. He had just passed down the principal street when suddenly, as if a single arm had swung aside the narrow panels of the doors, out of every house came armed men. A shot rang out. The soldiers outside the walls heard it and decided that it was accidental. With the guards overpowered and their arms secured, the mob moved on towards the Yamen and the camp of the general. The uncommanded mob of the morning had become an army—an army of men fighting for a cause, who believed that

the time had come to take revenge for the death of their friend. Now and then someone cried out excitedly: "We'll kill him—We'll kill him," but for the greater part they were calm and controlled. Like the mob of the morning, this army was composed of men from every class. Their faces showed both determination and hate.

When they saw the size of the approaching army the soldiers at the Yamen fled, and the magistrate came out half dressed, begging for mercy. Taking the official by the arm the crowd pushed him in front of them, hooting and jeering, and approached the camp of the general. Swiftly out of the night came a figure which all of them instantly recognized. They saw the white, drawn face of Paul Redmond.

"We'll have revenge for your friend and ours," they cried out to him.

Paul spoke authoritatively.

"It is all right to capture these men, but I insist that no violence shall be done them until they shall have had a trial," said Paul authoritatively. "One man was executed today without a trial; let us not allow this to happen again."

With a few shots they scattered the soldiers on guard at the headquarters of the general, and went in to find him trembling and on his knees, begging for mercy. When he saw Paul, he said: "Ah, you have done this, have you?"

"I am here not to see you killed," Paul answered, "but to see that justice is shown you."

The magistrate and the general were taken to the

court where Chu had been shot that morning, and the leader of the mob was appointed judge. The general was placed in front of him and then the leaders turned to Paul.

"Sir," they said, "he killed your friend and ours, and now we propose to kill him."

Paul realized the great responsibility of the moment, for he knew that his word would determine the fate of this man. In his bitterness of the night he had declared that the general must be punished, and now these men were calling upon him to judge this man who deserved death. He knew that great caution was necessary, if he was to teach the doctrine of real charity to this group of men, who, up to this time, had never exercised power. Yet he felt that he must teach it and with the very greatest care if the country was to be saved.

"My friends," he said, "I am sure you know that I believe this man deserves death, but you must realize that there is a new responsibility upon you. This is the time when you must practice justice. I know, of course, that you must not be weak, but you must carry out the principles and ideals for which you are fighting. Even war, terrible as it is, can express humanity and justice. You have conquered these men and they are in your hands, and you can now show to China and to the world that though you have great cause for punishing this man at once—no group of people ever had a greater—you will forbear until you can refer his case to a higher tribunal. Your government is only temporary. You have so recently come

into power, and you are only a part of a larger rebellion. When your government shall have been established in Nanking, you can take your case to the officials there for decision."

The leaders instantly recognized the strength of Paul's argument, and prepared to follow his advice. But the crowd murmured and cried out, not only against the leaders, but against Paul himself, for they thirsted for revenge.

Runners were sent out from the city to inform the advancing rebel army that Fou Cheo had already been taken. At its head was a young man, trained in a mission school, who was placed in command of the city. Paul marveled at his simplicity, for there was no show of pomp and glory in which the old officialdom had delighted. The young man walked the streets in democratic simplicity. He demonstrated that the old autocratic government was soon to pass, and that in its place there was to be a real democracy. He conferred with Paul continually and a great intimacy sprang up between them, for they soon found that they had common ideals and purposes. The young leader was furious when he heard of the death of Chu, and was anxious that the Manchu general should be executed, but Paul counseled moderation.

"It is the history of past rebellions," he said, "that they have been drenched in blood, and I have hoped that this movement, as far as the revolutionary leaders are concerned, might accomplish its end with a minimum amount of slaughter. You have a rare opportunity to demonstrate the real principles of Christianity

and to show the world that tyrannical governments can be overthrown without carnage."

The young leader acquiesced in this plan, and arranged to send the Manchu general to the officials of the new government at Nanking. Meanwhile he laid broad plans for reform in the district. His intense hatred of the graft of the old officialdom surprised Paul. It was a new experience for a Chinese to feel about it as did this young leader. He insisted that the men under him should observe the strictest rules of honesty. At first the people could not understand him, for it was an altogether unheard-of thing for an official to refuse to take advantage of opportunities afforded for personal benefit.

XXXIV

A NEW NATION'S NEED

THE greatest delight that Paul had in the new official was the fact that he was so thoroughly modern in his attitude toward the city and its life, and was continually surprised by the reforms that he had in mind. He planned to improve the filthy cobble-stone streets and, where the width of the street permitted, to construct carriage roads. He installed telephones and electric lights. None of these things had been thought of before. In addition to this, he was interested in the whole question of sewerage as the most important part of his campaign against dirt and filth. Paul had given much thought to all these improvements, but under the régime of the old magistrate he had despaired of ever seeing them accomplished; but here was a young man who dared to do the most progressive things and to institute lasting reforms. To him, the cutting off of the queue and such outward signs were incidental. He really wanted to make of China a great and powerful nation.

With this new attitude prevailing toward modern education and thought, Paul felt that something could now be done along the line of public preaching. He had heard that in other parts of China great tabernacles had been erected and large concourses of people assembled for the services. At the public lectures he

had given on hygiene and other subjects, the small rooms had been crowded. He hoped that China would now adopt something more than the mere outward expressions of modern civilization, for he wanted truth to reform and convert China and have a lasting effect upon it. He went to the young official.

"I want something for Fou Cheo that is unusual, and that may seem impracticable," he said. "I am willing to finance it, but I want your help and coöperation. It is my desire to build here a great tabernacle that will seat at least a thousand people, and attempt, if possible, to get them to attend the preaching services which we want to hold."

"Excellent," said the official, "but I do not want you to build it—I will do it; and instead of having it seat a thousand, we must have it hold many more."

Paul marveled at his ready coöperation. He was thinking of the little preaching hall that held only one hundred and fifty people, and which had seldom been filled at the regular services.

The young official was enthusiastic over the plan.

"I know," he said, striking himself on the chest, "how the young men are questioning. Christianity has never been presented in an adequate way. I know that this has been because of lack of funds. Your churches have been on side streets, and they have not been pretentious buildings, and for that reason the better class of Chinese have thought that your religion is not important. The people of this district are commencing to trust me, and we are going to do this thing in a big way."

One of the best lots in the city was chosen for the tabernacle and it was built in a substantial way. Paul was astonished when he found that it was seated to hold three thousand people. He said to the old evangelist: "Perhaps in ten or fifteen years a place like this could be filled, but I am afraid we are going to be the laughing stock of the people."

The old evangelist, the group of doctors, and many others, assured him that if Christianity could be represented in an adequate way it would have a great hearing, so he set himself to the task of inviting the people to attend the services. He sent out five thousand tickets to merchants and scholars for the first meeting, with the information that those who wanted to attend the series of meetings, which would extend over two weeks, should apply for season tickets at the mission house.

Early next morning he was called out into the country. Upon returning at noon he was surprised to see a great crowd of people about the mission premises. At first he thought it to be a mob, but upon mingling with the crowd, found it friendly. He asked what it all meant, and they replied that they desired the tickets that would entitle them to attend all the meetings at the tabernacle. Four thousand tickets were issued that day, and now the question arose—"What are we going to do with all these people?"

The old evangelist's eyes twinkled.

"What people?" he asked. "I thought you said the tabernacle was too large?"

Paul laid his hand on his arm and said:

"Ah, my friend, I suppose I have not been able to

conceive of this new day. I know that others have worked longer than I with little success, and now that China is so open to the teachings of Christianity, I cannot realize that the hour for which we have long prayed is actually here."

"Yes," said the old evangelist, "it has taken a century for this hour to arrive. During the next ten days things are going to happen in this city of which none of us has ever dreamed, and not only now in this city but soon throughout China."

Paul looked away for a moment, and then he turned a sad face to the old evangelist.

"If only Chu were here to see it," he said.

"He will know, my friend, and because of what he and others like him have done for China, this hour has been made possible. It is the way of life. Someone must pay the price."

XXXV

THE FRUITAGE OF FORMER WORK

PAUL soon realized that the whole city was interested in the meetings and that his organization was utterly inadequate. He had invited Dr. Means, because of his marked ability for such work, and in addition secured some of the best Chinese speakers he could find, although he, himself, was now able to speak Chinese fluently. He wanted to strike a blow for Christianity such as had never been struck perhaps in any city in the province, and he not only planned for the ten days of the meeting, but gave much thought to the period of instruction which would necessarily follow it. He realized that men like the old evangelist had served their day and generation. They had accomplished a great work with a certain type of people, but now he must use not only the young physicians and teachers who were helping him in the district, but he must have well-trained men to lead in the preaching and teaching. While most of his time was occupied in carrying out the details of the meeting, he also prepared himself for the opportunity that was before him.

"The work I have done has only been preparatory," he said to himself. "Men who have lived lives fettered by prejudices and superstitions are now opening

their hearts since they see I am working in their behalf."

A day or two before the meeting Paul called together a number of his friends who had worked with him in the famine relief, also the young official.

"Friends," he said, "together we have helped the city in many ways, and now I want your help in a new enterprise. You know of the great tabernacle that has been erected and the series of meetings that has been planned. The little church here is small, and it will be utterly impossible for me to do this work alone. Help me at this time when I need you so much."

He was amazed at their response. They all expressed a willingness to assist him in every possible way, and asked him to command them. The organization which he perfected was masterful. Follow-up work was carefully considered and planned. The first meeting was held at three o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. Means, jovial and smiling, rubbed his hands together, saying: "This is the stuff. When you begin to work in this way, it means that something will be done."

When he reached the tabernacle, two hours before the meeting, Paul was amazed to find it almost filled. People were traveling toward it in great streams. After a consultation with the leaders, he had large posters put on the outer door telling them that following the first meeting a second and, if needed, a third would be held to accommodate the people. He asked them to come back at five o'clock or at seven and promised that all would be admitted. Men went

through the crowds announcing this and word was sent to the leaders that if they could come immediately to the tabernacle, the meeting would open as soon as they arrived.

Many of the leading men of the city were in the audience, which was composed largely of men. Here were people who were anxious to listen to the presentation of the claims of Christianity, not out of mere curiosity, but because they knew the worth of the work that the Christian leaders had accomplished. Paul thought of his father and Madeline and wished that they might have witnessed this vast assembly, for he felt that it would change their whole attitude towards him and his work. He thought of the Stewarts, too, and he knew they would be glad when they heard of it. Last of all, he thought of Catherine Williams. He knew that her work had helped to make all this possible, and that she would delight in the fact that it had actually come to pass. As he looked over the platform and saw the rich man of the district, the scholars, bankers and merchants, and the young official who was presiding with face aglow, he said to himself: "Truly, the hour for which we have hoped and prayed has come."

One of the young Chinese was a splendid singer, but it was amusing, and yet pathetic, to hear the attempt he made to lead that great assembly of men, untrained in Christian hymnology. Yet in a faithful attempt they sang, with only a slight resemblance to the tune, the simple air, "Jesus Loves Me," in a lusty manner.

In the midst of it all Paul seemed to see the face of his dead friend. The vision had been with him constantly during the past few days. "What real joy this would have brought to the heart of Chu," he said to himself.

The speeches of the young official and others were complimentary. Then followed two or three Chinese who emphasized, though rather hesitatingly, some of the doctrines of Christianity. Last of all came Dr. Means. The doctor was very felicitous in what he had to say. He dealt with the principles of government and of individual living, from the standpoint of Christianity. Men who had listened politely before, now leaned forward in their seats as this veteran of a quarter of a century poured out his heart to them. The doctor talked for nearly an hour and a half, during which time the audience listened with strained interest. He outlined the work that the great teachers of China had attempted to do, and showed them that devil-worship was out of harmony with the teaching of men like Confucius and Mencius. He explained to them what the Sermon on the Mount would do for China in an hour like the one at hand, and held the audience breathless when he coupled Christ and Confucius together. They beheld visions such as they had never dreamed.

Paul did not speak at the first meeting. The tabernacle was refilled at five o'clock and again at seven. Many stayed on for the three services, and the crowds that came that first day were not exceptional. The meetings continued, and the talks grew more and more

intimate in dealing with the problems of Christianity. Yet this great concourse of people were not present because they wanted to become Christians. They were beginning to realize that a change had come over China and that the time had arrived when they would be forced to change their attitude toward religion and life.

Among those who were laboring for this cause was the hilltop priest. Some of the leaders doubted the wisdom of letting him testify, but when he stood up in a garb other than the gray habit of his priesthood, and told the people why he had turned from Buddhism to Christianity, they listened attentively. It was not easy for him to do this, for secret attempts had been made on his life. The revolution had not banished the enemies among the opium dealers and priests, and even during the meetings there were constant signs of sinister influences at work.

Paul wondered what would be the result of these meetings. He felt it would be unwise to call for adherents to Christianity, as many might then be received into the church who might not understand the full meaning of their action. He also wanted to avoid receiving those who might come through insincere motives.

The last night of the meeting arrived. Several hundred young men, most of them from government schools, had signed cards designating their desire to study Christianity. Dr. Means had returned to his home and Paul was conducting the meetings. The young official, who had presided at every meeting, even

when they were holding three a day, was also present. Paul turned to him and said in English, which he understood:

"My friend, there are those present that are perhaps not ready to accept Jesus Christ, but why will you not acknowledge Him?"

The young official hesitated a moment and then replied in the words of Agrippa, "Almost thou persuadest me."

Paul smiled.

"I wish I might entirely."

"You have, and I will accept Him."

"Do you mean that you will do it now before all of these people?"

"I do."

Paul called the audience to silence.

"Friends," he said, "we have invited a great many of you to study Christianity, but we have not asked you to accept it because we feel you do not know it sufficiently. But here is a man who has studied Christianity thoroughly, and I have asked him to speak to you."

When he turned to the young official, a ripple of applause, unusual among the Chinese, came from the great audience.

"Friends," he said, "I am going to follow Christ and obey His commands."

The men on the platform urged him to repeat his statement.

"I am a Christian," he repeated, "I have accepted Christianity."

The audience burst into cheers, but Paul sought to quiet them.

"This is not the time for noisy demonstration," he said. "It is the time for deep thanksgiving to God, and a recognition of our own responsibility."

The young official continued speaking, particularly to the young men. He reviewed their hopes and ambitions for China, and showed them how useless all that had occurred would be if they lived a thoughtless and insincere life. If the revolution was to succeed, he said, there should be an adequate ethical basis, and that basis was to be found only in Christ and in His teaching.

The meetings made a profound impression upon the whole city and district. As nearly a thousand cards had been signed, Paul was anxious to see how many of those who promised to study the Bible would put in an appearance. He felt that many of these cards had been signed hastily and without mature thought. So he decided not to hold the first meeting in the tabernacle, but the official wisely persuaded him otherwise, urging that a great many of the inquirers would bring other young men, who, while they had not signed cards, would be willing to enter the class. And this turned out to be the case.

Paul outlined a course of twenty studies, dealing with the fundamentals of religion and morality, and told them what he wanted to do and how he was planning to do it, and was amazed at the response. He made it clear to them that none of them were going to be unduly persuaded to adopt Christianity; that

first of all they were to be given ample opportunity to study its teachings.

"You know, men," he said, "we have been doing things for the uplift of the city. This we shall continue to do. Along with our study of the Bible we must seek to make the city cleaner and better."

This statement appealed to the best instincts of his hearers. Yet he felt sure nevertheless that the showing of this new spirit would lead the traffickers in opium, who had been ruined as a result of the anti-opium propaganda, and the Buddhist priests, who were rendered more bitter than ever, to work with renewed energy to destroy the result of his endeavors. He realized that the war had not been won—that only a battle had turned in favor of the cause which he represented, and that this success had stirred up opposition which, at the first opportunity, would vent itself with increased venom.

XXXVI

THE FORELOPER'S OPPORTUNITY

EVERY great movement has its problems, and Paul found himself facing some of a tremendous order. Many of those who came into the church came from selfish motives. This state of affairs was gradually overcome by the remonstrance of Paul and the Chinese leaders, so that it soon came to be generally known that the church did not approve, but rather condemned, the acceptance of Christianity from any but the most sincere motive.

The young magistrate proved to be of great help, and became one of the leading factors in a period of reconstruction such as Paul had not thought possible. One night the official sent for Paul, who, on reaching his headquarters, was surprised to find there a number of visitors—men who were strangers to him, although he knew them by reputation.

"Mr. Redmond," said the official, "we are very anxious to have you go to Nanking to help our government. Dr. Means is just now helping the new President, who has come out from England, and we are selecting a few friends of China from various parts of the country, who can assist us with our problems."

Paul urged that he was not well enough versed in the principles of government to undertake this mission, but his diffidence was finally overcome, and he

consented to go. He went to Nanking, and for several weeks was in daily consultation with the leaders, weighing the most vital governmental issues. His ability in organizing proved of great assistance during this most trying time of the new régime. He daily preached the doctrine of unselfishness, and impressed upon the leaders that if ever there was a time when they must stand for China rather than for themselves, it was the present.

He recognized the opportunity to impress on the younger generation that the hope of any country is her young men and the policies they adopt. Men who had but recently graduated from college, without any thought of ever holding high official position, were given undreamed-of opportunities of power and influence. He minced no words with them, but made a strong appeal in telling them that in the future the nation would call them blessed if they practised unselfishness at this critical time. Many of the men in high positions cared only for what their families might benefit from their power, but China with its new ideals repudiated them.

There were influences in the new administration which Paul recognized as sources of great danger. The hands of foreign governments were always in evidence. He had sensed this in the past, and the truth of his conviction was now being forced upon him. Paul had tried to believe in these nations, but as he studied carefully the whole history of their dealing with China and the far East, he became convinced that here was a place where the aims and ideals of the new govern-

ment might meet defeat, and that the greatest caution must be observed. Others well versed in affairs of state joined Paul in denouncing such measures. He urged the new republic not to show preference to any nation, and made it clear to them that it would be disastrous to do so. He taught the leaders the doctrine of peace, and urged that China establish herself as a nation of peace. The rebellion had succeeded with a minimum amount of bloodshed. Never before, in the history of the world, had a change of this nature, affecting so many people, been accomplished with so small an amount of slaughter. In most instances the leaders had been extremely humane, and Paul hoped they would demonstrate to the world that a large armament was unnecessary.

"But," he said, "if you begin now to show preference, or to give concessions, to any nation, serious trouble will result, which might end in the overthrow of your government and even bring about a world war."

He counseled extreme moderation in the form that the government should take, for he realized that if the change from the old system was too radical the pendulum would sometime swing back, and he was anxious that this should be avoided. A few of the leaders, however, had seen the vision of liberty and had heard the voice of the people, and this led them to a position which was eventually to become untenable.

His was not the only word of warning. He was supported by all of the missionaries, and the Chinese of the most advanced thought. One of the foreign

officials, who knew of his attitude, tried to convince him that their position was applying the principle of the Monroe doctrine.

" The Monroe doctrine is protective and unselfish," returned Paul, " if it be carried out consistently."

He regretted that he was compelled to be away so long from Fou Cheo, but felt that in doing this larger service for China he was also serving his city.

He made a very decided impression upon all of the officials with whom he came in contact. He insisted that they should be paid salaries, and that the régime of graft which pertained to the old officialdom should be entirely wiped out; that there should be a new attitude toward the whole question of money. He was emphatically opposed to the so-called " squeeze " which the old officials had worked so effectively, and every friend of China agreed with him. He planned with them to inaugurate a just system of taxation, and believed that when this should be once thoroughly incorporated, many of the previously existing evils would be eliminated.

He constantly urged the establishment of an adequate educational system, and pointed out to the officials that while it was true that the Manchus had done away with the old form of education, a new one must be inaugurated. He did not hesitate to show the weaknesses of the past, and told them that if the old evils were to continue it would have been better to have had no change.

The officials were profuse in their promises and declared that the revolution stood for new and definite

principles and ideals which stood for equity and righteous government. Their personal attitude to himself, too, was gratifying in the extreme. It betokened their possession of a spirit of openmindedness and toleration together with a certain cessation of that deeply-rooted suspicion with which the Chinese are wont to regard workers and reformers from other lands.

Thus this young man found the hearts of men opening to him, and as he entered therein, found possibilities of which he had never dreamed.

XXXVII

THE LAST VOYAGE

THE river swirled and eddied about the hulk as the old captain's steamer was being made fast at Nanking. It was a difficult landing, but under the old man's curt orders it was at last accomplished, and Paul went aboard to greet his friend. Captain Jenkins was delighted to see him. He had heard of the part Paul had played in the revolution, and he was happy that his young friend had proved his leadership, and was justifying all that he had claimed for him.

Paul, on the other hand, looked at his friend with real concern, for the old man had aged a great deal since the time of the attempted destruction of the dike. The strain of the years was telling on him. Just before Paul came aboard, the steward had taken his luggage to one of the steamer's cabins, and the old man was raging—reading the titles of all the poor fellow's ancestry way back beyond the Ming dynasty, simply because he did not know that this young man was always to be his personal guest.

June was at hand and there was already an indication of approaching heat. Paul was enjoying freedom and rest after the strenuous work he had gone through and at the first meal he ate rather heartily.

"Boy," cautioned Captain Jenkins, "be careful.

One of the down steamers yesterday carried a case of cholera. Somehow or other it is creeping in here. We can't control it. I hear that farther up the river a great many Chinese have already died, so you must be careful. I wouldn't want anything to happen to you while you are on this old tub."

"But, captain, you eat everything, don't you?"

"Oh, well, it's different with me. And yet even I am careful. I don't fool with these things. I know when there's danger. Cholera is no respecter of persons. It reaches out and digs its fangs into the one least expectin' it. The good men who have gone across the river on that cholera boat are almost innumerable. For fifty years I have seen them, white and yellow, pass away in the summer, and no one seems to know just the reason of their going, nor the manner of it."

At the captain's request, Paul related all the details of his part in the rebellion. As he paced up and down in front of him on the deck that night, the old man rubbed his hands together and chuckled with great delight.

"Ah, son, that old daddy of yours never did a bigger piece of work than this. When he hears how you are dippin' into the affairs of that province up there and changing' the whole order of things, I feel pretty sure he will want to have a big part in all that you are doin'. It's great to know that you are showin' your blood and that the good God is usin' you in the way He is. You notice what I say, boy. Ah, there's no one who knows the hand of Providence better than an old fellow who has knocked about the seas of the world most

of his life. You're not the only one doin' a great work in these days. I carry men up and down here, young and old. They're puttin' their stamp on China for always." Then after a short pause he went on: "Lad, I don't know why, but I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. I feel about you as I'd feel about a son of my own. Of course you know that I can't do any of this adoptin' business, except as I do it in my own heart. It may surprise you to learn that I'm a sentimental old cuss."

Paul smiled.

"Captain," he said, "you have a great deal of sentiment about you. I have never known a man to have more. I appreciate the feeling you have in your heart for me, and I am mighty glad you have it."

"Well, here's what I'm goin' to tell you: I haven't saved much money, but I've saved a little. I don't know what to do with it. I've got a few relatives who don't care a continental damn for me, and never have. Well, I've left them a few hundred dollars apiece, and every greasy dollar of the rest I want you to have. I want you to build a house up there fit for a white man to live in, but I don't want you to build anything that has my name on it. After I'm gone, when you go in and out of that house after long, hard days, I want you to remember that somewhere there is an old man whose life you blessed at the last, and who is glad that the tides swept you across his bow before he died."

As the old man finished there were tears in his eyes. He hurriedly wiped them away, saying: "I

don't know where in hell I got this cold. Makes my eyes water."

Paul was greatly affected, and protested against taking anything from him.

"By gad, what do you want me to do with it?" old Jenkins raved. "Do you want me to marry some of these hussies that are after me? No, son, it's yours, and as much as music can ever strike the strings of an old dried-up heart like mine, it's been doin' it ever since the day I decided to do this thing for you."

They were like father and son during the remainder of the journey. Paul had often longed for the love of such a man as he, especially since his separation from his father.

While the boat was anchored at Hankow, they strolled about the city. It had become intensely hot and suffocating in the humid and steaming atmosphere that came from river and valley. When they left Hankow that night the captain's orders were sharper than ever. He was still stamping and storming about when they passed Kiukiang, damning everybody and everything in general. For the first time he displayed his irritation in talking to Paul, who paid no attention to it, believing that the old man was not well, as a result of the intense heat. He retired early, leaving Paul on the deck watching the play of the swift-flowing waters in the moonlight. Paul retired soon after, but was suddenly awakened by the chief officer calling him to the captain, who was ill. He found the old man very ill. He saw the whiteness of his cheek, and a great dread came over him. When the officer,

who came at his call, looked upon the captain, his face blanched.

"My God, how could this have happened?" was all he said.

"It must be an attack of indigestion," suggested Paul.

The officer motioned him to the door, and when they were out of hearing distance, he said: "It's far worse than indigestion, sir. It's cholera."

They gave the captain such remedies as they had at their command, but age and a debilitated condition were against him. After a brief conference, they decided to go on to the nearest hospital. The ship was put full steam ahead as they went forward in the night. Meanwhile they did everything in their power to relieve the old man, but he grew steadily worse. He looked into Paul's face and said: "Don't worry, lad, you haven't told me what I've got, but I know. I had it once before, when I was a young man. My constitution was like iron then. I'm afraid I can't fight it now, but don't you worry. I've only one request to make, and that is that you'll not leave me while this thing is on. Stay with me, boy, for if the great Captain should order me to take the long voyage, I want you by to wave the last farewell."

Paul tried to assure him that this need not be the end; that even though he had cholera he was sure they could save him. Before daybreak they came to the hospital. The whistles were blown to awaken the doctor and almost instantly lights appeared in his house. He knew that only the unusual could bring the

steamer to anchor directly in front of the hospital. Boats were put off and Paul carried the captain in his strong arms down the plank, resting his head on his shoulder. It was a battle indeed. The doctor used every modern method for the treatment of the disease, but there was little response. The captain was unconscious during the greater part of the day, but finally the signs of the disease seemed to disappear and he became semi-conscious.

Paul saw his lips moving and as he bent over him, he heard him say: "Yes, little girl, I must follow the star out yonder. The whisper and the song of the ocean are in my heart. You'll come, won't you? You'll follow the star with me? Ah, I knew you'd come!"

Then his eyes wandered to Paul's face.

"Boy," he whispered, "did you hear the news? The little girl has heard the call of the ocean, too, and she's comin' with me. I've waited a long time, but I knew she'd come."

Then he was silent for a moment, lying with closed eyes.

"Aye, aye, sir," he broke out again, "I've got the orders, I'm ready to sail. Aye, aye, sir, let go the cables, she's slippin'—now she's clear. Full steam ahead."

His eyes opened, and he smiled up into Paul's face.

"Well, son," he said faintly. "Come to see me off? That's good of you, boy."

A great silence followed. Old Captain Jenkins had fared forth on his long, last voyage.

XXXVIII

DECISIONS RECONSIDERED

WHILE eternal tides were carrying the old captain out of Paul's life, they were also bearing into his life one who had drifted away.

After Madeline's talk with Catherine and Frances she was torn by conflicting emotions. She felt that she had forfeited Paul's love, and was afraid she would be called upon to endure the penalty. She had been very frank with the two girls, and her manner had lost much of the intolerance that had characterized it during the first years of her estrangement from Paul. In one of their talks Catherine told her that she had kissed Paul while he was delirious, and she had listened with practically no emotion, and had thanked her when she learned that Paul had been quieted by her kiss.

All this only made Madeline's problem more difficult. How could she tell Paul that she knew all that had happened? Besides she did not want to involve Catherine, yet she wanted to tell him and felt that she must do so.

Madeline had rather avoided Mr. Redmond, but she decided to go to him now. Paul's father smiled when she entered his office.

"Well, Madeline," he said, "I suppose you have come to tell me that you have learned the truth."

The girl looked up quickly into her questioner's face.

"Have you learned it, too?" she asked.

"Yes, I have known it for months," he answered.

"Then why haven't you told me, and why haven't we forgiven him?"

"There was nothing for me to forgive—I never believed the story," said Mr. Redmond. "I knew all the time that the boy had done nothing wrong, that this rumor was doing him a serious injustice. Madeline, I have but one object now, and that is to make Paul yield, and as long as you are in this country, and as long as he is unmarried, my chances are greatly increased."

Madeline was indignant. She felt that Mr. Redmond had not been fair with her.

"I came to tell you," she said, "that I am going to write him today that I will go out to him."

"Have you ever thought, Madeline," Redmond returned, "of how grievously you have wounded him, that perhaps he will not marry you now? He is proud. He comes from a race of proud men, and you have done him a tremendous injustice. You may be humiliating yourself in writing him. How would you feel if he should tell you not to come after you have yielded?"

Redmond commenced by appealing to her pride; now he was appealing to her prejudices.

"I have decided that I can never leave my wealth

to Paul as long as he continues to live in China," he continued decisively. "If you should yield, I know he will never return; and think of what he could really do for China if he would come home and apply himself to my business and send other men out there! He looks at this whole thing in the wrong way. He has a foolish notion that he must give himself. Would it not be a great deal better for you to help me in my plan to get him to return home, than for you to go to him and thus rob him of his fortune?

"Madeline," he went on with apparent earnestness, "I have never pleaded for myself. But an old man, at the end of his life, has but two things left—his family, and the future of his work. I have only Paul, and I want him. I know I allowed my business to interfere with our companionship, but he was a lad, then. Now he is a man—a far better man than I, because he has the blood and the heart of the woman who bore him. Can't you understand how I need him? Then there is my business, and he alone can carry out the purposes I have for it. It is with great sorrow that I contemplate someone, other than one of my own race, directing it."

Redmond could not have been more subtle in his method. He also suggested to Madeline that which a woman resents—that she had been the cause of Paul's making an unusual sacrifice. Then, too, the plea for himself had touched her. She impetuously reached out her hands.

"Oh, I know how you must need him," she said, "and desiring him in that way, can't you see how *I*

want him? But I am more fortunate than you," she added with a smile, " for I can go to him and be with him always."

The girl made no promise to Paul's father and he exacted none. He knew it would be unwise to try to force her to a decision, for a woman in Madeline's frame of mind might go to any length for the man she loved.

When she returned home she went at once to Catherine and told her what Mr. Redmond had said. Catherine showed an unexpected bitterness.

" Madeline," she said, " most parents, even though habitually kind and tolerant, are at times very unjust. You must live your own life, as must Paul, and you must not let his father influence you. I have kept you from writing to Paul because I have been a little afraid of what he might think of my telling you all I have told, but now let me urge you to write to him. I want you to go to him, for I know he still wants you. You have asked me whether I thought there was any bitterness in his heart towards you. I do not know. Paul Redmond is the kind of a man who would not talk to one woman about another. But this I know, unless you write him and make it plain to him how you now feel, your paths will never cross again."

Madeline wrote many letters which were never posted. Each time she tried to express her feeling, she failed. At last she wrote a letter which she read to Catherine, who listened in silence. Madeline could see that she did not like it.

"It doesn't please you, does it, Catherine?" she asked.

"I think I ought to tell you, Madeline," answered the other, "that I believe that after what has happened that letter will never win Paul. You seek to justify yourself. Yet, honestly, do you really think there is any justification for your attitude, when you consider how long you have known him?"

After Catherine had shown her how utterly wrong she had been, she wrote a letter in which she asked forgiveness, and in which she told Paul that she trusted him absolutely. She did not say what her intentions were, or whether she was willing to marry him, nor did she intimate her future course. She only begged forgiveness. She praised Catherine and made him understand how helpful she had been.

When Paul received this letter he had already heard of Madeline's illness. He did not know that Catherine had nursed her, nor did he know that these two girls who had such an important part in his life had become friends. He was back in Fou Cheo when the letter reached him, and he thought of it constantly. He knew that Madeline would not have written had she not meant to convey to him that her coming would be on the old basis, that he must eventually return with her to the States. He had come to the conclusion that perhaps after all it was well that they had not married, if this difference were still between them. He did not answer her letter without deliberate thought. He pondered over every word and every line of it, seeking to understand her real meaning and searching for an

expression indicating her willingness to go to him and follow him to the trail's end. There was not a word which might be understood to indicate this. Her letter rekindled his love for her, and he stood before her picture and recalled her as he had seen her so many times. He had idolized her, and his love had increased rather than decreased with the lonely years. As he faced the whole future with the letter before him, there was one conviction that was not to be ignored. Madeline had not asked for forgiveness and had not expressed a single feeling of trust until she had heard the story from Catherine. That which had been between them had not been removed. His father had been correct in his intimation to Madeline that perhaps Paul, while granting her forgiveness, would not find it easy to forget.

"I have forgiven her, but she did not forgive me until she knew all of the facts," he said to himself again and again. "The basis of trust which is so essential to a happy marriage does not exist between us."

He came to the conclusion that it was his lot to go to the end of the trail alone. After reaching this decision he canvassed the work that he had to do. He considered carefully his relation to the revolution and studied the demands that would be made upon him.

Paul was a man of action, and often expressed himself bluntly and directly. He tried to soften the letter that he wrote to Madeline, for he did not want to hurt her. He wanted, if possible, to show her the love that he felt for her, but he also wanted her to understand how impossible it was for him to consider

giving up his work and going back to her. It was a long letter and portrayed the mind and heart of a strong man.

He wrote, in part:

"Your letter brought to my heart the quiet and peace that it has been seeking for years. You cannot know how I have yearned for the knowledge that you now understand. I have wanted to feel that even though our lives should not be joined, we should always be friends and lovers. As it was before, we could not even have been friends, but now that you write in the way you do, everything is changed. Forgive you? Yes, Madeline, a thousand times, but oh that you had written me before you knew all.

"I have tried to understand your letter, but I have not been able to find your real meaning; nor can I believe that you are going to come to me and remain here loving me and my work. I wish that somehow, tonight, you could see into the innermost recesses of my heart. I wish you might know the yearning I have for you. But, Madeline, I cannot love you aside from my work. No man's love can be utterly personal. I hope you will forgive me, dear, when I say that a woman's love is always a little selfish and a little personal. When a man loves a woman he cannot give up his life's work for her, for his love for her includes her relation to his work and his life. Oh, I wish you could know how I have dreamed of you as a part of my life here. You are staying at home because you think the work is bigger there, and I am not arguing

this now. I only know that somehow this has gripped my imagination and my life, and I feel that if you come it must be for all time, for there is not the remotest chance in the world that I shall ever do other than follow to the trail's end. Neither of us must ever give in until our ideals are the same. A man and woman who look upon life differently may love but should never marry.

"And so, dear heart, longing for you, suffering because you are not here, I must put the dream of my youth from me and continue along this path."

There were many other things that Paul wrote her. He tried to soften his message, but truth may be couched in the politest language and covered with the softest mantle of love, yet it must of necessity carry its message of sorrow. Paul sent this letter with no hope in his heart, believing that it would end their relationship. With a heavy heart he handed it to the Chinese postman, and as he turned back into his room said: "This is the end. The trails lie far apart—they will never meet again."

XXXIX

FACING THE END

BEFORE Paul's letter reached Madeline, Dr. Blackburn had called her over the telephone.

"I want to ask two favors," he said. "I want Catherine Williams and I want you. Mr. Redmond is ill. I do not want you to nurse him, but I want you to look after his barn of a house. When I go there I feel as though I am in a business office. That house hasn't felt the touch of a woman for years. I want Catherine to nurse him."

Madeline said at once that she would do as Dr. Blackburn asked, "but I cannot answer for Catherine," she added, "I am afraid she will refuse to go. He is the only person I have ever heard her condemn, and she is very bitter towards him because of his treatment of Paul. Of course, she has never seen him, but I will let her answer for herself."

"Call her to the 'phone," said Blackburn brusquely.

Madeline called Catherine, who took the receiver with a pleasant "good morning." For some time she was silent and Madeline knew that the doctor was not talking, but that the girl was thinking deeply. She saw a hard line creep about Catherine's mouth and heard her say in a strained voice: "Dr. Blackburn, I will go to Mr. Redmond for one reason only—because I believe that if his son were here, he would

want me to go. But I will not do so, until you tell me that you have told him who I am. I have been put into an awkward position for the last time. If, after Mr. Redmond knows who I am, he wants me, I will go."

Dr. Blackburn went to Paul's father at once.

"Redmond," he said, "you are a sick man. I am going to make the biggest fight that was ever made, but in a case like yours the care you receive is of greatest importance. You must have a good nurse."

"Get her, no matter what the cost," growled Mr. Redmond.

"I have her, but it isn't a matter of money. The woman who made the trouble between Madeline and your son, and who afterwards nursed your son, is in New York. She is the best person I know to nurse you in the way I want it done. I believe she can help pull you through, but when I called her this morning she refused to come until she was assured that you knew who she was."

"You are the doctor. I'm under orders," returned Redmond. "When I submitted myself to you I was willing to take your medicine, and do what you advised. I wouldn't call her, but if you want her that settles it."

Dr. Blackburn called up Catherine.

"Mr. Redmond understands," he said briefly.

"Very well. I will come, and do my best," she answered.

Madeline went to Mr. Redmond at once.

"I have come to take charge of this terrible house,"

she said, "and I am going to stay here until you are well."

"I don't want you around," he answered testily. "Why should you stay here?"

Madeline smiled.

"If all of this is to be mine some day," she said, "I want to get used to it."

Redmond smiled grimly.

"Well, you might wait at least until I am dead," he answered, "but if you think you will enjoy messing around here—go ahead. There's a nurse coming here whom you might not like to meet."

Madeline laughed.

"Don't you know that she is my companion?" she asked. "She has been more than a sister to me, so I am not afraid to meet her."

Madeline had never seen Catherine so tense as when she entered Mr. Redmond's room. She was interested in what he would say to her and was amazed at what occurred. When Catherine approached the bed and Redmond saw the beautiful girl before him, a smile broke over his face and he reached out his hand to her.

"I have always wanted to thank you for what you did for my boy," he said heartily. "I understand you went to him when he had a very dangerous fever, and that you risked your own life to save him."

Catherine showed her surprise at this unexpected reception, but answered quietly: "Whatever I did for Mr. Redmond was a pleasure, and I hope that I can now do something for you."

"Well, Blackburn says you can take care of me, and I am in your hands," said the sick man.

As often happens in the lives of men of large affairs, this man had taken no account of his strength and had driven himself to the limit of his endurance. He had gone on through sheer force of will, but now he was an old man and realized that he had come to the end of his life. He asked that his lawyer be called.

"Not until Dr. Blackburn says so, Mr. Redmond," Catherine said gently though firmly.

The man's anger flashed for a moment, and he reached for the telephone beside his bed.

"I'll call him then."

"You may call him," she insisted, "but he cannot come into this room until Dr. Blackburn gives him permission."

As he looked up into her determined face he realized that in a sense he was a prisoner under her firm rule, and he understood why Dr. Blackburn trusted her.

One morning when Madeline was in the room, he asked Catherine if she would not leave them alone.

"Madeline," he said, "I have a feeling that I am not going to get well. I must place my affairs in order, and attend to the things immediately before me."

Madeline realized that Mr. Redmond was very ill, and she did not want to antagonize him, but she felt that now was the time to plead for Paul. She meant to be very tactful in the way she did it, and tried to show him that a man of such resources and force of will as he possessed ought to be glad that Paul had

shown such determination and strength of character in directing his own life. She told him of the many things that Catherine and others had told her and related how Paul had called out for him in his delirium.

When she reached this point in her narration, Redmond told her to send for Catherine.

"Catherine, please tell Mr. Redmond how Paul called for him when he was ill," Madeline asked her when she came into the room.

It was a simple story, but it was a convincing one—the story of his son's fight for life when stricken with typhus fever, and of his call to his father across the distances.

Madeline was uncertain what her plea had accomplished for Paul. Her strongest argument was that Mr. Redmond's money had come to him from his father with no limitations and that it should go to Paul in the same way.

Mr. Redmond continually talked of Paul to Madeline. His standpoint was different from that which he had taken before. He confided in her now as if she were his daughter, and did not hesitate to reveal his deep longing for his son. He told her, too, that if he should disinherit Paul, it would not be because he cared for his money, but because he felt that Paul was utterly wasting his life.

He sent for his lawyer and Madeline wished that she might know just the terms of the will, but these she was not to know until after Redmond's death.

The friendship which had sprung up between Cath-

erine and Paul's father caused wonder both to the doctor and Madeline. The latter thought it strange that Catherine had allowed herself to become such a friend to the man she had so freely condemned. Because of the feeling she first had when she went into his home, Catherine had never served anyone so faithfully or so efficiently. Then again she could hear Paul calling for his father and now she could see how Mr. Redmond longed for his son, and the tragedy of it touched her woman's heart. He demanded her every attention.

One day Mr. Redmond called Catherine to him.

"I have made my will," he said, "but here is something that I haven't put into it. I understand that you have had some trouble. I know what you did for Paul and I know what you are doing for me in these last days of my life—for these are the last days—even Blackburn has come to the point where he doesn't lie any more. He knows I am going down to the river and that I must soon cross it.

"Here is some stock," he explained, pointing to some papers on the table. "If you will take it down to my office they will put it on the books in the proper way. I want you to take it there before I die. Every month an income will come to you from this. I like this way of living together that you and Madeline have adopted, but I want you to be independent, and for this reason I am giving you this."

Catherine stood silent for a moment. At first she was unwilling to take anything from him.

"Mr. Redmond," she said, "I can't take it until I

tell you something. I have condemned you more than any man I have ever known, for I felt that you had been unjust to your son. I believe that he is right in doing what he is doing, and I could not possibly take this from you without your knowing how I feel about it."

The old man lay with closed eyes for a moment. Then reached out and took her hand.

"Catherine," he said, "a woman doesn't always understand, and the fact that you have blamed me and will continue to blame me for my treatment of Paul does not keep me from doing this for you. You and Madeline have brought the only touch of womanhood into my life that has been there for a good many years, and now that I am going I want you to know my feeling toward you, and I would like to feel that you are provided for. So I ask you to take this gift from me. What you have said matters nothing to me now."

Catherine faced the future with a light heart, for Mr. Redmond's gift had solved many problems for her. When she told Madeline about it, she said: "He has been so generous with me that I feel he must have been generous with Paul in his will."

Redmond lingered for several days. In the beginning they had discussed whether they should not send for Paul, but Dr. Blackburn felt it would be impossible for him to reach New York in time to see his father alive. Finally Madeline decided to cable him, which she did. She told him that his father would probably die very soon, and that it would be impossible for him to reach home in time. Paul responded that he would

come if they thought he could reach him before the end, but that if that were impossible he would not come, as there were matters of great importance requiring his attention. They advised with Dr. Blackburn and the lawyer, and decided that under the circumstances it were better for him not to come.

When Mr. Redmond realized that he was nearing death, the end came quickly. He retained his faculties to the last, and Paul's name was often on his lips. He told the doctor and those who came to him that he loved his son even though he had disobeyed him.

While Paul was breaking the trail which he had chosen in far-away China, his father, a warrior of the modern school, passed out alone into the Great Beyond, but with the hope that he would meet the companion who had inspired and cheered his earlier days.

XL

WEALTH'S TEMPTATION

THE day after Mr. Redmond's death, his attorney called upon Madeline.

"Miss Leonard," he said, "you ought to know the terms of this will. I feel it should be read to you, even though the son is not present, in order that we may decide as to what is best to do under the circumstances."

Madeline was surprised at the brevity of the will, for she had expected Mr. Redmond to leave a great deal of his money to the various enterprises in which he was supposed to be interested. But there was nothing of this nature. There were only two clauses, which the lawyer proceeded to read:

"First: I give, devise and bequeath all of my property, both real and personal, to my son Paul, upon the condition that within one year from the date of my decease he shall relinquish his missionary service in China and shall give such portion of his time to the direction of the business which I now control as he may decide upon.

"Second. Should my son, Paul, not fulfil the condition of the first item of this, my last will and testament, then I give, devise and bequeath all my property, both real and personal, to Madeline Leonard,

upon condition, however, that she shall not give or bequeath any of said property to my son, except as she shall approve heartily and wholly of the nature of his undertaking."

Mr. Redmond left a personal letter for Madeline, in which he asked her to go to China with his lawyer and try to persuade Paul to yield, in case he did not yield after a reasonable attempt had been made to get him to accept the terms of the will.

Madeline realized that many complications were before her, for she knew that the will would be published in the newspapers and that her relations with Paul would be made public and discussed. She dreaded this far more than she had thought she would, and she hoped that the story could be withheld; but this now seemed impossible. Through the influence of friends, it was not featured in the newspapers; only the terms of the will were published without further comment.

Mr. Redmond's lawyer wrote to Paul and stated the matter very plainly to him. Dr. Blackburn also wrote Paul and even the Stewarts joined in the attempt to convince him that he should accept the fortune and return home. Just at this time Madeline received Paul's letter, and she knew that it was utterly hopeless to try to persuade him, for he would repudiate the terms of the will, and that the money which was rightfully his would go to her.

"How can I use it?" she asked herself. "What can I do with it? To be sure I can give it away, to

anyone but Paul, and I can give it to any work but his work."

She was too honorable to dispute the technicalities of the will, or to do anything that would defeat its intended purpose.

"Will he yield?" she asked herself. "Will he not see that he can do a greater work with all this money than he can by giving only his personal efforts?"

When she considered it from this point of view she felt that there was a possibility of his yielding, if the proper pressure could be brought to bear upon him.

Catherine smiled when this was spoken of to her.

"It seems strange to me," she said, "that you who think you know Paul so well, could believe for a moment that he will yield. If every cent of his money were taken from him, I believe he would live as a beggar in one of those dirty streets in Fou Cheo rather than be untrue to the cause to which he has committed himself. Perhaps, Madeline, I ought not to say what I am going to say, but to one who has not always been true to herself, it means much to me to see a man remain true to his ideals. You would not take them from him, would you? I, an outcast, know the meaning of that loss."

Madeline remonstrated, and tried to show the other that this was not true.

"Oh, I know you have done everything for me," Catherine responded, "and you have borne criticism that I have not wanted you to bear, but the fact remains that at least in my mind I shall always be an outcast. Yet how many people who have been hon-

ored by society have remained true to their visions? The man who dares follow that vision is the prince of our modern life. I am not sorry that you are testing Paul, for I have no fear of his answer and no doubt he will be kind in his reply, but he will also be firm."

Madeline waited for the coming of Paul's letter with impatience. Two other letters from him reached New York with the one which she opened so eagerly. One was addressed to Mr. Redmond's lawyers, and the other to Frances Stewart. Her own letter was the longest and the most explicit. "Madeline, I understand father's will better than any of you, for I understand him better. I knew he would not yield, and in what he has done I know he felt he was doing the most fatherly thing in the world for me"—was what it said in the beginning.

As Madeline read on, her heart sank within her. Paul went on to say that there was no need of her trying to persuade him, for he would never return except for a visit. He said that he had wished at times that his father would leave his great fortune to him, for there were many urgent needs in the hospital and other work in which he was engaged.

"Now that he has not done this," he said, "but has left this money to you, I hope you will do a great deal of good with it. I have wished, of course, that you might come to China and travel the trail with me, but, as I wrote you in my last letter, I know that this is not now to be. I have put the thought out of my mind, and I am preparing to travel the trail alone, perhaps

to the end. . . . I am coming home for a visit next year," he continued, "and when I come, you need not fear that I am going to seek to persuade you, but I shall be so glad of your friendship."

At the close of the letter, he spoke with the greatest tenderness of what his father had done for Catherine. In all of his life, he said, nothing had ever pleased him so much, because the Redmonds owed a debt of gratitude to Catherine which they could never adequately pay. His warm reference to Catherine raised many questions in Madeline's mind and she wondered just what his feeling for the girl was. She wondered if this beautiful creature had a hold upon the heart of this one-time lover of hers.

Madeline decided to fulfil Mr. Redmond's request and go to Paul and ask him to accept this money of his father's, which would necessarily mean that he must return to America. She told her decision to Catherine.

"Catherine," she said, "I want you to go to China with me. I have decided to go to Paul and persuade him to return."

"Persuade him?" replied Catherine. "Do you mean that you want to persuade him to marry you?"

Madeline was angry for a moment.

"No, I am going to attempt to persuade him to accept this money, and I want you to go with me."

"Madeline, I don't believe there is anything in the world that I wouldn't do for you—with this exception. It isn't because I do not want to meet Paul Redmond, for I should like to meet him and tell him that I think he has been a little hard upon you, but

I can never go to China. I have turned my face away from that land forever, and I cannot go back."

"You would not go there even if the man you loved asked you to go?" asked Madeline.

"It matters not whom I may love, I will never go to China with him, nor do I think I can ever go anywhere with him. But that isn't the question. The question is not what I might do, but whether or not I will make this journey. I am sorry, but I cannot go."

Madeline's second trip to China, with Mr. Redmond's lawyer and his wife, was a far different experience from the first one. She did not know just what she was going to do, or what she was going to say, and she wondered constantly if it were unwomanly to go out to Paul. She dreaded his criticism and she dreaded to meet him, for she knew that he could be hard and arrogant when he felt that he was justified in his position, but she considered that she was going to him in a sense as a business woman and as his father's messenger. What would she do if he should refuse, and in turn plead with her to give up everything and marry him? She dreaded such a plea.

When she reached China she went at once to the Astor House in Shanghai, and then wrote to Paul.

"I can go to Fou Cheo," she wrote, "but if you can spare the time I wish you would come to Shanghai."

Paul was amazed when he received this letter, and could not understand why Madeline had come out to China. Did it mean that at last she was willing to marry him and remain with him? He had often hoped for this hour; many times he had dreamed of it; but

now he would not allow himself to believe it could be true. He decided to go to Shanghai, and so telegraphed her. He did not indicate just when he would arrive, and it was rather late in the night, when his card was brought to her room. She went to him at once.

Paul's greeting removed at once any doubt as to what the relation between them was to be, for they were evidently to be friends and comrades.

"Madeline," he said, "this is mighty fine of you to come to see me in this way, and I am awfully glad you are here. There are many things I want to say to you about the will, and now I can do so without so much unsatisfactory correspondence. Then I had come to the point where I wanted to talk with you face to face."

From the first, Paul made it very clear that the old basis had changed—that now they were comrades and friends. Neither one referred to the fact that there had been any misunderstanding between them. Madeline did not ask a great deal about his work, except as he referred to the conferences that he was to attend while in Shanghai. The second rebellion was sweeping over China and there were many problems before him, so a great deal of his time, while there, was to be occupied with these conferences. Madeline was interested in the sights of the city, but Paul saw that she was studiously avoiding a real study of mission work.

"Madeline," he said, after he had spent a few days with her, "you have come to China to talk about the will that father left, and I am wondering if we had not better discuss it. What do you think about it?

I have talked to the lawyer and made clear my attitude to him, but I want you to have every opportunity to say what you may have in mind."

"Yes, I do think so, Paul, for I can't stay much longer, but somehow I have just been glad to see you, and it has seemed good to become acquainted again."

XLI

COMPANIONSHIPS RENEWED

WHEN Paul went to Madeline the next morning, he thought her more beautiful than ever before. She was dressed more simply than usual and reminded him of the days when they were children.

"Paul," she said, "I am ready to say the things that I have come all this distance to say. I have been waiting for you to begin, but you have not done so, and I do want so very much to talk frankly with you; but when a woman talks to a man he should always make it easy for her to say the things that are in her heart. You have always made it difficult to discuss this question of your work in China. You have always seemed so determined and positive that you have left very little for me to say. I have a message to you from your father, which I want to give you, but I can't if you continue to be so difficult."

They were standing, and Paul took both of her hands in his.

"Madeline," he said, "you seem today more like the little girl who came to me the day your mother died, confident and trusting. The years have separated the courses of our lives, and if I have grown hard in these years, and, as you say, difficult to approach, it has not been from choice. But I want you to know

that I appreciate your coming to China. It has not been easy to be with you during these days, Madeline, and not tell you some of the things I have felt. I have strangled hopes that have entered my heart, and I have come to you this morning in the spirit which you desire. I promise you to be gentle and patient, and to listen to all that you have to say, and I want you to tell me your inmost thoughts."

They sat down together.

"Paul," said the girl, "I think I ought to tell you that when I heard that the woman who kissed you on the steamer had gone to nurse you, I was very bitter against you. I felt then, and only then, that all was over between us. I had hoped and prayed for an explanation, and that you would yield to my woman's fancy, for I always believed that you had an explanation. I believed it that day in Yokohama—but when I heard that Catherine was nursing you I confess I was furious and that I let go of every confidence in you that I had. I sent for George Curtis and told him that at last all was over between you and me. He told me that he loved me, and I told him how I felt towards you, and that I would always love the man that I thought you were and"—she smiled into his face with crimson cheek as she went on—"that you are. Well, we became engaged, but the thought of marrying someone else made me very ill. Then Catherine came. She knew that something was on my mind. She didn't know who I was until one day she saw your picture in my study,—then she knew that I was the Madeline you talked to constantly in your

delirium and who had refused to marry you because she had kissed you."

"You know that?" Paul asked.

"Yes, I know. I know everything that Catherine has done for you, for she has told me everything. But before I heard this, I had told her that I loved you and that I felt that I could never marry anyone else. She urged me not to marry George Curtis and I sent for him and told him of the terrible mistake that I had made. It was then that Catherine explained everything to me. I went to your father and found out that he had known about Catherine, and then I wrote and asked for your forgiveness. Then came your father's illness, and, Paul, I should like you to know that I pleaded with your father for you. I tried to make him see things differently and I thought that I had succeeded, and so did Catherine, but you know the result. Paul, I am not here to plead for myself for I came but for one reason, and that is to persuade you to meet the terms of your father's will. You know he was a good man, but I did not realize how colorless his life had been and how much of it had been given to his business, and, dear, I did not realize how lonely your own boyhood must have been until I went into that awful house to live there during the weeks your father was ill. I have been alone, but I am a woman. It is terrible to think of a man living under conditions like that. I want you to go back to America, Paul, and to take the fortune that your father left. I want you to take it for the good that you can do for the world, not only in China but in

all the world. If you go back and conduct the business your father left, you will be able to give as few men have given and it will be possible for you to help others in a way that has never been done before, so I beg of you to go back to New York."

She told him how his father had loved him, and, with a woman's tactfulness and art, presented to him the possibilities that this wealth held for him. As his father had done, she placed the power of money supreme over the power of life.

She had thought out every possible argument and Paul, for the first time in years, tried to see her viewpoint. He kept faith with her and so considered her every argument that she almost resented his tenderness once or twice.

"Paul," she said, "don't be fatherly towards me. Just now you are like your father when he talked to me."

"Madeline," he said, "I would like to think it over, but the difficulty is that with your present attitude toward China you do not understand my viewpoint. You have met a few of these leaders who have come to the hotel, you have talked a little with them, but you have not seen enough to know the real work that I have been doing. I have tried hard to be convinced."

"I believe you have, Paul, but I feel I have not convinced you."

"We will not talk about that now," answered Paul. "There is one thing I want you to do. I want you to go to Fou Cheo with me and see some friends of mine and I want you to go over the district, and see the

work that has been done, and then, Madeline, I will give you my answer. This will not take long, and after that I will tell you what I will do."

Madeline was glad to have the opportunity for further companionship, and was glad to go with him to Fou Cheo. They went in company with Dr. Means and his wife, for Paul had taken the doctor into his confidence and told him the whole story. The doctor had been enthusiastic over the trip.

"Paul," he said, as he patted him on the shoulder, "I know you do not care about the fortune, but we'll win her, for we'll make her see this thing and we'll make her feel it. Leave it to me; even if I'm an old codger, I am strong with the women."

Paul laughed.

"Well, doctor," he replied, "we will let time decide, but the time comes in a man's life when he has hoped and can hope no more, so I am not hoping now."

The doctor looked at him keenly.

"Don't you want her any more?" he queried.

Paul quoted a Chinese proverb in answer. "Does the tongue ever grow so old that it cannot taste the sweet?" he asked.

When Madeline went through the narrow streets of the city she wondered if it was for this that Paul had given up both luxury and wealth? The doctor had taken complete charge of her, for Paul's time was largely occupied with the Chinese who met with him each day. The doctor pointed out the dike Paul had built and the farms that were now on the land where the lake had been. He showed her the tablet that had

been put up in Paul's honor, and when he was not about, he talked of him constantly. He was extravagant sometimes in the language he used, but Madeline listened intently and with pride, and once she turned and smiled into the doctor's face.

"Doctor," she said, "it is well that you are not a woman, or I would be keenly jealous of the way you talk of Paul."

The doctor turned to her almost rudely.

"Why should you be jealous of anyone?" he hurled at her.

Madeline flushed under his directness. She looked at him intently for a moment, and then turned away, making no reply, for she knew that his accusation was a just one.

The young official's wife had been trained in a Christian school, and spoke English fluently. Paul explained to the official very frankly who Madeline was and what her relation to his fortune was, and asked that his wife should entertain her, which she did. Madeline was feasted daily by the best women of the city, which enabled her to see a side of Chinese life of which she had never dreamed. She had never asked Paul what she could do if she came to China, nor was she asking herself the question now. Her only purpose in coming was to convince Paul of his mistake. She was amazed at his marvelous activities and saw much less of him than she desired, for there were constant demands for him. She awakened quite early one morning, before six o'clock, and was amazed to hear Paul's voice and the voice of other

men talking in his study. She went quietly to the adjoining room and she could tell from their tones that the conference was on important matters.

At breakfast she said to Paul: "You were called early this morning."

"The day in China must begin early," he said with a smile, "and the duties are so numerous in this work of reform, and of establishing schools, and in planning for the larger work of the hospitals, that if I did not work long hours, it would be impossible for me to do all that is required of me."

At the end of the week the Doctor and Mrs. Means announced that they were obliged to return, and they asked Madeline to go with them, that she might see the work of the other centers. Paul only went with them as far as Wuhu.

"Before the boat leaves I want you to go to just one place with me," he said to Madeline.

He took her to the cemetery on the hill where they stood over the grave of the old captain, and Paul told her of his love for the old man and of the old man's love for him.

"Madeline," he said, "he was one of the greatest men I have ever known. He was a man worth while in every way."

He had told her of his other friend as they had stood beside his grave in Fou Cheo. She was almost jealous of these two men, and she wondered how a man of Paul's training and culture could make friends of people who seemed so queer to her. She was glad, however, that he had found some companions in a

land so strange and immense, and at the same time so terrible to her.

Paul promised that after her visit with Dr. and Mrs. Means, he would come to Shanghai to see her.

"Paul, have you your answer for me?" she asked, as they stood in the little cemetery.

"Yes, Madeline, I have. But I would rather you would go with Dr. and Mrs. Means and see what they have to show you, and then I will come to you and give you my answer."

Paul met her in Shanghai some days later. Madeline saw the old determined look upon his face. He was trying to be tender, she knew, but she also knew that she had made her long journey for nothing. Her heart was sore.

"Madeline," he said, "when I saw you I had a big hope that at last you had come to stay in China, but I know now that you have not. You are going away unconvinced by the work that I am doing, so I must let you go. These days of companionship have not been easy. I have gone to my room every night to fight with myself, and I want you more than I have ever wanted you before. But it would be folly for me to say one word of love to you so long as your ideas are unchanged. Now that you have seen, and go away unconvinced, hope is dead in my heart forever."

"Paul, you can always hope for me," the girl replied. "I raised the question once as to whether I should wait for you, but I shall always be waiting, no matter if it be for a century."

"Oh, I love you, Madeline," Paul replied, "as I love

no one else in the world, as I do not believe I shall ever love anyone else. But I think I ought to tell you that perhaps I shall not wait for I doubt if I can stand the loneliness. Once I told you I would be waiting for a comrade on the trail, and that until you came, I should travel it alone; but the way is hard and difficult. And now that two of my friends, who helped to broaden and make the trail easier, have gone to the trail's end, I cannot promise to wait. I can only say that time must solve our problems."

XLII

MANY TRAILS

WHEN Madeline left China, every hope of a fruition of his love died in Paul's heart. He returned to his labors. The amount of work he could accomplish had always astonished the people of Fou Cheo, but now he threw himself with renewed energy into every detail of the tasks before him. He studied the whole future of China as few men were studying it at that time. Three problems confronted him—China's political, social, and religious future. It was natural, since the old government had been overthrown, that the new republic should have many difficult questions to face. Already there were mutterings of another revolution, and the seriousness of the whole situation was impressed upon him. Some of the young leaders were anxious to do away with the old customs, and institute Western practices in their stead. He tried to impress upon them that the essential reforms were those which would bring better health conditions and adequate education for the people. He believed that the "East is East," and that the changes should not be too radical nor too rapid.

But his greatest concern was for the religious life of China. The officials were clearing the temples and converting them into schools, and the lower classes of the Buddhist priests were in ill-repute and the whole

tendency was toward radical changes. This trend of affairs was distinctly dangerous, for if the religions of the nation were to be entirely overthrown, the people might turn to materialism and agnosticism, which would be far worse than their original condition.

Paul had long talks with the former hilltop priest, who took the same attitude as himself towards this new condition of things.

"Sir," he said, "if, in the next few years, a great fundamental basis for the acceptance of Christianity is not laid in China, then the opportunity will have passed for another century. There has been a century of work, of planning and gradual change and now is the time to rout the enemy if we will."

Paul had realized, in the brief time he had had to visit other sections of China, that all the foreign leaders were being overwhelmed with demands upon their time, whether they were consuls, missionaries, or whatever their positions. He was also impressed with the willingness of these men from nearly every nation to take an unselfish stand in this hour of China's change, for they labored earnestly and untiringly for her.

The great Bible classes, which had been instituted after the meetings in Fou Cheo, continued. Some members dropped out, but others joined. Paul had called to his aid two splendidly trained Chinese, one of whom had been educated in America, and these men worked with him constantly, and were of the greatest value to him. He noticed more and more, as the

weeks went on, that those who were attending the Bible class were not only pursuing the study, but were also investigating thoroughly all the religious problems of the day. The subject of evolution was always interesting to them, but it was not an evolution that admitted Christian interpretation. It was thoroughly agnostic in its whole attitude toward religion.

Paul soon discovered that the Christian leaders were not the only active forces in the religious field. The Buddhist and Taoist priests were realizing that the old régime of superstition was about to pass, and they were endeavoring to rejuvenate, and, if possible, vitalize their religions. In Fou Cheo some of the young men had talked of a Young Men's Christian Association, and in other centers this particular form of Christian activity was accomplishing great things. He was surprised one morning, when passing a Buddhist temple, to see a large sign across its front on which were the letters Y.M.B.A. He was puzzled for a moment, but upon inquiry found that the young Buddhists of the city, determined in their opposition, had organized a Young Men's Buddhist Association. This was only a minor expression of the attempts that were being made to counteract the influences of Christianity. Paul was never violent in his opposition, except when actual sin was concerned, when he would express himself without hesitancy. One question was giving him a great deal of concern. "What attitude shall I take toward the problems that are before me here in China?" he asked himself. "What shall my objective be?"

It was just at this time that Dr. Means passed through Fou Cheo.

"I am on my way to a great Buddhist monastery," he said. "I have been friendly with the old abbot over there for some time. Years ago he had appendicitis, and when all of his mummery failed him he came to me, and I opened him up and saved his life, with the result that he has felt pretty grateful to me. I am sure you will be interested in going up there. It's called Flower Mountain."

The journey would necessitate their being away four days. They saddled their horses and packed their bedding, and were soon on their way to the monastery, where they were to see eight hundred young men dedicated to the Buddhist priesthood. Paul had never traveled in this direction before. They passed over narrow dikes, on either side of which were great rice fields, and there were many prosperous-looking Chinese homes along the way. At last they came to a series of low-lying hills. Bamboos and cedars were everywhere. Holly bushes were growing on the hillsides. In the distance Paul could see a group of tiled roof buildings which stood out in contrast to the many thatched homes which they passed. They came to the foot of a small mountain and followed a stone road. Winding their way up the mountain side, they came at last to an avenue of cedars, separating groves and thickets of bamboo. Paul had seen many beautiful approaches to the temples in China, but as they passed through this long avenue of trees he felt instinctively that they were on their way to a place of worship.

There were many little temples and shrines along the mile and a half road which wound through the trees and thickets. They came to an open space just before the entrance to the monastery. Looking back over the surrounding country, they could see Fou Cheo and other cities in the far distance, and the yellow river winding like a golden thread through the valleys. Here and there on the narrow canals, they saw the fan-like sails of the junks. Paul sat on his horse studying the scene before him. This was China, the China that seems forever old, but into which was now flowing a new life such as he and others had never dreamed could enter it. He knew that Christianity was in a large part responsible for this change. As he sat viewing the teeming life that lay before them he thought that these people must of necessity often look up to this beautiful mountain with the monastery nestling at its top and he wondered what their reflections were. They had looked up to it for ten centuries, yet for ten centuries it had been the home of ignorance and superstition. In this hour of China's change, what would be the attitude of the people toward these institutions which represented the religions of the past? A few were repudiating them, but even now he was going to witness a ceremony which indicated an attempt to rejuvenate and bring new life into the religions which had not ministered to the people's needs in the past.

His reverie was interrupted by the voice of the doctor.

"Let us go in," he said.

They went through a side entrance into the temple. It was soon noised about that Dr. Means had arrived. Paul knew that the doctor was well-known throughout China, but had not realized the full extent of his renown until now, for all of the priests seemed to know him, and showed him great deference. While he stood talking to them several voices announced: "The Abbot—the Abbot." The priests instantly lined up on either side, and the abbot, walking leisurely, came to greet his guests. His welcome was not only polite, but sincere. He laid his hand on the doctor's arm, and, turning to Paul, said: "Young man, I do not know you, but I do know this man, for he saved my body."

The very best that the temple afforded was given them. The ordination of the priests was to take place the next day. Young men, some of them merely boys, scarcely old enough to realize the step they were taking, thronged the monastery. Parents and visitors were beginning to assemble. The abbot had given the doctor and Paul his own quarters.

"Here you will be comfortable," he said.

The great main temple room, with its gorgeous golden Buddha, and the figures of his disciples on either side, interested Paul. The room had been cleaned as perhaps never before. Everywhere were signs of the coming feast. The day was beautiful, and the young candidates for ordination, in their apprentice robes, were coming into the temple. Their heads were cleanly shaven and on them were securely fastened twelve little sticks of incense, in rows of six

on either side of the center of the head. The ceremony commenced with the chanting and recital of the Buddhist ritual by the long rows of priests. The old abbot stood in the center of the hall before the great Buddha, and everywhere large tapers of incense were burning, and bells sounding. While the whole service was entirely opposed to Paul's idea of worship, he realized that these people were sincere. The young candidates had been taught that the body must be kept in subjection to the will, and the tapers of incense on their heads were now lighted. With the chanting of the priests and the repeating of the formulas the incense burned down to the scalp and if any sign of pain escaped them they could not be ordained. One of the youngest, a mere boy of seventeen or eighteen years, shrieked in agony as he felt the burning coals on his head, and fled from the long line of priests. One or two others soon followed him. Paul marveled at their power to endure this torture, and as he witnessed this demonstration of faith, he prayed that such a willingness to suffer might permeate the life of the Christian church.

The abbot had finished his part of the ceremony and was watching the priests. He came over to talk with Dr. Means. Paul was in no mood for conversation. The apparent power of this force which he knew was largely against his work, overwhelmed him, and he went out into the deepening twilight. He moved slowly along the paths where the priests wandered in their daily meditations.

" I have no doubt," he said to himself, " that among

that group of men some are dishonest but most of them are sincere worshipers and many of them are seeking the truth, and reaching out for the divine."

As the twilight deepened he seemed to lose himself in meditation. He saw the world as a great plain, across which were many trails, some of them rough, crude and indistinct. Forms began to take shape upon them. Some, dark in color, came from the girdle of the earth, where the sun bakes and burns; he saw that they were practically naked, although bedaubed and bedecked in the worship of the fetish. They seemed to be staggering unconsciously forward, though with real desire, and their hands were stretched out to the light. Those on another trail leading from the east carried the banner of the crescent. From a thousand deserts he heard the cry to Allah. Darkness and gloom hung over this trail and he saw that there was blood on the path, yet they journeyed toward the sunrise. Out from the jungles and from the heated plains of India there was a broader trail, over which the Hindu and Brahman moved slowly, with heads erect and proud carriage, because of their civilization. They, too, were traveling toward the growing dawn. In another group he recognized, by their queues and silken robes, the people of this country of his adoption. They often turned to look back, for the past seemed to hold them, but the road they followed also led to the light. From many lands they came, stumbling and faltering, sometimes turning aside to the crude and grotesque on the way, but ever pushing on toward the light.

There were many travelers on the trail which led from the Americas and Europe, and the road seemed broad and straight. Then out of a land small in its geographical extent, along the broad, clear way, came the Prince of Peace. Toward this trail led all others whose travelers were moving toward the light. Then he heard the voice of Christ saying: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—a rest that meant the joy of service—a rest that meant the losing of the false—a rest that meant a rising to the higher self. As Paul viewed these trails of the world, he wondered if these travelers must repudiate all that they had believed, and then again the voice came, saying: "Ye must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The word "truth" rang through Paul's soul, for he knew that the false must be banished from the final trail; that even on the broader trail, across which had been written the name Christ, division, error and false civilization, were blocking the way. He was certain that only in that perfect being, the Christ, could they all unite. Again came a voice, saying: "And they shall all be as one," and he remembered the dying Catholic priest who had talked of the union of Catholics and Protestants. As he stood on that mountain in the darkness, with the eye of vision, he saw that the truths uttered by the prophets of all religions would one day be united in the one great God, to whom all the races of the earth are as children.

XLIII

"NOT YOURS BUT YOU"

PAUL was liberal in his attitude toward all the religions of China, and toward those persons who differed with him. In doing so he was not accepting error or ignoring it, but he was merely using the principle of love in dealing with those with whom he came in contact. The government had been changed from Nanking to Peking, the second revolution had subsided, and conditions, changing with the greatest rapidity, demanded the most delicate handling. Before China could become a constitutional republic it had a long road to travel, and while it was nominally a republic, it was practically a monarchy, as the new president had almost unlimited power. Paul joined with other foreign leaders in China in an attempt to convince the leaders that China's need was not only a political but a social regeneration; that the banishment of the Manchu dynasty and the outward forms of their old life must give way to the things which would save the lives of the people and make China a habitable land.

At the end of a strenuous period of service his friends advised him to visit his home in the States for a complete rest, but he was not anxious to be away from China for any great length of time, because the leaders of the new republic were depending

upon him and the various issues which confronted him were of great magnitude, but he realized the wisdom of their advice. He was leaving his work in Fou Cheo in charge of a colleague who had worked under his leadership harmoniously and energetically.

Paul experienced a feeling of strangeness when he landed on American soil and he could not have believed it possible that conditions at home could seem so strange to him after a few years' absence. He felt himself to be an alien in the land of his birth. News of his work with the revolutionary leaders in China had reached America, and he was interviewed by innumerable reporters and invited by various city clubs to speak. He had never excelled in oratory, but he had a message and was tremendously in earnest.

Paul found Madeline and Catherine out of the city when he reached New York. They knew that he was on his way to America, but he had been so long in reaching New York that they were uncertain as to the exact time of his arrival. His father's lawyers called upon him at once, and repeated again in detail their last conversation with his father. They pointed out that several constructions might be placed upon the point as to what constituted giving up his work in China; that if Paul would take a reasonable interest in the business he could claim the vast fortune. On the other hand, they said, if Miss Leonard would give her approval of his course, they could turn the property over to him.

"But, gentlemen," Paul said, "all these conditions are impossible. We have gone over this ground be-

fore, and I have already stated my attitude, which is unalterable. Now it seems to me that all that remains to be done is to have the court formally turn over the estate to Miss Leonard."

The lawyers, however, were persistent, and Mr. Stewart, and even Frances, joined with them in their request. The attitude of the latter troubled Paul more than anything else, for he knew that the Stewarts believed in his work, but, with the possible exception of Frances, he came to feel somehow that they considered that he would be very unwise to relinquish his fortune and not remain at home.

Few missionaries have the rare opportunity that was his during his stay in New York. He was widely entertained and invited to speak at many functions, where he presented his work in a convincing way. He came in constant contact with churches of every denomination. He visited the great city churches and the small missions, and he went with friends to churches in country towns. He was fresh from a land where the church had become a vital part of the community's life, where the leaders of the government itself were depending upon it for guidance and help, and he was impressed anew with the fact that in America, in most instances, it was either a sort of a club or merely an incident in the lives of those who had fellowship in it. When he considered the enormous amount of money invested in these churches, when he realized that they ministered only to their members and that they were open only a small part of the time, he saw how inadequate was their service.

Paul's former pastor invited him, in a patronizing way, to speak on the following Sunday.

"I will be very glad to speak," said Paul, "but I want you to know that my story will not be a simple tale of China, for I want to tell these people, plainly and definitely, who knew me as a boy, how inadequate I consider their view of the church's work."

"Why, Paul, this church believes in missions," said the pastor. "You know we give several thousand dollars a year to benevolent work, and we are considered one of the greatest missionary churches in America."

Paul laughed.

"That's all right," he said. "I only want you to know what I am going to talk about."

The pastor patted him on the back as he had done in his youth.

"Say what you will, my son, we shall be glad to hear you."

Madeline and Catherine returned to the city late one Saturday night. They discovered that Paul was in New York, but did not let him know they had returned. They were late at church the next morning, and Madeline went quietly to her pew. She looked for Paul first in his father's pew, and then sought him among the friends with whom he had been staying. Failing to find him there, she began to fear that he was not coming, and when he came in with the pastor she felt a clutching at her throat.

The pastor introduced him cordially and sympathetically. Paul's face was grave as he looked over

the audience. He did not see Madeline. Then he began to speak. He talked with the simple directness of a boy, yet he spoke with the authority of a man of affairs who knows his subject, and, as he poured out his soul to that audience, he became unconscious of everything but his theme.

He quite forgot New York and began to live again in China. He pictured to them its vastness, its remarkable history and its tremendous need. He represented it as a man in whose veins burned a great desire for the fumes and dreams of the opium pipe, but who was earnestly struggling to overcome the habit and striving for better things. He made them see China with its disease and its filth, and its civilization that dealt with forms and outward things, and then impressed upon them the fact that a wonderful wealth of character had endured in spite of these things, which were only on the surface of life. He burned the words "need and opportunity" into their minds until it was not to be forgotten.

Then he followed with a statement of his conviction as to the duty of the church to the work at home and abroad and he scorned the idea of the church as a club or a social organization. He strongly emphasized that its supreme message should be to save the world, and to accomplish that, it had to become a social force.

At first the old pastor smiled at his enthusiasm, but later bowed his head in shame as he realized how impotent his church, with its tremendous resources, had been.

"My friends," Paul said, in the midst of his pleading, "I do not believe that everyone should answer the call to those far fields, but I do believe that if we cannot serve across the world, we ought to serve across the street. The world needs unselfish service today, for Christ served, and He sent his servants out into the world, and today, if we are to bear the name of Christ, we must help in the world's uplift, we must do His bidding and live unselfishly. The command 'Follow Me,' is not to be interpreted according to the dictates of our own wills, but according to the will of Christ."

In conclusion he dealt with the relation of a man to his money. A tinge of bitterness seemed to creep in for a moment, but only for a moment, as he showed the returns that were possible—returns that might not be counted in dollars, but which would bring results that would leave no doubt as to the wisdom of the investment. He pleaded with the men who had never known want to make some sacrifice and give something for their religion. He threw out a challenge which for a moment held his audience breathless. "What has your religion cost you? What have you ever paid for it?" he asked. With almost pathetic tenderness he turned at last to the young people with whom he had spent his boyhood. He seemed to pass from them as a man of affairs and to talk to them as their friend. His theme was the investment of their lives, and he pointed out how many of them were only drifting with no real purpose. He begged them to live lives that would really count, and that their

religion should not be a pastime, but a passion that would give them power.

One woman in that audience sat wide-eyed, for she realized that she had gone through China unseeingly. Paul had talked to her about these things when she was there, but at that time she felt that she had to defend herself, but now he was talking to hundreds of people and she knew that his words were true. She saw Paul leave the pulpit as soon as the benediction was pronounced, and she knew that he would leave the church at once. She went home with Catherine in silence, and as they entered her room Catherine put her arms tenderly around her.

"Madeline," she said, "how could you listen to that story and picture the scenes that he described, and not respond?"

"Catherine," she replied sadly, "his eloquence moved me today, for it was eloquence, even though he told his story very simply. But you must remember that if the needs at home had been stated, perhaps we would have felt differently about it."

But in her heart Madeline knew that Paul was right, and if he had gone to her that afternoon and laid siege to her heart she might have yielded.

XLIV

THE POWER OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

AFTER leaving the pulpit, Paul returned to the home of his friends, to find a summons to Washington awaiting him, for affairs in the far East were very critical. China's relation with other nations was acute, and it had been suggested to the officials at Washington that they consult with Paul. He was surprised to receive this invitation, but felt that it was necessary to accept it, even though he deemed himself unqualified. He went at once to Washington and when he reached there, he was asked to take a position under the government and for the time being to relinquish his missionary service.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry that I have been so misunderstood in this matter. I am wholly committed to one line of service. I believe that representation of foreign governments is necessary in alien lands, but I also believe that more necessary than this is a correct presentation of the moral, righteous and eternal principles of Christianity. It is necessary for the Christian missionary to go out, not separate from his government, but as its forerunner. I appreciate the honor that you have conferred upon me, but I cannot accept it, for my work is of a different nature. I appreciate the delicacy of the situation to which you refer, but I am afraid that you have not appreciated

the importance of the work to which I have given my life."

Paul sprang into greater prominence by the refusal of this offer, and many who before had rather scorned his work, now admitted that he was connected with the far East in an intimate way. He remained in Washington for several days, visiting the State Department and other officials. Then he received a note from Madeline in which she censured him for not having called upon her. He wrote her at once saying that he did not know that she was in New York, and that he had supposed that if she had been there, she would have attended the church when he preached. He assured her that he would call immediately upon his arrival in New York.

Immediately upon returning to New York a few days later, he went unannounced to Madeline's home. He had forgotten for the moment that Catherine was with her until the maid, who answered the bell, asked if he wished to see Miss Leonard or Miss Williams. Paul hesitated but only for a moment.

"I would like to see them both," he replied.

"Your name, please?" the maid inquired politely.

"Just tell them that a gentleman wishes to see them," he said with a smile.

The girls came down together. Madeline was impulsively glad to see him, but Catherine was more reserved, though her eyes revealed her joy in seeing him again. He greeted Madeline in the same spirit of comradeship which he had shown her in China, but when he turned again to Catherine, his eyes dwelt upon

her for a long time. He saw a new Catherine, one of whom he had never dreamed. The old Catherine had been beautiful in feature, but the face before him was a transfigured one. On it was written a spiritual triumph—the victory of a conquered life. Silently he looked at her, as the worshiper of old looked upon the Madonna. Madeline noticed this, and she could see that the beauty which had come to Catherine during the last few months attracted Paul. He stayed on to dinner and late into the evening. This was the beginning of a delightful comradeship, for whenever he came, he called for both.

"Madeline," said Catherine, "I feel terribly in the way. I am truly the proverbial 'crowd,' the third party. I ought not to be with you and Paul so much."

"As long as Paul calls for both of us, Catherine, you must answer," replied Madeline. "If you do not I will refuse to see him, for I am afraid he would consider me responsible for your not meeting him."

One day Paul called over the telephone, and this time he asked to talk with Catherine.

"Catherine," he said, "I have been wastefully extravagant. I am doing some of the things I used to do in the old life here at home. I have purchased a car. It is only a two-passenger car, almost as small as one of those jinrickshas in the East, and I want you to come with me for a run."

Catherine instantly realized the delicacy of her position, and she wanted to say to him that she could not go, but she did not wish to hurt him even in the slightest way.

"I shall be glad to go with you, Paul," she answered. "I can then talk with you about some things which are on my heart."

Paul laughed, and his voice assumed again the paternal note which he had sometimes used in the past.

"Child," he said, "I shall be delighted to have you talk with me about anything which is troubling you."

Catherine started to interrupt him, but he was making the appointment and telling her when he would call.

When he came for her he asked if Madeline was there, and upon receiving an affirmative, asked to see her.

"I hope you don't object to my taking Catherine out unchaperoned," he said to her as she appeared.

"I am delighted to have her go, Paul," Madeline replied with a smile.

"I should like to take you both," he said, "but this car does not hold three people. Perhaps tomorrow, if I may, I will be around for you in this new jinricksha of mine." Then he laughed. "I am wondering if I could not take this out to Fou Cheo with me, but I am afraid it would cause a riot if I drove it down those little narrow streets."

And his eyes seemed to be looking into the far distances.

"But it will come," he said. "The little narrow road on the dikes will be broadened, and all that is modern and good will soon be found in that land—" he turned to Catherine as he continued—"which you and I love, Catherine, but which Madeline does not understand."

They rode almost silently for a while, until they came to less traveled streets. Then Paul turned to Catherine.

"Now, little woman," he said, "what is troubling that heart of yours?"

She looked up into Paul's face.

"Paul," she replied, "it is awfully hard for me to say what I am going to say, because I am afraid you will think that I am interfering with something which does not concern me. You have been so difficult to talk with since you have been home that I have left many things unsaid."

"Why, I didn't mean to be offish," he replied.

"You have been so cordial, so courteous and so good," she continued, "but somehow you have built a sort of a fence around yourself and it has seemed impossible to talk with you in an intimate way. I would not talk with you now, did I not feel that you know that I am familiar with every detail of the trouble between you and Madeline. I know your attitude, and I know hers, and Paul, I do want to see you and Madeline united. I feel that you are not treating her right." She hesitated for a moment. "Oh," she went on, "I wish you knew how hard it was for me to say that to you, who have been literally my saviour, but it is because you are that, that I am talking to you in this way. I know that Madeline's heart was nearly broken when she returned from China, and I don't want you to be so distant with her. I don't mean that you are holding her off, but you are acting just like a big brother towards her, and you know that isn't

what she wants. Paul, I have suffered, and in the hour of darkness, when there was no hope, you came, and when there seemed to be nothing but drudgery before me, Madeline came, and then, that I might not be dependent upon her, your father did that splendid thing for me, so now the one desire of my heart is to serve you and Madeline."

Paul was not looking at her. His eyes were on the road as he drove steadily on. He was silent for a while after Catherine had finished speaking, but finally he turned to her and his face seemed set and hard.

"Catherine," he said, "if a man has ever given a woman a chance, I have given it to Madeline. You think you understand her, but you don't; but it means much to me that you plead in her behalf, and if I am hurting her by being here, then I will go back to China tomorrow for she is the last woman on earth that I want to hurt."

"Oh, don't," was the quick exclamation. "Please don't do that, Paul. If you should, I would feel that I was the cause of it, and I would always feel that I had come between you, and I would rather die than do that."

Paul saw her agitation.

"Well, let us think it over," he said, "and sometime later we will talk again."

From that day Paul was seldom with the girls when they were together. He would take one or the other out riding. He was resting as much as it was possible for so active a man as he to rest. He rode often with

Frances Stewart in the early morning hours, but not a single word of affection had passed between them, for they were truly friends. He talked with her of his problems, of the equipment he was sending out to China, and of the great institutional church he was planning to build with the fund contributed by friends in New York. He talked of all the work he was planning to do, and she advised him with the greatest frankness.

This relationship with the three girls had continued for some time, when Paul began to talk of returning to China. He found that he was beginning to ask himself the question which had confronted him before—" Why should I go back alone? The next ten or twenty years of my life are going to be hard without a comrade to share the joys, the burdens, and the sorrows." His heart yearned for Madeline, as it always did when he dreamed of a companion on the trail, but he was now sure that she would never go with him. Then he thought of Frances. " Good fellow," were the words that formed themselves on his lips, but he knew that he could not love Frances, and that she thought of him only as a friend. " Madeline, I love," he said; " Frances, I honor; I believe we could be great comrades, but, after all, would she come, for once, out yonder on the dike, she said that she would always go to China only as a traveler? She wants to help, but only from the distance." Then in thought he turned to Catherine. " How I pity her," he thought, " how deeply I sympathize with her and how deeply I am indebted to her! But it would mean serious

problems to take her with me, even if she would come," he thought.

He had not expected, when he returned to America, that this question would again present itself, but it was hard to go back alone. He must have a comrade on the trail.

XLV

THE ENEMIES' REVENGE

WHEN it became known that Paul would return to China at an early date, the Chinese leaders of the revolutionary work in America gave him a banquet in the Chinese section of New York City. They made it a very brilliant affair, to which both men and women were invited. Paul insisted that both Madeline and Catherine should accompany him. Chinatown was ablaze in his honor, and the girls were surprised at the magnificence of the affair. The toastmaster, a Chinese, had held official positions in the Chinese consulates in many foreign countries. He outlined Paul's service to China, and while he spoke with the extravagance of the Oriental, Madeline knew that he was telling of the things which Paul had accomplished. She never forgot Paul's speech that night. He spoke in English, for the group represented many different dialects of the Chinese language and it would have been impossible for him to speak to them all in their own tongue. He addressed them, not as a preacher, but as their partner in a great business enterprise, and he told them that he felt that they ought not to thus honor him, for his work had only begun. He explained what he considered a vast partnership on which they had entered, and the need of continuing the work before them.

When the meeting was over his hosts wanted to call an automobile, but he refused, saying that the girls wanted to see Chinatown and that they were going to walk to the subway station, and he insisted that they should not be accompanied farther than the door.

Out on the street, Catherine was startled when they passed a dark alley, for, hidden in its recesses, she thought she saw a familiar figure. They walked on, laughing and talking of the feast in which they had just participated, when suddenly, in the darkest part of the street, the girls were frightened by a quick step behind them, and, turning, they saw a man strike Paul on the head with a heavy weapon, and saw him fall to the ground. Madeline looked on as if petrified, but Catherine, with the swiftness and sureness of a tigress, leaped upon the man who was turning to escape. In the dim light she saw it was the trafficker who she had been told had escaped from the fight at the dike. The awfulness of her past life passed before her in quick review at the sight of this man who had been a part of that life. Her love for Paul had been crying for some expression, and in the madness of the moment she grasped the man about the neck. All the hate and loathing of the past seemed to vent itself in the almost superhuman strength with which she clenched her hands about the throat of this man who had wrought so much injury upon her and who had tried to take the life of the man she loved. Slowly she pulled him back and farther back, and she felt for the moment a wild desire to take his life. His face was growing

black under the terrible grip when a police whistle sounded and an officer came running up and took him away.

For a moment Catherine was dazed, for the fury of her hate had swept across her soul with tremendous force, leaving her weak and dizzy. But there was another duty to perform, for Madeline was down on her knees beside the unconscious form of Paul, sobbing out and calling to him. Catherine sent some of those who had gathered for restoratives and in a few minutes Paul was helped into an automobile and taken home.

The blow had only stunned him, and had little effect upon him. But in the minds of the girls who had witnessed the attack, there was a revelation of what this man was willing to endure in order that he might aid in opening the long trail for a nation's life.

XLVI

TEMPTATIONS OF LONELINESS

THE tenderness with which Madeline waited upon him and the concern which she showed over the attempt made on his life brought the thought constantly to Paul's mind—"Shall I not try again to win her? Have I tried enough? Shall I ask her once more to go with me?" But he was certain it was hopeless, and even if she yielded to his importunity, she would never be happy in China, that if she should go under such conditions, their marriage would be disastrous. Then came the temptation, "Why not remain at home?" He had found home life sweet. The man who exiles himself for a cause never ceases to hear the far-distant call of home, for the environment in which he was reared, the attachments of the past. All of these spoke to Paul in persuasive voice, but, even as these things besieged and tempted his soul, he was dismayed at the idea of giving up that upon which he had set his heart, and which he knew was the very life of the little city on the other side of the earth.

"I cannot give it up," he said, "and I must not hurt Madeline again."

In his loneliness Paul one day decided to go to Catherine, not knowing exactly what his final decision was to be. Catherine had felt that Madeline had not been

entirely pleased with the way that she had been with Paul, so she had tried to avoid him. Catherine loved both of them and often prayed that she might unite them. Madeline, in a woman's way, when she felt that Paul was not going to yield to her wishes, began to interest herself in other young men, and in a measure renewed her relation with George Curtis, the result of which was grievous misunderstanding. Paul had never been jealous of Madeline, because he had felt that she had always been loyal to him, even though he knew that she had yielded to her prejudices and had become engaged to George Curtis, and afterwards had broken the engagement, but now conditions were becoming complicated again, worse than they had ever been before. In his heart he was just, and he decided that the best way out of the whole affair was to end it, but how, was a problem. In this uncertain frame of mind he called Catherine over the 'phone.

"Catherine," he said, "I want to talk with you. I have felt lately that you have been avoiding me, but I feel that it has not been because you did not want to see me, but because you were afraid that Madeline would misunderstand."

The girl promised to see him. If she had known the temptation that would face her in the next hour, she would have fled from the city.

When Paul came to her he thought her more beautiful than ever before, and as he looked into her eyes suddenly he felt that he could offer her a home and the loyalty and shelter which she needed and his prob-

lems would be solved. Catherine looked long into his face—and then, as his purpose grew more definite, he turned from her gaze that he might be sure before he spoke. When again he turned to her he saw a paleness as of death upon her cheek. She was fighting with her emotions, for, knowing men as she did, she had read his purpose. As he started to speak she reached out her hands impulsively.

"Oh, no, no, Paul. Please—don't say it," she cried. "We would both regret it. It means everything that you would think it for even one moment. You don't know how the look on your face tempts me and how I want to yield. But when I speak, please regard it as final. Paul, I love you as I never thought I could love any man, and I could follow you to the ends of the earth, but it is not to be. I shall always be a good woman, and I shall always be loyal to what you want me to be; but I would be utterly disloyal if I allowed you, on the impulse of loneliness, to offer marriage to me. In this hour, when I want you, when everything within me calls out to you, I want to plead again for Madeline. Oh Paul, do not go away and leave her. You have not told me that you love me and in that single look you have just given me, you have not been disloyal to the love which you have for Madeline."

Paul listened in silence and then he looked into the face before him.

"Catherine," he said, "you are the most wonderful woman I have ever known. I honor you and respect you as never before."

They talked on and on. Paul, who had been the

stronger in the past, now listened to this woman redeemed, to this soul, in which sorrow and sin had wrought so great a change—a soul renouncing love, because she felt it was best for the man she loved.

When Paul left the house, Catherine went at once to Madeline's room. She was surprised to find her waiting with a sadness in her eyes which she had never seen there before. She came directly to Catherine, with that calmness which comes only after a victory.

"Catherine," she said. "You know that I am not an eavesdropper, but I came into the house not knowing that Paul was here, and I heard you talking to him. I knew that by some sign he must have shown some great regard for you. I did not want to hear it, Catherine, but I could not help it. I have considered you a wonderful woman, and I have loved you for your victory over self. You know I have wanted Paul, but I wanted him on my own terms—I wanted him to come to me yielding, but he has not come. I have lost him—lost him, Catherine, not because of you, but because our ideals are different. Now I love him enough, since I realize I have lost him, to do anything in the world for him, but it is too late. Mr. Redmond told me before I went to China that the Redmonds were a hard race. Paul has less of that hardness than perhaps any of them ever had, but when I heard you talk, I knew that the end had come. But, Catherine, he must not go back to that dreadful land alone. I want you to go with him. Go to him and tell him to speak and you will go. I want you to do this, not only for his sake but for mine. I know that you love him—I know that

you worship him, not only out of gratitude, but for what he is and why should both of us be unhappy and suffer?"

Catherine threw her arms impulsively round Madeline.

"My dearest," she said, "you are still the same unselfish woman that I knew you always were, but you have forgotten one thing. Paul does not love me. If he had brought such love to me today, I don't know what my answer would have been, but he did not. Every day, when I looked into his face I would know that he was thinking of you,—that he was longing for you and it cannot be. I want to serve you and I want to serve Paul, but I cannot serve either of you at such a price, for it is you, Madeline, who must seek him—it is you who must yield and it is you who must send for him and who must not let him go back to China alone."

Madeline's reserve and composure now completely forsook her, and she wept bitterly. Catherine tried to soothe her.

"Promise me, Madeline," she begged, "to send for him. Promise me that you will tell him now that you will go with him anywhere."

Madeline lifted her dimmed eyes.

"My dear, it is too late," she sobbed. "He on his trail and we on ours, we must travel alone, and perhaps sometime—somewhere—when life is finished—we may be worthy to travel and work together."

XLVII

THE CALL OF A FRIEND ETERNAL

PAUL REDMOND realized that the man of conviction must pay the price, that he must be willing to give up the things he most cherishes, in order that his ideals might be attained. It seemed to him that he had fought the battle of whether it should be China or home, a thousand times in the years that had intervened since he had gone to the East. He had been certain it would never come again, but now the word "Alone—alone—alone" haunted him. He did not want to go out to China alone, but he felt that it was necessary, for he knew that Catherine had been right; that no man should marry unless love is supreme in his heart. He knew that if he had done so the ideals which he had always held of home life would have been shattered, and he doubted if in the end he would ever have been justified in his action had he married Catherine. The battle he fought in the next few days was long and acute, for Madeline's lawyers, his father's lawyers and Mr. Stewart laid siege upon him. Every possible argument and every pressure was brought to bear and again Frances joined with them, and the appeal of comradeship was again made. Even some of the missionary officials questioned if he could not do greater good by putting his money into the cause, than by giving himself, for the

question of whether direct or indirect service is the more valuable, was an important one. He wondered whether this was a leading or only a temptation; whether or not God was not calling him to let this use of his wealth be an example to others, and whether he should not actually give up the trail upon which he had started.

Just at the time when he decided that he must settle the question then and forever, three calls came to him from China. One was a long letter of praise from the China Relief Committee. Already they were planning the construction of other dikes, the reforestation of other land, the cleansing of the city, and the extension of the work to outlying districts, and repeatedly, throughout the letter, they urged: "We need you—we want you to come back." Paul pondered long over this letter. Then followed another from the young official at Fou Cheo, who pointed out in a concrete way the opportunities that the literary and official classes in China offered for direct service. "Missionaries have labored for more than a hundred years," he said. "Occasional ones have entered the official and literary life of China, but all of them have helped to lay a broad basis for the hour of opportunity that is now before us. You have already stayed away longer than we expected, and the demands in this district and the general demands in China are so tremendous that we want you to come back. Now is the time that the young men of China need counselors, for now is the time of the great opportunity when men can give themselves, if they will, as they

have never given before. Will you not come, and come at once?"

This appeal to a higher and larger service touched a sympathetic chord in Paul's nature, but over the other letter he lingered the longest. It was a letter from the little Chinese church, telling of the falling away of some of its members and of the temptations of others. It emphasized that the Bible Class had not been kept up in his absence, and that they needed him. It told of the crying need of Chinese leaders for a Chinese church. "If the Chinese church is to hold its own," it said, "we must have leaders of our own race, but they must be trained. The colleges and universities cannot train them if the local fields are not back of them. We must build up an institution, but before we build an institution we must have local schools for the training of our young men. Think of the remarkable opportunities you now have to train these young men? Think of the open doors before you! Why do you tarry so long? We need a shepherd and you have proved your worth, and we are confident that if you will come, all will be well."

These letters gripped Paul's heart and mind, yet he knew that they were only expressions of one side of the problem—he knew they told only one-half of the story. Here was his wealth and here was his love, and would he not have a false idealism, if he followed this call to the end of his life? Had he been over stubborn?

One evening, as he sat in his room facing the picture of Chu, the portrait seemed to take on life. Paul

pictured himself again sitting in the little room of the Manchu general's quarters. Chu was talking. His voice had lost some of its usual calmness, and he was speaking with clear authority.

"My friend," he seemed to say, "I am talking to you not only in behalf of China, but in behalf of your soul, for I am calling to you to remember your promise to me. I am still traveling the trail with you, even though I have somewhat preceded you. I have crossed the rapids and now I can see the future of China, for I see the unseen hosts of unbelief and of sin making a last fight to control my country, but I also see the strength of the church opposing them. The church has sometimes sent out a few who were not fitted, but it also sent out brilliant and able men, and they have done a great service for God in China. Many are needed. I see dangers of which no man knows or dreams."

Again Paul looked into the face of his old friend, and a smile seemed to play over it; that smile which would come over Chu's face whenever he was about to conclusively answer some argument of Paul's.

"Oh, you are thinking of your wealth and of your love," he said, "will you not remember that rich young man who came to the Master? The Master's one demand of him was that he should sell all he had and give it to the poor. Your influence in China was the result of your daring to give yourself, and because you dared to pay the price. You, yourself, my friend, taught me that 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission,' so now I speak from along the

trail, calling to you not to be lured by the arguments of those who believe they are your friends. Come. You have promised to come. The very paying of the price will make it possible for you to do for China and for the world what you could not do if you did not give yourself."

Again across the silence he seemed to hear his friend saying—and with his voice was mingled the voice of the apostle who was one of the first to travel the trail to the hearts of men—"We seek not yours but you."

Then the voices ceased, and Paul sat calm and quiet. He stood with bowed head before the picture of his friend, and lifted his face to the Master Himself.

"Friend and Master," he prayed, "I have seen the kingdoms of the world, but, God helping me, never again shall I be tempted. I shall go to the end of that distant trail realizing that 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission.'"

"CAN'T YOU SEE THAT IT WILL NOT BE ALONE?"

XLVIII

TO THE TRAIL'S END

THE calls that had come to Paul from China made him decide to return quickly. He felt that to remain longer would be wrong. He telephoned Frances that the time of his departure was near, and asked her to ride with him in the park.

The next morning as they rode together she was silent and he could not interpret her feeling, but when they reached her home, and she realized that they were to say good-by, she reached out her hands to him:

"Paul, one day, out yonder on the dike, you challenged me to serve in China," she said. "It is not given me to do that,—but I want you to know that because you have been at home this time I will 'serve across the street.' I have many plans, but I don't know just what life holds for me," and then what seemed to him the saddest smile he had ever seen crossed her face.

"It seems that I, like others," she said, "must journey alone; but I want you to know that you have given me new ideals and new joys, and that because of these I will serve."

Paul looked at her a long time.

"Frances," he said, "you have been a good comrade and a good chum, and I hope you will come to

China often and, when you do come, remember this, that you will cheer me and make the way easier."

Before he went to Catherine and Madeline he called them over the telephone. Catherine answered.

"I am coming over to bid you good-by," he said. "I wonder if you can both see me now."

Catherine gave a little laugh and said: "Paul, don't be silly. You know that we will see you. I shall have to go out soon, but I have been waiting in the hope that you would come."

Paul found Catherine dressed for the street.

"I don't mean to hurry you," she said, "but I must go very soon. Paul, I always expect to make my home here, but I cannot be idle any longer. I feel now that I must go to work. You see what your example has done. I telephoned Dr. Blackburn this morning, asking him for an appointment, and he asked me if I felt I could actually nurse any more. I told him I thought I could, and he said he had some work that he wanted me to do this morning. So, you see, Paul, I am taking up my old life again. I know you don't want to be thanked for what you have done, but you cannot know how earnestly I am going to pray for you and how very, very often the hours that we have been together will be lived over and over again." Then she paused. After a while she continued. "There is just one promise that I want you to make me, and that is that if you should ever again be ill, if any of those awful diseases of China ever lay hold upon you, you will cable for me. I think there is only one thing in the world that could make me jealous, and that would

be if some other nurse should wait upon you in the time of your illness."

They talked on for a little while, and then Catherine reached out both hands to him.

"I must go now, Paul," she said. "You know that doctor of ours insists upon punctuality."

Paul lifted her hands to his lips and kissed them, and Catherine was gone.

Then Madeline came. The Madeline of old, the Madeline of his youth, the Madeline who had asked no questions, but one into whose life had come new visions and new dreams. As he looked into her face he wondered if he was going to be able to bid her good-by. He realized now the difference between his regard for Catherine and for Madeline. He had regretted to say good-by to Frances, his farewell to Catherine had been a little difficult, but this one seemed impossible. Here was the woman whom he had loved from his youth. Here was the dweller beside the trail, for whom he had endured loneliness and for whom he had waited and, as he looked upon her, he realized as never before that he must wait. No word had been spoken since Madeline entered the room. She had not even stretched out a hand to him. She was simply looking up into his face waiting.

"Madeline, I have come to bid you good-by, to make a confession. Do you remember back yonder, years ago, when I said I would always travel the trail alone, until you came?"

"Yes, Paul, I remember."

"Well, I have been tempted; tempted because of

the loneliness and the struggle. But I am going on alone. I am going to follow the ideals which mean so much to me. I wish that it were not so. I would that I could answer the call of this love for you and remain here, but, as I said in the beginning, if I did, I should not be worthy of you, and so the time for good-by has come. I must go alone."

Madeline reached out her hands to Paul and lifted her beautiful face to his. Then, with glowing eyes, said: "Alone, Paul, did you say alone?"

Paul looked away.

"Yes, Madeline, alone," he replied tensely.

"Alone?" she repeated, "to face the dangers and intrigues of those priests, and to build up that little native church which needs you so much?"

Then her voice broke, and he felt her hands tighten on his.

"How are you going to do the work for the women that you say ought to be done?"

As she looked into his eager face she slipped one of her hands from his and put it against his cheek, as in days gone by.

"Don't be stubborn, Paul," she said in a voice that conquering love had made the sweetest on earth to him. "Can't you see that it will not be alone? Can't you see that our ideals are now the same and that together we will travel the trail to the hearts of men? I may not be able to go out into all the things you do, sweetheart, but it will be out there with you that I shall dwell with you—beside the trail until the end comes."

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